November 6, 1963
Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.
Incorporating the Australian Home Budget.

The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Over 800,000 Copies Sold Every Week

PRICE 1/-

To read: Rumer Godden's new serial about a woman in love
To make: Eleven lampshades and dried flower Christmas cards

LIFT-OUT RECIPE BOOK: PAGEANT (1788 to 1963) OF AUSTRALIAN COOKING

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975522

"I choose ACTIL for the extra strength"

Independent tests show there's *greater strength and superior wearing quality* in Actil sheets. This proven standard of service is the reason most Australian housewives prefer Actil sheets for guaranteed satisfactory household wear. Ask for Actil, Australia's favourite sheets and pillow cases, at your nearest store.

• *Sheets full 100 inches long after hemming.* • *Fine linen finish — no filling.* • *Wide strong hems for extra service.* • *Mill tested 32 times for satisfactory wear.*

GUARANTEE: Should these Actil Products prove unsatisfactory in wear they will be replaced by the Sole Manufacturers.

ACTIL

SHEETS & PILLOW CASES

BUY ACTIL — Australia's First and Strongest Sheets and Pillow Cases

B2081

COLLAR CARE

ENDS FRAYED COLLARS and CUFFS

AVAILABLE AT ALL LEADING STORES

TRADE ENQUIRIES:

SYDNEY	93-1256	LAUNCESTON	2-2785
BRISBANE	56-4004	ADELAIDE	W 3308
MELBOURNE	FW 6111	PERTH	23-3400

A PRODUCT OF DURKIN INDUSTRIES, BROOKVALE, N.S.W.

The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WW, G.P.O.
Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O.
Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 409F, G.P.O.
Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.
Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

NOVEMBER 6, 1963 — Vol. 31, No. 23

CONTENTS

Special Features

A Revolution Beyond the Black Stump . . . 33, 35
Christmas Cards from the Garden . . . 41, 42
Lampshades to Make . . . 57-61

Fiction

The Battle of the Villa Fiorita (Serial, part 1), *Rumer Godden* . . . 18, 19
One More Chance, *Susan Shea* . . . 21
The Wall, *Freda Vines* . . . 23
Unexpected Gifts, *Isabel Johnston* . . . 24, 25

Regular Features

Social . . . 10, 11
Letter Box . . . 12
Ross Campbell . . . 12
Television Parade, Films . . . 15
Worth Reporting . . . 38
Stars . . . 78
Mandrake, Crossword . . . 89

Fashion

Black and White Fashions . . . 26, 27
Dress Sense, *Betty Keep* . . . 29
Fashion Frocks . . . 81
Needlework Notions . . . 86
Butterick Patterns . . . 91

Home and Family

Two Readers' Stories . . . 45
Prize Recipes . . . 46
Home Hints, Collectors' Corner . . . 47
Be Your Own Handyman . . . 49
At Home *with Margaret Sydney* . . . 51
Gardening Book . . . 52
Don't Forget Dad . . . 55
Two Bachelor Flats . . . 65, 67
Transfer . . . 71

THE WEEKLY ROUND

• Fire almost destroyed the author's proofs of Rumer Godden's latest novel—and our new serial—"The Battle of the Villa Fiorita" (pages 18 and 19).

MISS GODDEN, her husband, and two daughters live in the English county of Sussex.

Talking about the fire which totally demolished their home at Northiam, Miss Godden said, "It was a strange feeling to stand on the lawn in that inferno of noise, light, and smell and see our personal belongings disappear or be thrown, soaking and black, out of the windows."

The proofs were among the rescued valuables. Rather dirty and sooty, they were safely sent off to her American publishers.

★ ★ ★

DURING her flying tour of the Northern Territory (see pages 33 and 35), staff reporter Carol Henty visited Wave Hill — Australia's second-largest cattle station.

"We drove out from the homestead to watch some cattle loading," said Carol, "and on the way, miles from nowhere, we saw three men and a truck.

"Pegged out on the truck, like lines of washing, were about 200 dingo skins.

"We stopped to talk to the men — Mr. T. Allen and his sons, Pat and Les.

"Mr. Allen told me he's been a dogger for 44 years. He and his sons are always on the move, travelling round the outback trapping dingoes for bounty paid by the Government.

"I asked Mr. Allen where he lived, and . . .

" 'Home's under my hat,' he said.

"Then he showed us a battered old blue suitcase.

"It was packed with opals; Mr. Allen digs for them in his spare time.

"He said he'd been offered £6000 in Alice Springs for his collection but that he would never part with any of them.

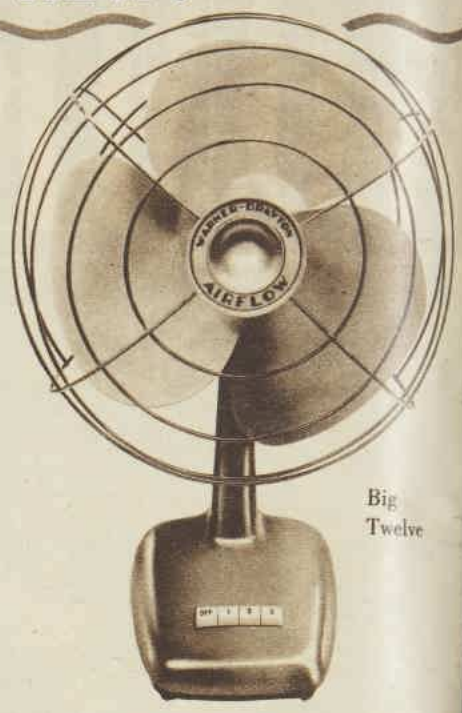
" 'I look at them every night,' he said, 'and their lights remind me of a big city . . .' "

Our Cover

• A color picture of Cedric Flower's painting, "Lindsay," historic home at Darling Point, Sydney. The original painting will be sold at an unusual auction held at "Lindsay" itself on December 3. Proceeds will aid the National Trust of Australia (N.S.W.).

You can have a beautiful print of the cover picture to frame; for details, see page 7.

NEW! PUSH-BUTTON CONTROL



Big Twelve

now! 3 airflow speeds at a fingertip touch

AIRFLOW

—FIRST FANS WITH ALL THE NEW FEATURES . . .

Giant Sixteen

Compact Ten

Design . . . colour . . . convenience . . . quietness . . . lifetime reliability! Airflow fans have everything.

Choose 16", 12" or 10" wall desk types, or the smooth pedestal model. And the 16" and 12" models feature amazing push-button control — three speeds right at your fingertips.

16" Pedestal Deluxe

WARNER-DRAYTON CO. OF AUSTRALIA PTY. LTD.
373 Somerville Road, West Footscray, Victoria. Tel. 314-9317.

Makers of Rayflow INFRA-RED HEATERS

WW/C674

LOVELY CURLS FOR YOUR BABY

CURLYPET will give your baby beautiful curls, healthy hair, soothes scalp irritation and leaves baby's tender scalp so clean, fresh and fragrant.

Curlypet

Makes baby's hair grow curly

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975523

Miss Australia – JAN TAYLOR of Queensland

● Twenty-one-year-old Jan Taylor, of Brisbane, who becomes Miss Australia, 1964, is a green-eyed brunette with a fair complexion and delicate features.

She is 5ft. 7in. tall, weighs 8 stone 7lb., and her measurements are 34-24-35.

She is a television script assistant in Brisbane, but had never appeared on camera until the Miss Queensland judging.

The Governor of South Australia, Sir Edric Bastyan, crowned Jan at the Miss Australia Coronation Ball in Adelaide, attended by 1000 guests. When her name was announced she became one of the few Miss Australias who responded with a smile instead of tears. Her reason: "I didn't have a hankie."

Tricia Reschke, last year's Miss Australia, placed the heavy gold robe round her shoulders, and helped Sir Edric adjust the crown. Later, after pictures were taken, Sir Edric removed the crown before dancing the first waltz with Jan.

The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Taylor, of Crosby Road, Hamilton, Brisbane, Jan has three brothers — Paul, 24; Gerald, 16; and Jim, 7. She was educated at St. Rita's College and Lourdes Hill Convent in Brisbane, worked six months in a bank before joining the staff of BTQ7.

Friends say that she is a modest, happy-natured girl. She likes reading, plays tennis and squash.

Her prizes as Miss Australia include a chaperoned world tour, a £750 wardrobe, and a car.

Jan is the fifth Queensland girl to hold the title of Miss Australia. The others were Rhonda Kelly, 1945; Maureen Kistle, 1955; Helen Wood, 1957; Pamela McKay, 1958.

● This picture was taken in Adelaide last week by Vic Grimmett.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975524

Investment Guide

By Mary Broker

This week: The Retail Giant

● With Christmas only weeks away, I thought the retailers deserved looking at. Christmas is their busiest period, and I hear they are preparing for it in a big way this year.

TWO of the most successful department stores in Australia are, without doubt, The Myer Emporium Limited and its offshoot Myer (S.A.) Limited.

You won't find the latter listed in the Sydney papers, although you can follow the Melbourne sales, and your broker can easily place your order through his agent in Melbourne or Adelaide.

The history of Myers is a real "rags-to-riches" tale. Sidney Myer, founder of this colossus, was a poor Russian migrant who died a millionaire. He began by hawking stockings in a cart around Bendigo in 1905. By 1911 he had made enough money to acquire Wright & Neil in Bourke Street, Melbourne. Since then his company hasn't looked back.

This Bourke Street site has now been turned into the largest store in Melbourne and one of the largest in the world, with branches at Geelong and Ballarat. A new venture, the £6 million drive-in supermarket at Chadstone, is already proving its worth. A second is to open at Preston, a Melbourne suburb, next year.

Farmer's in Sydney was acquired in 1961 for £22 million. This takeover also brought to Myers the Western Stores group with shops in Penrith, Dubbo, Orange, Bathurst, and other N.S.W. towns. Soon two huge supermarkets will open at Miranda and Bass Hill.

In Tasmania Myers own Brownells in Hobart. McWhirters and Allan & Stark were bought in Queensland, stores were established at Coorparoo and Toowoomba, and a large drive-in supermarket built at Chermside.

The Adelaide company used to be under the absolute control of the Melbourne parent, but 46 per cent. of the shares were sold to the public in 1955.

The dynamism of the Myer group can best be seen by the records it sets yearly.

In the decade from 1954 net profit has risen from £976,000 to nearly £4¾ million and sales from £37½ million to a staggering £114½ million.

This is a rise of £10¼ million in '62-'63 and follows an increase of £15 million in '61-'62, when sales passed the £100 million mark for the first time.

This is easily the highest sales figure ever recorded for any Australian retail group and represents more than 3 per cent. of all retail sales made in Australia (excluding, of course, such things as cars and spare parts).

The principal factor behind the Myer rise is that elusive factor one hears husbands talk about so often — "management."

The directors have all worked their way through the company stores and could easily leave their executive suites to drive the lift or sell at the bargain counters.

Two of them, Kenneth Myer (managing director) and his brother Sidney Baillieu Myer, are sons of the founder.

Arnot Henry Tolley, the chairman, began work in the pay office in 1922 and within 12 years was a director.

Staff conditions are excellent and all personnel are trained in sales psychology.

The South Australian company receives all the benefits of the Melbourne group's buyers and agents, both local and overseas, and so does not have to exhaust itself by battling alone in this intensely competitive field. It also shares several of the directors, including the redoubtable Mr. Tolley.

It is the largest department store in South Australia, with about 3500 employees. Management follows the same dynamic selling techniques as its parent company, and profits reflect their success.

Since public listing of the shares in 1954 the company has moved from strength to strength. Profit has trebled to over £1 million, and sales last year created yet another record.

Both companies' shares are fairly expensive. Adelaide's are higher because there just aren't as many around.

One hundred 5/- shares in The Myer Emporium Limited would cost you £178 at around 35/-, for which you receive £4/3/4 by way of dividends.

Alternatively 100 5/- Myer (S.A.) shares, which sold recently at 38/-, would cost you £193 and provide you with a £3 annual dividend.

As you can realise, a bonus issue is a distinct possibility here.

Both companies expect an even better year in 1963-64, so the price of your shares should improve.

It all makes you wonder if "the growth of Myer" will ever grind to a halt. At the moment it doesn't seem possible, and shareholders seem certain to be the first to benefit from this fantastic rise to power.

THE TRAGIC

Diana's suicide closes one unhappy chapter in famous family's story

● The recent tragic suicide of Diana Churchill is one more reminder of the unhappiness that so often seems to haunt the children of brilliant parents — and the two elder Churchill daughters have had their full share of it.

By CELIA HENDERSON, of our London staff

WHEN you grow up in the shadow of greatness it is hard to come to terms with the workaday world.

Diana Churchill's suicide itself had a particular, almost cruel note of tragedy: For the last year of her life she had been working hard for an organisation created to help would-be suicides and to tide them over their moments of loneliness and despair.

The Samaritan Group, which worked somewhat on the lines of Alcoholics Anonymous, was founded by a London clergyman, the Rev. Chad Varah, who said of Diana:

"It had transformed her life, finding something to do which she felt was worthwhile and with a team of people who appreciated it. She often said she lived for the Samaritans."

But in the end it seemed that even this was not enough to make up her share of the world and hold the sun in the sky.

Diana, eldest of the children of Sir Winston and Lady Churchill, seemed to start life with everything on her side.

The family background was crowded with leading political figures led by Lloyd George and with most of the distinguished men and women of the day.

She grew up beautiful with her blue eyes and auburn hair. She had all the poise, too, of the society debutante who had done some acting, had joined in electioneering campaigns, and been assistant hostess to her mother, described as "the perfect politician's wife."

In 1932, when she was 23, Diana married an old family friend, Peter Bailey, son of the South African millionaire Sir Abe Bailey, and their wedding was the event of the season.

Among the presents was a blue enamel dressing-table set from King George and Queen Mary, and crowds gathered to watch the famous guests at the reception in the London home of the Churchills' cousin, the Duke of Marlborough.

But only three years later this marriage of brains, beauty, wealth, and talent was over, and the envied young couple were divorced.

At that time Diana was mixed up in politics again, canvassing for an independent candidate sponsored by her only brother, Randolph, in another London by-election.

Their candidate failed.

The Tory who won the seat was Duncan Sandys, who at 27 became Britain's youngest M.P. and is now Colonial Secretary and Minister for Commonwealth Relations.

During the campaign brother Randolph had described him as "a political centipede with a foot on every fence," but sister Diana, with true Churchillian independence, took a different view and married Mr. Sandys a few months later.

Life seemed happy and they brought up a son and two daughters while Diana continued to join in both her husband's and her father's political-social life.

But here, too, were private troubles, and after 25 years together the marriage was dissolved in 1960.

Diana announced that from then onwards she wished to be known as Mrs. Diana Churchill.

It was a fairly typical gesture of return to the family which all through the years had been so much a part of her life and who are now so shaken by her death.

Sarah's troubles

All this time her younger sister Sarah was having parallel and more spectacular skirmishes with life and the social conventions.

With the same reddish hair and even more Churchillian independence, she took up dancing as a career.

At 21 she was dancing in the chorus of a West End revue compered by Austro-American comedian Vic Oliver. When the run finished, Vic Oliver went back to the States, and young Miss Churchill followed soon after.

Brother Randolph took the next boat to New York after saying she was too young to know her own mind. But Randolph was wrong (not for the first or the last time) and the two were married in New York on Christmas Eve, 1936.

She was then 24.

Sarah went on with her stage career as an actress until World War II, when all the Churchill family joined the colors.

While Diana worked in the W.R.E.N.S. and the Red

MARY, THE HAPPY ONE. Youngest of Sir Winston Churchill's children, Mary was born in September, 1922, and married Christopher Soames. She is pictured with him and their children, from left, Nicholas, Emma, and Jeremy, when they left hospital after visiting Sir Winston during his illness last year.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975525

CHURCHILL DAUGHTERS

PUBLIC LIBRARY 30 OCT 1963

ONLY SON. Randolph Churchill, twice married and divorced, has often come off second best in his fights.

● Sir Winston and Lady Churchill had four daughters and one son:
Diana, born in 1909;
Randolph, born in 1911;
Sarah, born in 1914;
Marigold, born in 1918, who died in babyhood;
Mary, born in 1922.

Cross, Sarah became a W.A.A.F. officer, and youngest daughter, Mary, joined the A.T.S.

But, meanwhile, Sarah's marriage was going the way of many theatre partnerships.

In 1945 she and Vic Oliver were divorced, and Sarah went back to work—in films and then on stage in America.

When her first starring role in films as a girl reporter in "All Over the Town" was being shown in America, she was featured as a cover girl in an American magazine with a picture taken by English society photographer Anthony Beauchamp.

As with Princess Margaret, this introduction ripened, and a year later — in 1948 — they were married in America.

Sarah went on with her job in television, stage, and films (dancing again with Fred Astaire in "Wedding Bells"), and her husband took up filmwork, too.

But their work meant separations, and once again the marriage drifted apart. They separated in 1956.

A year later, back in London, Anthony Beauchamp killed himself with sleeping-pills.

Sarah, shocked and grieved, went on working both in America and England.

But by now the Churchillian independence was bursting out from time to time in alcoholic terms, and the family temperament led to a series of scenes and prosecutions and publicity that added another hard load to life.

Last year it seemed as if the clouds had broken for Sarah.

On holiday in Spain she met and married Lord Audley, an artist and designer and a kindred spirit.

They joined up in work, too, and Sarah starred in a play by her husband which was tried out in England. But Fate was still against her. Last July in Spain where they first met, Lord Audley died suddenly after a heart attack.

Since then Sarah has been out of the public eye, but there is no giving up for this one who says, "I was born with the wonderful optimism that my father could give people during the war.

"When I wake up in the morning I feel I've been sprung from a trap and I've got to get somewhere."

Bereft

The Churchill daughter who died in 1921 is never mentioned by Sir Winston and Lady Churchill.

The child, Marigold Frances, was only three in 1921, when her father was Chancellor of the Exchequer. She became ill, and a friend recalls that her father, after visiting her, "went into the garden with tears streaming down his face.

"Mrs. Churchill was beside herself with grief, but her task was to comfort her husband."

The Churchills' only son, Randolph, has had little more success with his private life than Diana and Sarah.

Twice married and divorced, he is mainly concerned with his professional life as a newspaper columnist and constantly laying about him and suing those who hit him back.

He, more than any of them, is determined to take the world on his own terms —or else—and quite often the world tends to answer him back.

Resistance is in the blood of this family.

It has been for many generations, since the famous first Duke of Marlborough was sweeping through the battlefields of Europe in the early 1700s, while his wife, Sarah, was telling Queen Anne how to run the country at home.

The resistance has been lucky for the world in more than one war, but is not always so lucky for the Churchills in peace.

As Sarah herself said, "We were taught to be mischievous and to tease. In arguments which we had all the time we were led on and were not expected to be cowards and run back.

"It was a case of 'all right, if you take that line you had better see it through to the end'."

And so they have, and will, for better or for worse, and for ever.

DIANA CHURCHILL. Above, with her second husband, Duncan Sandys, shortly before he divorced her in 1960. At right, with their daughters, Edwina and Celia, in 1957. The Sandys' son is Julian, now 26.

SARAH CHURCHILL in 1958 during one of her losing bouts with alcoholism. Then 43, Sarah was booked in America for drunkenness. Police claimed then, as on other occasions, that she used profane language.

SARAH AND HER THREE HUSBANDS. Left: In 1962 with her third husband, Lord Audley, who died not long after their marriage of a heart attack in Spain. Centre, with her second husband, Anthony Beauchamp, society photographer, who suicided in 1957 eight years after their marriage and a year after they had separated. Right, with her first husband, actor Vic Oliver.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975526

Hairstyle by Charles Coppa

New Le Gay Hair Spray highlights hair beauty... holds so gently...

Le Gay hairspray is truly a hairspray with a touch of genius. Le Gay hairspray highlights the natural loveliness of your hair. Whether your hair is easy-to-manage or hard-to-hold Le Gay hairspray will gently hold it just the way you like it . . . Le Gay hairspray keeps your hair-style as poised and perfect as it is when you leave your mirror! There is no risk of filmy "build-up" no matter how often you re-spray and re-style with Le Gay! When you brush out Le Gay hairspray you will find your hair shining-clean, beautifully conditioned. Le Gay . . . the new holding hairspray with the Brush-away formula

The New Holding Hairspray with the Brush-away Formula

AVAILABLE ONLY FROM YOUR CHEMIST

TS27/61

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975527

● "The secret of beauty is to have a nice skin," said Madame Suzanne de Nas de Tourris, Paris beautician, during her current Australian tour.

● And the secret of make-up is not to have someone look at you and say, "What a nice make-up you have!" but "What a lovely skin you have!"

Beauty, above all, is a glowing skin

By FREDA IRVING

THE key she gives to her beauty secrets is unremitting cleansing, nourishing, and protecting the skin, with never a touch of water or a smear of soap.

Merry little Madame de Nas de Tourris, with greying hair and gay brown eyes, is a perfect example of what she preaches.

She has not used soap or water on her face and neck since she was 15, and has a bloom in her skin which would make the average young girl green with envy.

The glow is something else she preaches as well as exhibits, and is the third of her beauty secrets.

"True skin care and delicately light make-up are what give that soft glow or transparency to the skin which is one of a woman's most attractive beauties," she said.

"Heavy make-up is only for fashion shows and some evening occasions."

She disapproves especially of heavy eye make-up. Even when it was fashionable she didn't like it, and she's delighted that fashion has now decreed it "out."

"All is now for the natural look on the Continent and in America. All eye make-up today concentrates on giving the fresh look. There is an open-eye effect, with the lightest eye shadow and only a slight light line outlining the eyes," she said.

Africa, too

Senior beautician and technician in the export department of a French cosmetic and perfume house which exports to many countries, Madame de Nas de Tourris has been away from Paris for 18 months, giving her technical opinions on skins of all colors from clearest white to deepest black.

Her lecturing travels have taken her through Africa and Asia, and she found wherever she went that skin is always the same; it is only the color that varies.

● *Paris beautician Madame Suzanne de Nas de Tourris.*

For all of them, white, pink, gold, or ebony, she prescribes this care which she swears takes only five minutes night and morning:

"At night, first remove make-up with cleansing cream. Next apply a skin tonic, then a night cream.

"In the morning refresh with a skin tonic or a beauty milk, then use a moisturiser or anti-wrinkle cream, and then apply light make-up.

"Always before you apply a fresh make-up in the evening freshen your skin with beauty milk.

"And remember, but please remember, not only to look after your face but your neck as well, with all your skin care and your gentle make-up.

"There is nothing worse than the face which ends just under the chin."

Madame de Nas de Tourris did a year's special training course under medical supervision at her firm's headquarters 10 years ago, and every time she is back in Paris between travels does a refresher course.

She also finds time to visit her family in Poitiers, where her father, mother, and brother are all doctors.

She originally planned to follow the family profession but then decided she also wanted something a little artistic as well, perhaps painting.

"And so I found my way to cosmetics, which are a little like painting in a certain way. A very delicate way, of course."

She carries this delicacy theme through to her views on perfumes.

"Perfumes must always be applied discreetly," she said.

"You should be able to smell a woman's perfume faintly when you are close to her, but you should never be able to follow her by the scent.

For personality

"Perfume must be chosen for the personality — never should a woman try to adapt her personality to a perfume. If she is a shy character, for instance, a heavy dramatic perfume is not for her.

"Generally speaking, a fair woman should use a flowery or light musky one and a darker woman a heavier or more spicy one.

"Then, of course, you have to remember that what is right for Europeans is not right for Asians. The Thai women, for instance, must use a light flowery perfume with a touch of musk to suit their delicate air.

"Indian women should choose a purely flowery perfume. They use so much spice in their foods that if they used one with a strong musky base they would smell the same all the time."

Whether for Europeans or Asians, one perfume rule remains the same in Madame's book:

"Always apply your perfume where the blood is closest to the skin — on the wrist pulse, inside the elbows, or behind the ears, for the blood warms the perfume and helps it give off its smell better."

NEXT WEEK:

AUSTRALIA in color

● The splendid country—

A migrant expresses his feeling for Australia in a sensitive poem, "The Immigrant." In a four-page feature, the poem is illustrated with spectacular color pictures of "the land windblown and suntanned under endless skies" that the migrant has grown to love.

—and beautiful homes

Six pages of color pictures show three superb Australian homes: a spacious town flat filled with precious antiques, a luxurious country house set in a magnificent garden, and a modern seaside house built round a courtyard.

PLUS . . .

● The winners: £1000 Canned Fruits Contest

Talented cooks in our £1000 Canned Fruits Contest have won big cash awards — including £500 for the Grand Champion—for dessert recipes using canned peaches, canned apricots, and canned pears.

● Arranging flowers the American way

Arrangements by American flower specialists are striking, different—and are all made with simple materials and a few effective accessories.

There are step-by-step directions for a summer party centrepiece, too. Made with a watermelon and flowers and candles, it's a wonderful talking point!

● How a baby finds speech

A remarkable story describes how a baby learns to talk, from his lusty birth cry to his triumphant first word.

★ ★ ★

● ***Solve your worries about Christmas presents for overseas friends—with a gift subscription to The Australian Women's Weekly, they'll receive a present from you every week in 1964. For subscription rates, see page 68.***

COVER PRINT OFFER

● Prints of Cedric Flower's delightful painting on our cover (see page 2) are available for you to frame.

THE prints are reproduced on beautiful glossy art paper, and the painting — which is surrounded by a 1in. white border — measures 12in. x 10½in. deep.

Each print costs 10/- plus 1/- postage. Proceeds will aid the National Trust of Australia (N.S.W.).

To order, please fill in the two forms at right.

Send the label and order form, accompanied by your cheque or postal notes for the amount of the print or prints you require, plus postage, to: Cover Print, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

ORDER FORM

Address envelope to: Cover Print, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

● Please send me the Cover Print.

I enclose cheque/postal notes to the value of £.....

(Price, 10/- per print, plus 1/- postage)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

..... ***STATE*** .....

ADDRESS LABEL

COVER PRINT

NAME .....
Block Letters, Please.

ADDRESS .....

..... ***STATE*** .....

If undelivered, please return to Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975528

ART AUCTION IN A STATELY HOME

● Old and new paintings — here are some of them — together with antique furniture and objets d'art will be sold at an unusual auction to be held at "Lindsay," Darling Point, on the evening of Tuesday, December 3.

EXPERIMENT FARM COTTAGE, Parramatta (above), painted by Paul Jones, who is famous for his flower paintings. The cottage, built in 1798, is the nation's oldest building open to the public. It was bought by the National Trust in 1960 and has been fully restored at a cost of more than £10,000. In his painting the artist has taken the licence of depicting a full garden setting for the house.

"LAST HOUSE, LAST CLOWN," painted by Sydney artist and theatrical designer Desmond Digby, is described as a fantasy. Mr. Digby imagines this terrace house as the last and lonely surviving terrace in Australia after great demolition and reconstruction of the cities. The clown, which is often featured in his paintings, adds a further touch of pathos to the idea.

LEADING Sydney painters, sculptors, and potters have donated their works for the auction; other items, including notable early Australian paintings, have been given by collectors and dealers.

Proceeds of the auction, organised by the Women's Committee of the National Trust of Australia (N.S.W.), will go towards the restoration of historic St. Matthew's Church, Windsor.

If the weather is fine the auction will be held on the terrace of "Lindsay," the Georgian-Gothic mansion recently acquired by the Trust, and shown on our cover.

(In the 1830s, when the house was owned by the Hon. Campbell Drummond Riddell, the Colonial Treasurer, peacocks used to strut about the lawns overlooking the harbor.)

This will be the first time the Trust has opened "Lindsay" to the public. However, with so much of interest to be sold the emphasis of the evening is on the auction rather than the house.

Some of the artists, including Paul Jones, Donald Friend, Desmond Digby, and Cedric Flower, have done paintings depicting historical or architectural scenes especially for the auction.

The lots will be on show in the foyer of the Trans-Australia Airlines building in Elizabeth Street from November 25 to 30 between 10 a.m. and 9 p.m.

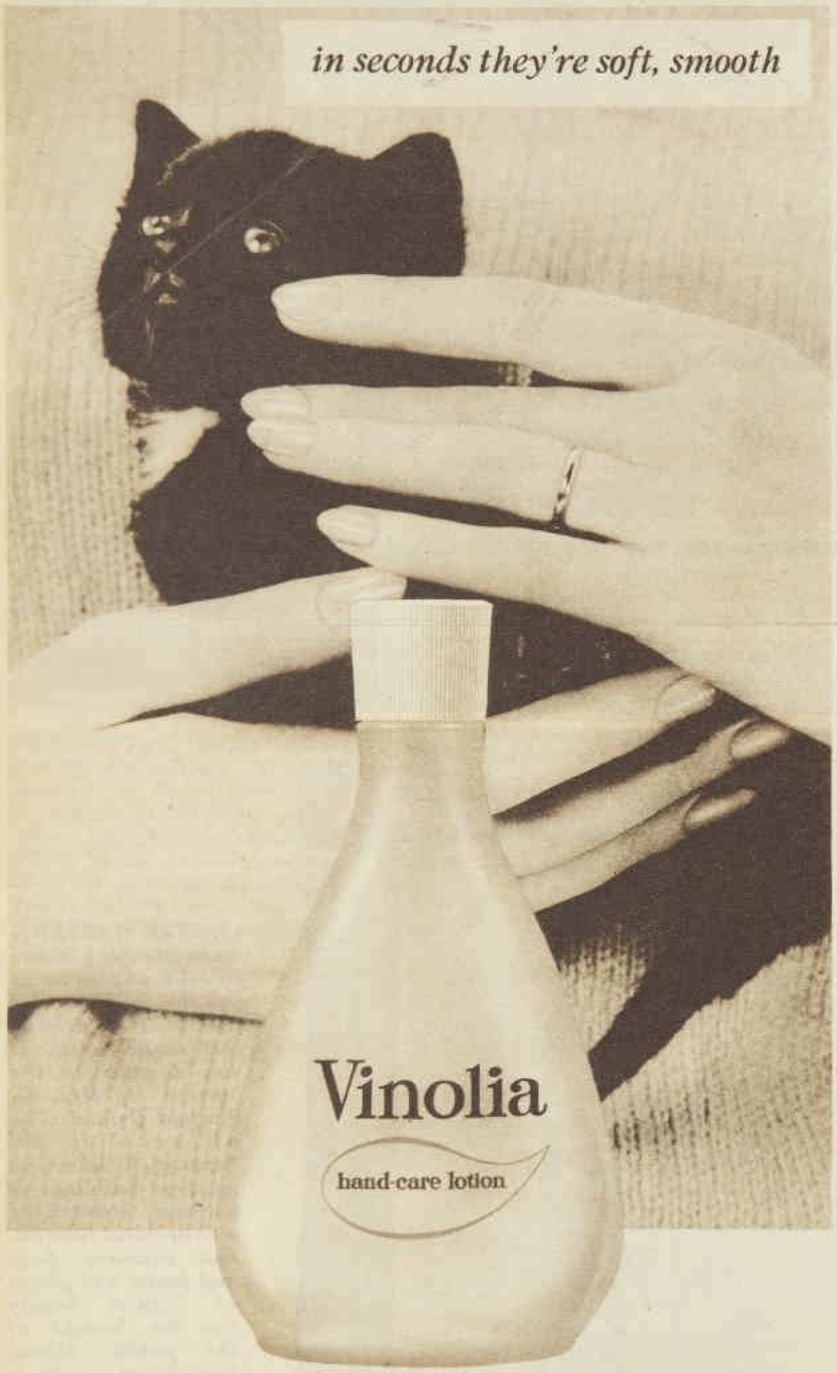
Tickets (15/-) will be on sale then at T.A.A. and from the Women's Committee of the National Trust.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975529

DONALD FRIEND has painted this lively version of the arrest of Governor Bligh in the Rum Rebellion. Many students of history don't accept the story that he had hidden under a bed, but that, of course, is the enduring legend. When the commander of the New South Wales Corps, Major Johnston, was on trial in London, Bligh said he was stooping on the far side of the bed hiding papers in his waistcoat at the moment the troops broke in, led by a sergeant. One soldier said he pulled Bligh from under the bed by his collar; another gave evidence that he helped him over the bed. Bligh offered to produce two witnesses to prove he was not under the bed.

CONRAD MARTENS, an outstanding water-colorist who came to Sydney in 1835 and died in 1878, painted this rustic scene. It was donated to the auction by Mrs. G. Penfold Hyland. The objects of the National Trust are to preserve buildings of national, historic, or architectural interest, and conserve flora and fauna and places of natural beauty for the benefit of the public. Money for Trust projects comes largely from membership subscriptions, costing £1/10/- a year. Anyone may become a member and thus have the opportunity to go to Trust outings and lectures. Members receive a Trust Bulletin quarterly and also may gain free admission to Trust properties.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975530



to keep busy hands soft, smooth–always

New Vinolia makes you this promise . . . after **every** rough job, smooth in a little Vinolia; seconds later your hands will be soft, smooth. Why? Because Vinolia works a new, different way. The finely-emulsified beautifying oils in Vinolia smooth in so fast your hands never feel greasy. It's so pleasant to use you'll want to smooth in Vinolia **every** time you dry your hands. Just a second's beauty care but what a world of difference. Your hands really are soft and smooth — lovely to look at, always.

New unbreakable plastic squeeze bottle —at all chemists and stores, just 6/3.

Vinolia–a new habit for hands

A fine product from PEARS

VN1/03WW1439

Ita Buttrose's

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

NOW en route to Australia for the first time in three years is Lady Gifford (formerly Miss Margaret Allen, of Woollahra), who will arrive in Sydney on November 8 for a short holiday.

Lady Gifford, who lives in England in a lovely home at Tilford, Surrey, will be guest of her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. John Bavin, of Vaucluse, during her stay.

At the moment she's in Singapore visiting friends before flying on to Queensland where she will stay with Miss Aileen Bell, of "Coochin Coochin," Boonah, who entertained the Queen Mother when she toured Australia in 1958.

After spending Christmas here with the Bavins and her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Denis Allen, of Edgecliff, Lady Gifford will leave for home early next year, but on the way will stop over in New Zealand to visit her elder sister, Mrs. Ken Austin, of Christchurch.

★ ★ ★

THE Italian Ambassador, Count Renato Della Chiesa d'Isasca, will fly from Canberra to be best man at the wedding of Dr. Raffaele Gesini to South Australian Wendy Anne Gunson at St. Laurence's Church, North Adelaide, on November 9. Dr. Gesini was attached to the Italian Embassy in Canberra for several years before taking up his appointment as Italian Vice-Consul in Adelaide last year. His lovely tall, dark-haired bride is the daughter of Mrs. Paul Gunson, of Rose Park, and of the late Mr. Gunson. After the ceremony Mrs. Gunson, who was Edna McClure, of "Nettalie Station," Broken Hill, in her single days and an old girl of Loreto, Kirribilli, will entertain at a reception at Adelaide's Hotel Australia.

★ ★ ★

ONE of Sydney's most excited grandmothers is Mrs. T. A. (Jack) Field, who's absolutely thrilled with her first grandchildren, Lisa and Sean — the tiny twins born recently to her daughter and son-in-law, Colleen and James Mahar. "Lisa looks just like Colleen and Sean takes after his father," Mrs. Field told me happily. Colleen, who is in King George V Hospital, will be returning home to Double Bay this week.

ABOVE. Mr. David Flakelar and Miss Helen Read were among first-nighters at the opening of the Australian Elizabethan Theatre Trust's presentation of "Fidelio" at the Elizabethan Theatre, Newtown. Miss Read wore a black-and-white-striped silk blouse with a slim-fitting black silk skirt.

AT RIGHT. Mr. and Mrs. John McMinn at the Carousel Committee's annual dinner dance, which was held at the Menzies Hotel. The committee president, Mrs. Peter Holmes a'Court, welcomed the guests to the dance, which will aid the Kuringai Truby King Mobile Clinic.

THIS year there seems to be a record number of Sydney people joining the exodus to Melbourne for the Cup, among them Terry Clune, who'll be flying down on November 1 to attend the Derby Eve Ball. He'll escort English visitor Alice Doughty, who was recently in Sydney and is now staying in Melbourne with Mr. and Mrs. Rod Carnegie, of South Yarra. Edda Benco, who will also arrive in Melbourne on November 1, will be the house guest of Quentin Madden, of Camperdown, during her stay.

★ ★ ★

I HEAR that Regina Prevost and Neil Macarthur-Onslow have chosen January 17 as their wedding date. Regina will have her sisters, Mrs. John Kinross and Prunella Prevost, and Betty-Ann Bunting as her senior attendants. Mrs. Kinross' daughter, Sarah, and Neil's niece, Sophie Macarthur-Onslow, will be flowergirls.

★ ★ ★

SUCH a nice "thank-you" gesture was made by the Victorian Tourist Bureau when it presented Mrs. Henry Bolte, wife of the Premier of Victoria, with a spray of beautiful red carnations at the opening of the Bureau in Pitt Street last week. Mr. Bolte, who officially opened the Bureau, was particularly pleased. He explained that he always wears a red carnation in the buttonhole of his dinner suit and that he would wear one of the Bureau's carnations next night upon his return to Victoria, when he and his wife would be guests at the Golden Gate Festival at Ararat.

★ ★ ★

PRETTY Pamela Isbester will celebrate her twenty-first birthday on November 2, the day she has chosen for her marriage with Michael Downey at The Scots College Chapel, Bellevue Hill. To celebrate the double occasion Michael has given her an exquisite diamond-and-sapphire dress ring. It will be a perfect complement to the heirloom diamond-and-sapphire bracelet which Pamela will wear with her wedding gown of white lace. The bracelet originally belonged to Michael's great-grandmother.

★ ★ ★

ON their way to Hong Kong for 12 months are Mr. and Mrs. Dick Doran and their 11-year-old daughter, Amanda. On their arrival they will move into a flat at Kowloon, just down the street from their elder son, Bob, who has been living there for the past six years. In the meantime the Dorans' elder daughter, Deborah, and her husband, James Angus, are preparing to leave for Melbourne to make their home for the next few years. They expect to leave Sydney in January.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975531

ABOVE: Miss Faye Evans (left) and Miss Roslyn Grenville-Waine pictured in front of one of the cut-out blackamoor figures which flanked the entrances of the Art Gallery of New South Wales for the Venetian Carnival Ball. The president of the ball committee, Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere, welcomed the guests to the ball.

A STRIKING head-dress was worn by Mr. Dennis Stewart who attended the ball with Miss Rita Taylor. Based on the crest of a noble Italian family, it was made with a felt rooster plumed with peacock and ostrich feathers, and attached to a silken hood.

THIRD prizewinner, Sir Charles Moses, who went as a venetian blind, with Lady Moses at the ball. The prizes were presented by Lady Lloyd Jones for the most beautiful and the most original head-dresses. They were judged by Mrs. John Bates, Mrs. Alfred Varcoe and Mrs. Humfry Henchman.

ART GALLERY BALL

VENETIAN CARNIVAL

Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow

TRIO, from left, Mr. and Mrs. Brian Ettelson and Mrs. Ken Youdale, who were among the 900 guests at the Art Gallery Ball. Striped poles, gondolas, large bowls of paper plumes, and musicians dressed as troubadors added to the spectacular carnival setting.

BELOW: Mr. Tom Gillies, who won second prize in the original head-dress section, chatting with Mrs. Harry Seidler. The Governor, Sir Eric Woodward, and Lady Woodward, were guests of honor at the ball which finished at 2.30 in the morning.

ABOVE: Mr. Matthew McDougall won first prize in the men's most original head-dress section. He made the winged lion, a Venetian emblem, with coat hangers, cotton wool, and gold paper doilies. AT RIGHT: Mrs. Sue du Val won first prize in the women's most beautiful head-dress section with her mardi gras head-dress, which was made by Mr. Paul Jones. Mrs. Weston Fox was second and Mrs. Warwick Lindsay was third.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975532

[ADVERTISEMENT]

NEW FOOD IDEAS

from Betty King

A MONTHLY COLUMN OF NEW RECIPES, NEW FOODS AND NEW COOKING IDEAS

Peach Cream Layer

1 *pkt. Mellah Vanilla Dessert & Pie Filling,* ½ *pint milk,* 1 *large can peach slices,* 1 *level tablespoon gelatine,* ½ *pint of whipped cream, Cherries and angelica to decorate.*

Method: Make up Mellah Dessert Filling according to directions on pack, using only ½ pint milk. Turn half into a mould or cake tin, previously rinsed with cold water. Drain peach slices, reserve syrup. Arrange a layer of slices in mould. Spoon in remaining Dessert Filling mixture. Top with layers of remaining slices. Dissolve gelatine in peach syrup. Pour into mould. Chill 2-3 hours. To serve, dip mould into hot water. Turn onto serving dish. Decorate with whipped cream, cherries, angelica.

Springtime Flan

6 *oz. shortcrust pastry,* 1 *pkt. of Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup,* 3 *cups water,* ½ *oz. (2 lev. tablespns.) gelatine,* 8 *oz. peeled prawns,* 4 *oz. cream cheese.*

Method: Line a 7" flan ring or pie plate with the shortcrust pastry. Prick well, bake blind in a barely moderate oven (325°F. gas; 375°F. electric) for 30-35 min. Make up Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup according to directions on pack, using only 3 cups water. When cooked add gelatine. Allow to cool. Stir in peeled prawns. When on the point of setting, turn into pastry case. Chill until firm 2-3 hrs. Before serving, spread top with cream cheese. Serve as snack or with vegetables for a meal. *Serves 4 portions.*

Cucumber Batons

1 *pkt. of Continental brand Mushroom Soup,* 3 *cups milk,* 2 *cucumbers, Salt and pepper,* 2 *hard-boiled eggs,* ½ *lb. shelled prawns,* 2 *tomatoes, peeled, sliced, Sprigs of parsley.*

Method: Make up Continental brand Mushroom Soup according to directions on pack, using 3 cups milk only. Allow to cool. Peel the cucumbers. Cut in halves lengthwise. Scoop out the seeds. Sprinkle inside with salt and pepper. Chop hard-boiled eggs and add to mushroom soup with the prawns. Combine. Pile mixture into hollow of each cucumber half. Chill 1-2 hours. Arrange slices tomato down centre of cucumber. Garnish with parsley. Serve with salad vegetables. *Serves 4.*

WB1/11.WW141

LETTER BOX

● We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

To kiss or not in public

I SUGGEST to "Embarrassed" (Vic.), whose daughter and fiance display their affection in public, that she can possibly cure them if she and her husband started kissing and hugging while her daughter was present. The amusement of others may shame her daughter into behaving in a more reserved manner when others are present.

£1/1/- to "Margaret" (name supplied), Klemzig, S.A.

★ ★ ★

LOVE in public has my sympathy. One has only one opportunity of being young and in love. My husband still kisses me in public and I know most wives envy me for this. I am one of the lucky ones.

£1/1/- to "Mother of Four" (name supplied), Brisbane.

★ ★ ★

"EMBARRASSED" should have put her foot down long ago. My teenage daughter has always been given to understand that kissing in public is something I just could not tolerate. I was recently left alone in a room with a loving couple and tried to hide my embarrassment in a newspaper. There is a time and a place for everything and young people should be taught to understand this.

£1/1/- to T.G. (name supplied), Orange, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

WHY should a conventional "peck" of greeting or farewell be the essence of good manners, but a real kiss of affection be in bad taste?

£1/1/- to "Puzzled" (name supplied), Penrith, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

I AM engaged to be married, and my fiance, who has a sweet, loving nature, kisses me in public, on a bus, or at a party, because, he says, he loves me and is proud of me. It gives me a wonderful feeling that a man will do this in public. I see no reason for anyone to be embarrassed by affection.

£1/1/- to Peggy Smith, Prahran, Vic.

★ ★ ★

WHAT is wrong with kissing? I would feel embarrassed if my children displayed bad table-manners, used bad language, or didn't know how to dress on various occasions. My husband and I always kiss when we feel like it, even when others are present. It is better to kiss than quarrel.

£1/1/- to M. L. Brandt, Mortlake, N.S.W.

They pay cash

MY husband and I are considered odd in our district because we don't run any accounts apart from a weekly milk account and newspaper account. We believe that one thinks twice about buying if the cash is to come from the purse. How wonderful it is to walk into a store and buy that suit or refrigerator and not have to worry about paying accounts or instalments for the next 12 months. I believe that more than half the quarrels in homes are caused by all the accounts arriving at once at the end of the month.

£1/1/- to "Spot Cash" (name supplied), Somerset, Tas.

Conductress' uniform criticised

I HAVE recently seen a photograph of an Australian bus conductress. What startled me was the very masculine flavor of her uniform. Why must she be dressed in a shirt, necktie (with a tie clip, no less), and headgear that looks like an armed forces services cap? Why can't she wear a skirt and jacket with an open-necked blouse and a cap similar to the uniform of your overseas airline hostesses? Australian women seem to know how to dress, but what happened to your transportation gals?

£1/1/- to Irene Patterson, San Francisco, U.S.A.

She just had to be there

A FRIEND of mine was advised by her doctor to have her wedding ring cut off, as her finger was swollen and the ring too tight. On ringing the jewellers to ask if they could perform this service, the assistant replied: "Oh, yes, Madam. We can do it while you wait." We did wonder what the alternative was!

£1/1/- to B.J. (name supplied), Kent Town, S.A.

Guide to baby's sex

THERE may be some truth in the New Guinea natives' belief that a mother's diet can influence the sex of an unborn baby. My own cravings during pregnancy with the first child were for fruit. The child was a son. The next time my taste swung to sweets: the child was a daughter. The third time I again craved fruit, and the baby was a son. Friends of mine also experienced identical cravings during pregnancy and have predicted the sex of their babies before birth.

£1/1/- to "Curious Mum" (name supplied), Burnley, Vic.

THIS WEEK IN VERSE

Let us give away the horses!
Anyone with any sense
Knows that reason reinforces
Such a saving of expense.

Knows that moments of elation,
Though they're glorious, are rare,
And, more often, consternation
Is succeeded by despair.

Look around you at the races:
Ere the first one, all is gay.
Study how the punters' faces
Lengthen downward with the day.

Having bolstered resolution
With some good advice to YOU,
Do I feel a diminution
In that wiser point of view?

Huddle closer while I mutter
That before we give it up
We could have one final flutter
On My Contact for the Cup.

— Dorothy Drain

Failings of letter-writers

I HAVE a lot of correspondence and I find that, although my family and friends write quite often, they have one bad failing as correspondents — they never really answer my letters. They mostly tell me what has happened to themselves and their friends, but don't answer queries I have asked. I find this annoying. I always have a person's letter in front of me when writing and go through it carefully and answer questions before giving them my news. I wish they would do the same for me.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Kaye E. Seys, Puckapunyal, Vic.

Ross Campbell writes...

PLAIN OR FANCY

IF there is one thing that upsets a woman it is being called a good plain cook.

This happened recently to Mrs. Hopkins.

They had friends to dinner, and the guests were praising the Irish stew.

"Yes," said Mr. Hopkins, "Flora is a good plain cook."

The phrase, unfortunately, suggests that the cook is plain, as well as her cooking. Also that she is stodgy — that she sticks to roast beef and never tries anything out of the way like *spaghetti bolognese con molto spinaccio.*

Mrs. Hopkins was so hurt that she made up her mind to get even. She would show her husband she could cook fancy things, too.

We heard about the sequel from some people who had dinner a week later.

After a hasty greeting Mrs. Hopkins retired to the kitchen. She was too busy to have a gay evening with her guests.

About eight o'clock she came in, looking flustered, and announced that dinner was ready.

The tomato soup was good — Mrs. Hopkins uses a reliable brand.

But after that the guests had to wait while she toiled in the kitchen.

Mr. Hopkins talked about cars, and murders, and other subjects of general interest; but he seemed uneasy. Muttering "Better see what's going on," he left the table.

He came back with some roast potatoes, which were getting cold. After another delay Flora Hopkins brought in the main dish.

It had a shiny appearance and was called Glazed Duck.

"I had a bit of trouble with the glazing," she said.

Mr. Hopkins set about carving it, but the knife and fork skidded off the glaze. The duck shot on to the floor.

He picked it up, apologising. "You've certainly glazed this duck, Flo," he said grimly.

Holding it by a leg, he struck it sharply with the edge of the carving knife. Again the glaze turned the blade aside.

Mr. Hopkins' blood was up now. While his wife watched anxiously he went and got a cleaver.

Lifting it high, he whacked it down on the duck. The glazing splintered and flew in all directions, like broken glass.

"We've made a breakthrough anyway," he said.

The rest of the dinner was hardly a success. The duck, when they got to it, was tough. The guests had another wait while Mrs. Hopkins, now very rattled, made an *omelette au rhum.*

Her husband, I am told, has implored her to go back to plain cooking. Her friends hope she will.

I have a high regard for good plain cooks. They serve better food than bad fancy cooks — and, what is very important, they serve it on time.

The moral of the story is: If you bite the hand that feeds you, don't bite off more than you can chew.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975533

TWO RETIRED SECRETARIES WENT BUSH

With a black billy, gun, and Black Beauty

● Miss Jessica Parker and Miss Lorna Williams look very much at home in their drawing-room, in Ringwood, Vic., serving tea from a silver pot. That's why it was hard to imagine them living and travelling in outback Australia, with heat, dust, and flies — and pouring tea from an old black billy.

THEY did just that — and loved it.

"We've never felt better in our lives," said the friends, who retired from their secretarial jobs earlier this year.

They returned recently from a 9566-mile nine-week trip over some of Australia's roughest, toughest roads.

In their car — which they call Black Beauty — they circled the western half of Australia, going from Melbourne to Darwin, down the coast of Western Australia, and home across the Nullarbor Plain.

They had to dig Black Beauty out of mud and sand often; their engine stopped twice choked with dust; and Jessica — who was in charge of repairs — replaced a fan belt and spark plugs.

But that was all the trouble the car gave them. They didn't have even one puncture.

(The manufacturers of the tubeless tyres they used were so taken with this feat that they are going to use the Parker-Williams trip for advertising purposes.)

"And we didn't have an ache or pain on the whole trip," said spokesman Jessica, looking suntanned and fit and brimming with information about "wonderful outback Australia."

"Of course we were feeling 100 per cent. when we left — you couldn't tackle a trip like that at our age otherwise."

Many extras

Jessica is dark-haired, brown-eyed, capable.

"She'll tackle anything and never let it beat her," said her friend Lorna, a blue-eyed, gentle type, the quieter of the two.

Sitting comfortably on a couch in their attractive antique-furnished house — which they had built to their own design 20 years ago — they said that they went well prepared.

They carried everything from a gun to a sunshade.

They designed special "anti-outback" gear to protect the car at a cost of £170. "Black Beauty would never have made it without the extras," said Jessica.

These extras were a steel plate to protect the sump and gear box; station-waggon springs; an aluminium sun visor; rear tyres with six-ply walls (essential for traction) and winter-treated tyres on the front; a fly-catcher over the radiator to stop stones and insects; and rubber covers for spark plugs, coil, and distributor to keep out water and dust.

They also fitted a home-made "invention" — a rubber washing-machine outlet hose with a curved end to slide over the exhaust pipe like a snorkel. This was Lorna's idea and prevented water getting into the engine during creek crossings.

By CLAUDIA WRIGHT

The friends treat their car like precious china.

Black Beauty is a four-cylinder English saloon, nearly three years old.

It returned from the outback looking as smart as ever, except for red dust stains around windows and doors and a small scratch on the mudguard, the result of being caught in a rut near Pimba, north of Alice Springs.

"Now, if your readers are thinking of doing a similar trip to ours," said Jessica earnestly, "tell them it can't be done in luxury.

"It's madness to attempt to pull a caravan over outback roads. If they want to have the luck we had, tell them to add protectors to their car and include a good driver, repair kit, and someone to do running repairs."

Their equipment included two spare wheels and tyres, repair kit, and tyre gauge (a must because the heat affected tyres and the travellers had to check them for pressure every morning).

They carried a tent, sleeping-bag, food, six gallons of water, 9½ gallons of petrol, one gallon of oil, and upper cylinder lubricant (which they could buy at only six places on the entire trip).

They also took a first-aid kit, spare petrol pump, spark plugs, points, coil, water hoses, and fan belts, a kerosene stove, axe, spade, tomahawk, and a roll of mica and masking-tape — to use in case they broke a windscreen.

The travellers camped 27 times on the trip. On other nights they stayed at motels and hotels.

Slept in car

Camping in snake country, they slept on the seats of the car, with doors open and their feet resting on upturned suitcases.

"We had ten hours' sleep every night—in bed at seven and up at five," said Jessica.

Breakfast-time was just like home — they had toast, marmalade, and tea. During the day, to quench their thirst, they drank two vacuum-flasks of tea, made over the morning's campfire.

They never went to their sleeping-bags without first cleansing their skin with cream, putting their hair in pins, and using hand lotion.

They were just as methodical in the morning. No matter the surroundings, they put on make-up — rouge, powder, eyebrow pencil — and Jessica also used hair lacquer.

She even took some blue rinse to give her hair its usual weekly blue tint.

At Alice Springs the first thing they did was to rush to the beauty parlor to have their hair shampooed and set.

They did the same thing at Carnarvon.

When they pulled into Darwin, people they met told them they looked as if they'd just stepped out of a band-box instead of semi-desert.

Travelling, they wore summer slacks, shorts, and blouses.

Six shillings a gallon was the top price they paid for petrol.

At garages, occasionally, they had the dust blown out from the steel covering beneath the car. But four times on the trip Lorna had to squeeze under the car and scrape out dust and pebbles with her hands.

VETERANS of a 9566-mile trip outback, Miss Lorna Williams and Miss Jessica Parker, with their car, which they call Black Beauty. Miss Parker is unpacking camping gear from the roof.

She got the job because she has smaller hands.

The friends shared the driving by swapping the wheel every hour.

They averaged 200 miles a day, and never drove after dark.

"And, my dear, 40 was our top speed," said Jessica.

"At that speed we could enjoy the scenery and have proper regard for the car."

Both have had plenty of driving experience. They have owned cars since they were teenagers, and they did an 8000-mile trip around Europe some years ago.

Generally they found accommodation good but food uninteresting and expensive. At Wyndham W.A., lettuces cost 8/- each.

They placed colorful stickers of places visited around the windows of their car, and on the back window is stuck a small home-made cardboard map with their route and place names inked on it.

Jessica and Lorna say they'll be leaving them there until they wear off — or until they do another trip.

And from the looks on their faces when they said this it won't be long before Jessica, Lorna, and Black Beauty are off again.

GOOD TO BE HOME — Miss Williams pours for Miss Parker at their home at Ringwood, Vic., set in two acres of bushland garden.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975534

The safe, sure way to kill disease-carrying flies

ONE FLY CAN CARRY 5,000,000 DISEASE GERMS.

You can't take risks with the health of your family by allowing filthy flies in your home. Every fly is a carrier of dirt and disease. One fly can carry the germs of such dangerous diseases as hepatitis, poliomyelitis, typhoid, encephalitis and a host of other deadly diseases. When you see even one fly in your home you should spray Mortein—your positive guaranteed safeguard against filthy flies.

BEWARE OF DANGEROUS IMITATIONS.

Many imitations of Mortein contain harmful substances such as lindane or dieldrin; they are considered so hazardous to human health that they would not be permitted to be sold in the United States of America.

SPRAY SAFE
SPRAY ONLY
MORTEIN

MORTEIN IS SAFEST AND BEST.

Mortein Pressure✱Pak — like Mortein Plus — contains costly African Pyrethrum, synergized with Piperonyl Butoxide—the most powerful insecticidal ingredients known, and the safest of all to use. Mortein is different from other insect sprays and can safely be sprayed near children or food.

Insects cannot become immune to Mortein Pressure✱Pak or Mortein Plus—Mortein kills them all. Mortein kills insects resistant to D.D.T., lindane and other hazardous ingredients used in inferior fly sprays.

Mortein Pressure✱Pak prices:
Small, 5/9 Regular, 7/11 Large, 11/6 Jumbo, 13/11
Mortein Plus prices: 8 oz., 2/6; 16 oz., 4/6; 32 oz., 7/11.

When you're on a good thing . . . stick to it!

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975535

3 CHANNELS TO COVER THE CUP

By NAN MUSGROVE

● ***The 1963 Melbourne Cup will be telecast live on Cup Day, November 5, by all Sydney channels as the famous race is run at Flemington.***

LAST time there was a simultaneous telecast was three years ago.

In 1960 the telecast was a chancy business, with technicians battling adverse weather conditions to keep microwave links operating on lonely mountains, and channel executives praying for fine weather and unbroken transmission.

Today, come snowstorms, gales, or torrential rains, thanks to the Sydney-Melbourne co-axial cable, you'll see a perfect picture, and in more comfort than the lucky people in the stands at Flemington.

With the power of that TV camera lens and the technicians' skill, televiewers will practically be on the jockeys' backs from go to whoa.

Before the big moment when the office sweep is won or lost there will be candid close-ups of Melbourne's best people and best-dressed, described by well-known Sydney TV personalities.

It will be quite a day on TV and, if you're one of those who get a kick out of the Sydney - Melbourne rivalry, it's only televiewers in Sydney, Wollongong, Newcastle, and Canberra who will see it as the race is run; the Victoria Racing Club won't allow Melbourne viewers to see it until at least two hours after the race.

If you are one of the unfortunates who work while the Cup is being run you'll be able to see repeats on all channels at night.

Race-caller of the Cup is the official V.R.C. man, Joe Brown.

* * *

EVERY now and then I see something on TV that gives me special pleasure. ABC-TV's new "Saki" (Sundays, 8 p.m.) series affected me this way. It was a delight.

"Saki" was the nom-de-plume of clever English writer H. H. Munro. His short stories are classics—character studies and wicked satires full of humor about the Edwardian age.

His stories are heightened by the formalities of the age as his characters, always terribly U, terribly wealthy, live their mannered lives, surrounded by butlers, housemaids, cooks, and nannies.

I expected Granada, which made the series, to pad out one "Saki" story—they are really short, short stories—into a full hour. Instead of that they served a rich hour with five stories complete.

To me, "Saki" is the Noel Coward of the Edwardian era, only so much better. "Saki" doesn't date as Coward does.

"Filboid Studge," about the breakfast food that didn't sell till it was renamed "Filboid Studge" and marketed as an unpleasant food that did you good, was pure 20th-century advertising agency stuff.

Lorrae's show a happy surprise

THE new ABC - TV "Lorrae Desmond Show" was a happy surprise — it was different from her last two seasons.

Miss Desmond didn't display quite so much of her lungs, and she seems to have a more poised, less studied, approach to her job.

Since her last series ended this time last year she also has acquired a little more avoirdupois, which sits happily on the Desmond frame.

I like Miss Desmond best of all when she is being herself and not living up to the picture of herself as the sex image of ABC-TV.

In the first of the new shows she was herself several times, notably when she sang as she walked round The Rocks and later when she sang with Dawn Lake.

Dawn Lake's TV reappearance with Lorrae as guest star was welcome. I've never seen her look better.

She was a walking, singing commercial for a break from the stresses and strains of weekly appearances on TV. She has lost that rather frantic gayness she had, looks rested and years younger.

Which reminds me, Dawn is said to have made a fabulous series of TV shows herself. It is difficult to understand why they have apparently been put on ice, as she is so deservedly popular with televiewers.

Lorrae Desmond

☆ **Television** ☆

"FLASHPOINT INDONESIA," Bob Raymond's first big news documentary for TCN9, was as good and as irritating a documentary as I've ever seen.

TCN9's news team, who got a world scoop with the first TV interview ever with Soekarno, are all evidently staunch adherents of that old vaudeville maxim — keep the audience waiting till the end of the show for the big act.

Soekarno's interview didn't begin until the documentary was almost over and viewers had been treated to Indonesia from the month-old attack on the British Embassy right through to a tripper's view of the busts of Bali.

It is a documentary that no one can afford to miss, but I found myself becoming increasingly irritated and impatient as I waited for Soekarno—you could almost feel the stage being set, slowly and laboriously.

I would like to have seen "Flashpoint" made into two half-hour shows — the first one rushed on to the screen quickly with the Soekarno and the interview with Australian Ambassador K. Shann combined; the second, the general effects in Indonesia of the founding of Malaysia.

"Flashpoint Indonesia" revealed what a big hand Bob Raymond had in ABC-TV's original "Four Corners."

It was "Four Corners" except that instead of Michael Charlton walking in and out of the picture there was Michael Ramsden, whom I would like to see divorced from those sun glasses.

Channel 9 had a good name for quality documentary features before the appointment of Bob Raymond. "Flashpoint Indonesia" gives promise that Raymond will enhance that reputation and add to its quality.

Watch for the lions

I CAN'T wait for the TCN9 "Dave Allen Show" on Thursday, October 31, at 9.30 p.m., for the big star of the night is Joy Adamson, author and friend of lions.

Mrs. Adamson, wife of Kenya game warden George Adamson, wrote the famous books "Born Free," "Living Free," and "Forever Free" about the African lioness Elsa and her cubs.

She is at present on a lecture tour of Australia.

Dave Allen, as all viewers know, is an entertaining Irishman, as unpredictable as they come. One thing televiewers know about him is that he will have a go at anything; do anything to make his show a riot.

I can just hear him asking now: "Is there a lion in the house," or suddenly introducing a pride of lions from Taronga Zoo into the studio. I feel anything may happen and wouldn't miss it for words.

Mrs. Adamson's Australian lectures will raise money to establish game reserves in Africa for the preservation of wild animals. Her lectures continue each day to November 1 at David Jones' Art Gallery, Elizabeth Street store, at 11 a.m. and 2.30 p.m.

If you want to get an authentic breath of Africa's wild life as it really is, you can book for the lectures at the box office, ground floor, David Jones' Market Street store.

● ***Official V.R.C. race-caller Joe Brown, who will call the 1963 Melbourne Cup, to be seen on all three Sydney channels.***

Reviews of New Films

With WINIFRED MUNDAY

★★★ THE DEVIL AND THE 10 COMMANDMENTS

An amusing satire, full of humor, cynicism, and drama, it shows how the Devil incites the characters to break one commandment in each separate story. This episodic type of film provides really different entertainment. **K.Y.—Savoy, Sydney.**

In a word . . . CLEVER.

★★ THE CONDEMNED OF ALTONA

Compelling plot about a German shipping magnate (Fredric March) and his son (Maximilian Schell) driven mad, and living in solitary confinement in the gloomy family mansion, by the guilt of his own and his father's war crimes. The arrival of his brother (Robert Wagner) and sister-in-law (Sophia Loren) brings him back to present-day reality with tragic results. An out-of-the-rut treatment of German war guilt.—**Palace, Sydney.**

In a word . . . WEIRD.

★★ A NEW KIND OF LOVE

Husband-and-wife team Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward star in this delightful bit of nonsense about a fashion designer who hates men. Needless to say, with Mr. Newman around, this state of affairs doesn't last long. The stars bring their special kind of magic to the film, which is definitely one for those who want to get away from it all. Photography is superb, and so are the Carven, Lanvin-Castillo, and Dior clothes. **P.K.—Prince Edward.**

In a word . . . DELICIOUS.

★★ THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER

Old-time stars Clive Brook, Herbert Marshall, and Gladys Cooper appear in this intriguing mystery with many new ones — heavily disguised. They include Frank Sinatra, Robert Mitchum, Tony Curtis, Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas.

The villain eliminates 11 men who might prevent his inheriting a title because of what they know of his past. As well as following the mystery, the audience can try to identify the disguised actors . . . who are unveiled at the end. — **Lyceum, Sydney.**

In a word . . . TEASER.

★ FOLLOW THE BOYS

Connie Francis is not outstanding as one of the seagulls—the wives and sweethearts — who travel from port to port to meet up with their menfolk in the Navy. When the ship docks, there are touches of comedy, sadness, songs, and a lot of romance, but it's all just so-so entertainment. **K.Y.—Liberty, Sydney.**

In a word . . . ORDINARY.

THE RAVEN

Strictly children's matinee material. This color comedy creepie has a trio of rival magicians — Boris Karloff, Peter Lorre, and Vincent Price — battling for supremacy in the magic racket. Though this is advertised as a film to "die laughing at," it scarcely raises a smile. And the horror would fail to scare even a five-year-old.—**Victory, Sydney.**

In a word . . . WEAK.

ADVERTISEMENT

New milk for cooking costs under 6d. a pint!

Makers of famous Carnation Evaporated Milk have produced a new form of pure milk — for almost half the price of bottled milk! This truly exciting product—Carnation 'Magic Crystal' Skim Milk, is milk in crystal form. The crystals dissolve instantly and completely in cold water to give you **pure milk with only its fat content removed** — for under 6d. a pint! Recipes calling for bottled milk turn out as successful, taste exactly the same with Carnation 'Magic Crystal' Skim Milk. But, what a huge reduction in price! And these crystals refuse to go lumpy or leave a trace of sediment, need no refrigeration, and store in any cool, dry cupboard indefinitely.

Good news for weight watchers! Just what dieters have wanted! 8 ounces of Carnation 'Magic Crystal' Skim Milk contains only 81 calories — a big saving from whole milk's 166. And it contains **all** of milk's protein, calcium, vitamin B and minerals — essential for a radiant complexion, sparkling teeth and vivacious good health.

Look for Carnation 'Magic Crystal' Skim Milk in red and white packs at all supermarkets and grocery stores. Keep a jug of this non-fattening milk handy for cooking or drinking.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975536

Tommy Hanlon

TOMMY HANLON'S *Thought For The Week*

Momma once said: Whatever happened to people who saved? . . . It seems to be in vogue now to be in debt. You know what I mean — one half of the world seems to owe money to the other half who owe money to the other half, etc. That may not be good arithmetic but it's all too true. In the old days you saved until you had the money to buy something. Now for just a few shillings down and a few shillings a week you can buy the world. And also be in debt for the rest of your life. I wonder if things aren't just a little too easy to buy today. Oh, well, maybe that's progress.

Momma's moral: When your outgo exceeds your income your upkeep may be your downfall.

DID YOU KNOW?

RETURNING to Australia for a spell in his home town of Melbourne is singer Leonard Weir. After ten years in London he will do an eight-week series for GTV9 on "In Melbourne Tonight." It will be his first visit home since he arrived in London with £30 and no prospects and a tough time ahead, which included working in a travel agency and an office between stage jobs.

Leonard Weir

But Leonard has had no worries for the past five and a half years, as all that time he has been happily ensconced in the London production of "My Fair Lady," playing Freddy and singing "On The Street Where You Live."

His wife, Claire Emilton, also from Melbourne, left Australia as a pianist and comes back as a soprano. They plan to spend about six months in Australia ("I can't wait to soak up some sunshine again," says Leonard) before he returns to England for summer shows in top holiday spots.

★ ★ ★

AUSTRALIAN TV composer Ron Grainer, suffering from eye trouble aggravated by working too much in artificial light, has bought a house in Portugal where he can work in the sunlight. But they will keep their London house, too, as Ron and his wife, Margot, plan to commute between the two countries—Margot as manager of the jazz group "The Eagles" and Ron to write film music and to go on working for the B.B.C. He

Television

has written signature tunes for "Steptoe," "Maigret," "Oliver Twist," "The Old Curiosity Shop," and "Comedy Playhouse," among other top programmes.

The move to the modern, sunlit house on the coast at Albufeira will have to wait until Christmas, as Ron is busy now working on his first full-length stage musical, to be called "The Ace of Spades."

★ ★ ★

THE Black and White Minstrels are back on English TV again —but they are only dropping in. Their Sunday show that won the first international Montreux prize had been so successful when it was transferred to the stage that they have already played to more than a million people and the theatre is taking bookings up to next May —so they can only fit in their live TV show every third Sunday.

★ ★ ★

YOU might not expect to see Harry Secombe and General Sir Brian Horrocks on the same TV programme —but they are two of the big names lined up for Associated Rediffusion's new children's programme "Five O'Clock Club." Other guests who will talk about their jobs will be pop stars Craig Douglas and Rosemary Squires, author Sir Compton Mackenzie, pianist Moura Lymoony, and prima donna Amy Shuard. As if that wasn't enough, the children get a chance to take part in the programme, too.

★ ★ ★

A NEW series of history dramas, "The Great Adventure," produced in the U.S. by the C.B.S. Network, will have a two-part series for its first offering. They are to be "The Death of Sitting Bull" and the subsequent "Massacre at Wounded Knee." After adult Westerns, the "egghead Westerns" are bringing back the Indians.

Clean, wax and polish as you dust with Mr. Sheen

Mr. Sheen takes all the hard work out of polishing. With Mr. Sheen, cleaning, waxing and polishing are just as easy as dusting. Simply spray on Mr. Sheen, then wipe over for a mirror shine. Everyone knows what a long-lasting shine Mr. Sheen gives to your furniture, and you should see how wonderful he is with your refrigerator, stove, washing machine, chrome and venetian blinds—Mr. Sheen makes them gleam.

Only 6/6

SPRAY ON MR. SHEEN—WIPE OVER FOR A MIRROR SHINE

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975537

SUMMERTIME WITH VIKKI• •

VIKKI HAMMOND in her favorite casuals — aqua silk slacks and a fringed, striped overblouse.

COCKTAIL or dinner dress is pale lilac with a metallic thread, slim and starkly simple with a cowl at the back. Vikki has no long dresses in her wardrobe, prefers short evening dresses. Pictures by staff photographer Jim Ellard.

• Melbourne TV star Vikki Hammond chose her summer wardrobe in pretty pastel shades which flatter her blond coloring. She wears both tailored and frilly styles, according to her mood.

Television

PALE HONEY suit in a linen and silk mixture is taken out of the classic category by the deep frill on the sleeves. Vikki, who loves chunky jewellery, wears it with a gold chain necklace.

LIGHTWEIGHT orchid-pink mohair coat has a matching felt hat with a large floppy brim, trimmed with a single cyclamen-pink rose. Vikki loves Garbo hats, intends to be a "hat girl" this summer.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975538

Like two opposing armies on foreign soil, they bravely faced each other . . . beginning a dramatic new serial

By Rumer Godden

The Battle of

THE hedges of scented whitethorn on either side of the villa gates had the longest, fiercest thorns they had ever seen. The gates were iron-barred and high, the bars set close. Obviously people were not meant to get in. The villa was firmly shut away from the little village that straggled up the mountain, more of a hamlet than a village, having only one hotel, the Hotel Lydia down by the road, a camping ground in an olive grove, and a trattoria beside the lake.

Notices on the gates said "Attenti al cane," which conveyed nothing to Hugh and Caddie. Who would ever have thought it meant "Beware of the dog?" said Caddie afterwards. "Proprieta Privata" was clear: "Private Property." But "I contravventori saranno puniti a termini di legge?" "Can that mean 'trespassers will be prosecuted'?" asked Caddie.

The villa was on Lake Garda in northern Italy. "But it doesn't matter where it was," said Hugh afterwards. It might have been anywhere; it was simply a place where two opposing forces were to meet, as two armies meet on foreign soil to fight a battle. "The battle of the Villa Fiorita," Caddie called it afterwards and always with an ache of guilt.

Now, looking through the bars, they could see an olive grove, cypresses, a walk of grey stone flags winding away beside a cypress hedge that shut off a further view: there were glimpses of tumbling wisteria, of small yellow roses climbing up a cypress tree. They could hear bird songs coming from that cool green and, faint and far beyond, water lapping. It was another world from the hot white road along which they had trudged with cars driving past so fast that wind and dust had stung their faces and Caddie's legs.

Hugh had put down the grips that had wrenched his arms all the way from the bus stop at Malcesine, but Caddie still carried their raincoats, the belts dangling, and the string-bag, limp now, that had held the sandwiches, oranges, and a bottle of lemonade they had bought at Victoria. On the gate were gilt letters, Villa Fiorita. They had arrived, but could they push open those heavy bars, walk past those notices, into that private green and shade?

"We have come so far, we must," said Caddie, and she opened one gate a few inches and slipped through; she had a feeling that she was stepping where she

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975539

the Villa Fiorita

should not, but Hugh had followed her. Once inside he was drawn by a curiosity that, these days, was becoming his familiar. What did he expect to see? He did not know, but he felt on tiptoe with expectancy.

Set back from the gates was a garage with terracotta walls. On one a painted Saint Christopher took up the whole wall. Outside it was a car, a dark green open coupe, left there as if someone had just driven in. They looked at it, almost sniffed it, as cautiously as two dogs. The hood was down and on the seat was a scarf, white silk patterned with brown flowers. Mother's scarf? thought Caddie. She had not seen it before. Beside it was a pair of driving gloves. His?

A path led away through the olive grove, a wide belt of rough grass and old, old trees with twisted trunks. By common consent, Hugh and Caddie kept off the path and walked quietly on the grass; but to get into the garden beyond they had to step on the path with its rough worn flags, but here they were in the shadows of the hedge. The evening sun drew a warm spiced smell from the clipped cypress and with it a drift of scent from stocks, a scent that grew stronger as they came out into hedged garden. Sunk behind the villa, it was out of the wind, still and hot in the sun, and filled with a tangle of flowers: lilacs, japonicas in bushes of red and salmon-pink; narcissi, pansies; a jasmine falling from a terrace above to which a flight of worn pink steps led up, with, on every step, pots of geraniums.

"We have to go up there," whispered Caddie, but she wanted to stay, still, where she was. Light bathed their tired dusty faces, their clothes which were crumpled and dishevelled as only clothes that have been slept in all night can be; it lay on their hands and legs, their dusty shoes, a light more warm and gold than anything they had known, but "It's Italian," said Caddie as if suspicious of it, thinking of the coolness at home in Stebbings.

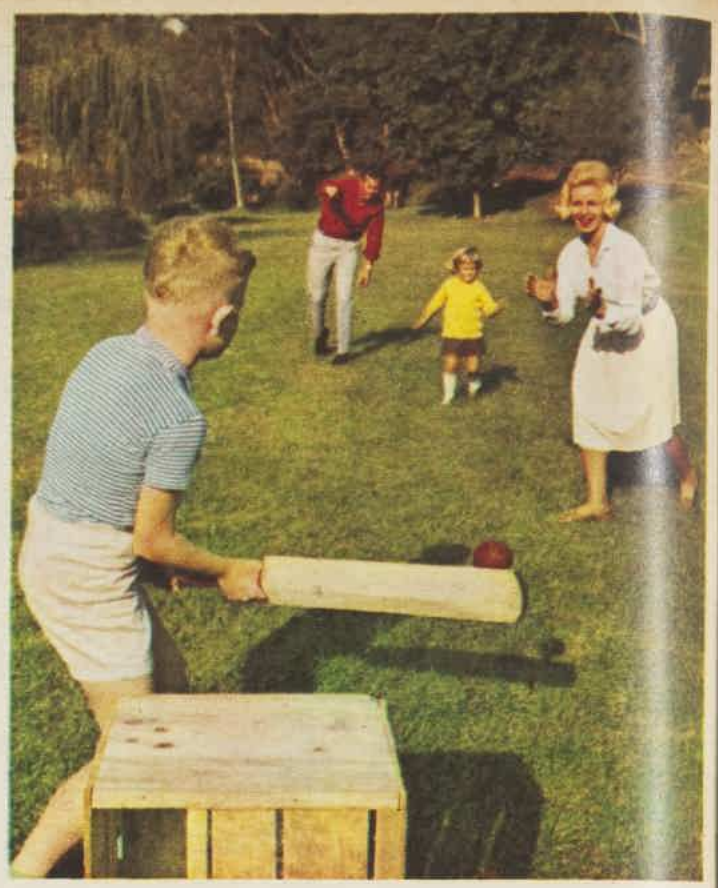
To page 68

Hot and dusty, Hugh and Caddie arrived at the villa ready to confront their mother and Rob.

Illustrated by Boothroyd

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975540

make it a real picnic! boil a billy of tea



It's a clean, lively taste, tea—an outdoor taste. That's why no picnic's really complete without a billy of tea bubbling over the burning gum wood. And tea refreshes you much more than any cold drink ever could—because it revives you, too. There's nothing so rewarding if you've been running around under a hot sun, nothing so warming if the wind is brisk.

So make the most of tea. Make it good and hearty—a good big spoonful for everybody *and one for the pot.* Make enough for second cups all round.

When you're picnicking or when you're at home, tea is the lively welcoming taste.

RIGHT WAY TO BOIL THE BILLY

People from overseas often ask 'how do you make such delicious tea?' But brewing a billy of tea at its best is easy. Here's all you have to remember:

Wait till the billy is boiling. Then toss in two good handfuls of tea (you'll probably like your tea a bit stronger in the open air). When the tea leaves sink to the bottom of the billy, the tea's ready to serve.

ENJOY THE LIVELY TASTE OF

tea

Tea Council of Australia

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975541

Surely there was a reason why love kept passing her by? A romantic story

BY SUSAN SHEA

ONE MORE CHANCE

MOLLY paused at the door, her courage almost evaporating. He was still living here, in this house where they had spent so many wonderful evenings.

She glanced again at his name on the list of tenants: Duncan Riddell, and even the sight of it in black impersonal typescript brought back the ghost of that old anguish.

It had been so sudden, his rejection of her. And completely without reason. Or had it been a gradual process which she, in her all-consuming love, had refused to notice? She had relived every moment of their love one thousand times over, in the black months between Duncan's rejection of her and her meeting with Ashley.

There were two days in particular which were burnt into her memory — the first day and the last. Two rainy days, one full of joyous excitement, the other of despair.

Jocelyn Marsh, that gay impractical girl, had decided to give a barbecue to celebrate her twenty-third birthday. In May. In this country. And it rained cats and dogs.

Molly would never forget that forlorn scene — the bunch of brightly clad guests gazing in dejected fascination at the streams of colored water which trickled from the Japanese lanterns in the bedraggled garden. The lanterns went out, one by one; the coals in the barbecue had already fizzled into blackness. The raw meat and unopened bottles had been carried inside and dismally dumped on the kitchen table.

A sense of panic had taken hold of Molly, and compassion for the woebegone hostess. It was one of those agonising social sloughs. No one seemed to know what to do.

And then a voice boomed from the middle of the crowd in the unmistakable accents of a certain great statesman: "My friends, let us not give way to despair! Let us nail our backs to the mast and our shoulders to the wheel! We shall ride out the storm with fortitude, alcohol, and T-bone steaks. Shall the race which conquered Everest be vanquished by a shower of rain?"

To page 86

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975542

Pale . . . precious . . . Rose Ruffle and Cream Lace

New pearls by CUTEX

THE WORLD'S BEST SELLING NAIL POLISH

They're pale and very precious . . . Rose Ruffle, a delicate rose with a hint of lilac . . . Cream Lace, with the creamy lustre of river pearls. Wear them, change about, with Summer white, sand beige, pink, acid yellow, aqua and all the new violet shades. *He'll* love the look of understated elegance . . . the precious beauty of Rose Ruffle and Cream Lace at your lovely fingertips.

CUTEX Rose Ruffle and Cream Lace Pearl Polish . . 6/9.
You'll find your harmonising lipstick in the Cutex range . . 5/6 and 6/11.

To be elegant always keep a
CUTEX WARDROBE OF COLOURS

. . . collect Cutex lipsticks and polishes to go with every fashion you wear. Add Cutex Rose Ruffle and Cream Lace to your collection today.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975543

On this fateful night she realised that everyone at some time or other needs a neighbor's helping hand

A short story by FREDA VINES

CAMMIE asked her mother, "How do you like the people in the new house?" She sipped her black tea daintily and shook her head to the proffered shapeless scones oozing butter. "No thanks, Mum, the doctor says I have to lose a bit of weight."

"You look all right to me," said Mrs. Rudd, ignoring the query. She eyed her youngest child with pride and affection. Pretty twenty-one-year-old Cammie. Pretty as the flower she was named after — even if no one ever managed to call her "Camellia" — in her pink check maternity suit with the snowy collar and cuffs. Shining fair hair, clear skin — she had always been one to take care of her appearance, had Cammie.

"Eat enough for two they used to say."

"Bet you did, too," said Cammie without spite. But she thought, "Pity Mum doesn't do something about herself. How can she bear to be that fat and untidy? If she would only spend more time on herself than on that garden of hers."

Occasionally Cammie voiced the same thought to her husband, Bert, but Bert was inclined to be tolerant of his mother-in-law's failings. After all, she never bothered him, which was more than you could say for a lot of mothers-in-law.

"It's about the only pleasure she's got apart from the telly," Bert would say. "It must have been a pretty tough life bringing you three kids up on her own."

"I know. But she lives in such a mess!" (Cammie looked with pride about her own spotless kitchen with all the equipment Bert, who worked for an electrical firm, had bought for her.) "She will wear that terrible old floral blouse she's had for donkey's years and those awful trodden-over shoes!"

Mrs. Rudd was wearing the offending floral garment now, straining enormously over the bosom and stomach with grubby spots where those portions of her anatomy came into contact with sink and kitchen table. Her hair was an untidy greying frizz grown out of its perm; her skin was weather-beaten and her hands bore evidence of her gardening activities. She was fifty and looked ten years older. Only in her eyes you found the likeness to her daughter—like Cammie's, they were blue, placid—almost childlike.

"How do you like the new neighbors?" Cammy persisted.

"Haven't seen much of them. They seem all right. She's expecting pretty soon by the look of her. She's rather like you — a bit shorter, maybe," said Mrs. Rudd, mustering the highest compliment she could offer Helen Parker, her new neighbor.

"Nice house—they can't be short of money," said Cammie. Something like envy briefly stirred her complacency. Mum had wanted them to buy a block near her when she and Bert were married, but who wanted to live in the bush as it had been then with no bus for half a mile? Then suddenly there was this new subdivision and people paying fancy prices for the blocks and building houses better than she and Bert would ever be able to afford. The new houses made Mrs. Rudd's stick out like a sore thumb. She should have accepted the handsome offer the land development firm had offered her and come and lived with them.

But she refused flatly — to Cammie's scarcely recognised relief. She wasn't going to move at her age — and what about her garden and chooks, anyway? Cammie wondered what the neighbors thought of the shabby little house and the awful fowl run down the back with its wire half collapsed under its burden of morning glory, and all the crowing and cackling. Not that Cammie was not grateful for the hens — the eggs her mother gave her tasted a whole lot different from those she got at the shops.

"I suppose they'll be after you to pay half the cost for a dividing fence soon," said Cammie.

"They are having a brick wall."

"Golly, Mum, you won't be expected to pay for half that, will you?"

"They say I don't have to pay anything. Mr. Parker — that's the man next door—came to see me the other day. He said he was quite happy to pay the lot."

Cammie stared. "What a turn-up, Mum! You've always been reckoning the wind made a mess of your garden — now you'll have some protection."

"Yes," said Mrs. Rudd with a notable lack of enthusiasm. "I expect it will be all right."

Cammie missed the odd note in her mother's voice, for she had looked at her watch and gave a startled cry.

"My bus! I'll have to fly, Mum. By the way, you wouldn't have a few tomatoes, would you?"

"I've got some beauties. Only picked them this morning. Take the lot, Cammie, there's plenty more where they come from."

"No doubt about you, Mum," Cammie said admiringly. "You certainly know how to make things grow."

Mrs. Rudd smiled happily. Everyone said she had green fingers. Even the wives in the smart new homes that had sprung up around her said that. They might talk about "that awful woman," but that did not stop them accepting the lavish bounty of flowers and vegetables she handed out over fences so lavishly.

"Sorry I can't give you any eggs, love," she said. "The chooks aren't laying too well. Should have some next week for you."

"Never mind, Mum." Cammie gave her mother a warm kiss. "I've got to run now or I'll miss my bus."

With her departure the dingy kitchen seemed even darker. A visit from Cammie usually cheered up Mrs. Rudd enormously. She was a good girl — at least you saw a lot more of her than of her two brothers, Harry and Eric, who were as wander-lusting as their father had been, though they remembered to send home a bit of money every so often.

But she wished Cammie had not spoilt things by bringing up the dividing wall — which Mrs. Rudd had managed to forget about all day. She had not minded the coming of the house next door so much. After all, she knew the block on the corner was a picked site and only remained vacant so long because of its high price. But the wall — that was something else again. She stood uncertainly in the middle of the kitchen. She could wash up, she supposed, looking distastefully at the heaped sink, but she would rather do a bit of weeding — there was nothing like weeding to take your mind off things.

She sighed heavily and walked out into the garden under the big trellis of grapes that grew over the kitchen door. The garden really was a sight, ablaze as it was with petunias and phlox that grew along the cracked cement paths. The plum and apricot trees were heavy with fruit—she must get to work and make some jam — and beyond them there was a tangle of tomato bushes and a huge clump of rhubarb screening her green vegetables. She moved slowly along the path until she could see what the wall would soon hide from her.

To page 84

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975544

Unexpected gifts

BY ISABEL JOHNSTON

How would it ever be possible for a girl like Rachel, who simply would not conform, to find herself a husband . . . an amusing short short story

Dresses illustrated are 100% 'Terylene'

And does the most for fashion too! 'Terylene' dresses whirl through Summer without a care — easy to wash, quick to dry. No ironing problems either (these pleats are for keeps!). In your wardrobe — or suitcase — 'Terylene' is always ready for Summer fun.

'TERYLENE' Polyester Fibre
FIBREMAKERS LTD
'TERYLENE' IS A REGISTERED TRADE MARK

A CAPABLE woman, Mrs. Hardwick always carried out every voluntary work or anything else she tackled. She never dreamed it would be so difficult to marry off her neice. Rachel was of marriageable age, 22, but she simply wasn't trained for wifehood or catching a husband!

If only Rachel's father had let Mrs. Hardwick take Rachel as a little girl and bring her up properly! He'd refused. During her formative years, Rachel had wandered over the country with her artist father and never learned anything about cooking, housekeeping, or how to make herself attractive to young men.

When Rachel lost her father and was all alone, Mrs. Hardwick rushed lovingly to her rescue. She'd used her influence to get Rachel a job in the nursery school in town. It turned out well. Though Rachel's education was haphazard, the children loved her.

Mrs. Hardwick naturally expected that Rachel would live with them, but, after all, the girl was over 21. When Rachel wanted to use her small inheritance to buy a little house, Mrs. Hardwick hid her disappointment. She told herself the responsibilities of a house might counteract Rachel's upbringing by an irresponsible wanderlust father.

She and Mr. Hardwick saw to it that Rachel got a good buy in real estate. The little house Rachel bought was rundown, the yard a tangle of weeds, but it had possibilities. It was something of a shock when Rachel refused to let them call in and pay for a landscape expert. For such a vague, gentle girl Rachel sometimes had a streak of iron.

Mrs. Hardwick really didn't like the idea of Rachel living all alone, growing more and more like her father. She worried at the way Rachel didn't eat properly, just salads and wild berries and raw vegetables. She hinted that she would be glad to teach Rachel how to cook on Saturday mornings.

Rachel only smiled, thanked her, and said nature was so beautiful that she'd rather spend her time walking in the woods than fussing over a hot stove. Besides, raw vegetables tasted good.

Mrs. Hardwick told herself that once Rachel was married she'd settle down and learn to cook and conform. To hasten that day, Mrs. Hardwick had her husband bring eligible young men from his office to dine with them and meet Rachel. She saw arguments wouldn't change Rachel, but a husband might.

It was maddening the way Rachel simply didn't co-operate. In a poetic sort of way, Rachel was attractive. She had big brown eyes and a sweet, dreamy smile, but she took no interest in the latest styles. But there was something pictorial about her!

Several of the young men showed signs of being intrigued

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975545

But Rachel didn't seem to know how to clinch their interest. She didn't even seem to want to very much. Dinner after dinner, just as the young man would be about to ask Rachel for a date, she changed the subject.

At last, in desperation, Mrs. Hardwick hit on George Gustavsen as a possibility. He wasn't as smooth as the other young men, but he made money. The owner of his own contracting firm, he had the drive and power of one of his own bulldozers. It wouldn't be easy for Rachel to brush him aside. He was solid, practical, just what a girl like Rachel needed.

It delighted Mrs. Hardwick the way Rachel's quaint remarks sent George into guffaws of laughter. Obviously he'd never met anyone like Rachel before — and that first meeting he fell for her like a ton of his own dynamite.

"My car can do 100 m.p.h. How about going for a spin with me next Saturday?" he suggested.

"I'm afraid that would be too fast for me," Rachel smiled sweetly, "I'd rather walk. When you go on foot, you can stop and watch a bird making its nest and make friends with dogs and rabbits."

George laughed loudly. Quickly, before Rachel could make her refusal more final, Mrs. Hardwick steered the conversation into other channels.

"Rachel's little place has wonderful possibilities," she said. "Of course, it is hard for a woman alone to cope with that overgrown yard."

"I can send a bulldozer over and clean it up in no time," George offered.

"That's kind of you, very kind, but I love my trees too much," Rachel said. "I couldn't bear to have them bulldozed down."

"Then I'll come over myself and clear it out by hand," George promised, "and I'll mow your lawn for you every week."

"That's sweet of you," Rachel thanked him, "but if the grass is kept cut I'd never have the joy of discovering wildflowers and new little trees springing up. I'd miss all those lovely, unexpected gifts."

Mrs. Hardwick felt like shaking Rachel. Here George was offering to do a husband's chores for Rachel — coming as close to a proposal of marriage as any man could at a first meeting — and Rachel didn't see her chance. Sick with a premonition of failure, Mrs. Hardwick dreaded the rest of the evening, sure Rachel would spoil everything. And Rachel did.

When George pressed Rachel to go dancing with him on Saturday night, Rachel pleaded that she always went to bed early on Saturdays so that she could go on a bird walk on Sunday morning at dawn.

"If it's quiet you like, O.K. How about my bringing a big steak Saturday night for you to cook?" George suggested.

"Oh, I'm sorry, so sorry," Rachel confessed, "but I don't know how to cook."

That did it. Mrs. Hardwick saw a shrewd, alarmed look come into George's eyes, the shrewd look of a practical man, wary of being taken in by a poor bookkeeper. With despair, she watched George drop all interest in Rachel and turn to Mr. Hardwick for men's talk.

The rest of the evening George and Mr. Hardwick argued politics, while Rachel just sat there, smiling to herself.

After that Mrs. Hardwick gave up all hope of marrying-off Rachel. Much as she loved her niece, Rachel would have to spend the rest of her life walking in the woods alone.

It was a miracle—one of the unexpected gifts that Rachel talked about — when, to Mrs. Hardwick's great delight and happiness, all by herself, Rachel found herself a husband, a naturalist she ran into on a bird walk in the early dawn. And according to the latest reports he was even teaching Rachel how to cook!

(Copyright)

Dri-Glo towels

in Summer Fruit Colours

Apples: Take a bite of *this* combination — tangy green, tart-sweet red, crisp white! For beach or bath, there's nothing more tempting than a Dri-Glo towel!
(*Also on sale in New Zealand*)

B 763

. . . another reason why Bond's is Australia's greatest name in cotton

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975546

BLACK AND WHITE

NON-STOP COLOR TEAM

● *New twist in black and white (left) in Capucci's formal dinner-dress. The white chiffon blouse is jet - embroidered. The floor - length skirt is made entirely in plaited ribbon. A ribbon bow-tied sash circles the waist.*

● *Saint - Laurent's white satin shift worn with a black chiffon cravat, black shallow-crowned hat, and high black kid boots. Note, too, the new-again look of a set-in shirt sleeve, cuffed and tailored, worn with men's links.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975547

Shooting out into fashion's front line is the clear-cut combination of black and white. Suddenly, nothing looks newer than a black-and-white mix. What's more it's a twosome that will go on big into next autumn and winter.

PARIS and London spring collections made the black - and - white message clear and strong, and it's going to be even stronger for autumn.

Black and white has always been the come-on to high-fashion designers, and for '63 and '64 they've contributed spectacular designs.

In the animal world, zebra stripes have ousted leopard and tiger, and black-jet embroidery looks newly exotic on formal white.

White jersey with black velvet is still one of the most beautiful after-dark fashions.

Don't overlook Dior's black-and-white prints, nor Saint-Laurent's white satin shift. Bow-tied in black chiffon and worn with high black kid boots, the Laurent shift is one of the most alluring looks ever to come out of Paris.

—*BETTY KEEP*

● *Pierre Balmain's column of white jersey. The bare-top bodice, curved high under the bosom, is bound in black velvet ribbon. From the bodice top, the ribbon falls in a streamer to the hem at the side. White kid gloves complete the formal look.*

● *Vital new look is seen in the dress (above) from Maison Dior. The flower-printed material features black on white. More news is the wide-brimmed flying-saucer hat, banded in ribbon, worn back to show the brow.*

● *Sleeveless high-to-the-throat waistcoat top (below) designed by Michael of London. The material is black zebra stripes stencilled on fur fabric. The waistcoat is designed to wear with a slim skirt or narrow tapered trousers.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975548

Celebrating a new hat?
(or a chance meeting, or any old thing?)

MINCHINBURY
makes it memorable

MINCHINBURY WHITE SEAL CHAMPAGNE
BRUT CHAMPAGNE • SPARKLING BURGUNDY • SPARKLING MOSELLE

Penfolds
WINEMAKERS SINCE 1844

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975549

Dress Sense

By
BETTY KEEP

5857.—Culotte skirt and overblouse. The pattern includes overblouse with sleeves, beach dress, and street-length culottes (see inset). Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 5857, price 7/6 includes postage. Address orders to Betty Keep, Pattern Service, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W.

A NEW look for summer parties is a flowing floor-length culotte skirt and matching sleeveless top. This fashion item answers a teenage reader's query. She wrote:

"My problem is something really stunning to wear during the Christmas-party season. I will be with some girls staying at a beach house. I am 17 and take size 12."

Any floor-length fashion is new for beach and patio wear. Ultra-new is the flowing culotte skirt and sleeveless top illustrated above. A paper pattern is available for the design. Under the picture are further details.

"Is the month of February too late for a white organdie wedding gown?"

A summery wedding dress in any type of sheer would be an appropriate choice for February.

"I am going on a bus tour to Queensland this summer and wondered what are the best type of garments to wear."

Drip-dry cotton or a crease-resisting blend would be the best material choice for hot-weather bus travel. An easy-fit one-piece dress that bypasses the waistline is a comfortable garment for sitting long hours. An alternative design would be an overblouse and straight but easy-cut skirt.

"What type of clothes should I take on a country holiday? I will be staying at a guest-house. I will be horse-back riding but don't want the expense of buying a formal riding-jacket."

You will need sturdy clothes for day-time — a blouse and skirt or skirt and sweater, according to the climate. Blue jeans and boots will be adequate to wear riding. To change into at night I suggest a pretty day dress, but definitely nothing too elaborate.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEOFFREY LEE

lovely
legs
love

Silkymit

HAIR REMOVING GLOVE

Buy improved Silkymit now in this glamorous new triple pack—just 3/- at all chemists and chain stores. Single pack 1/3.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975550

Announcing

Gay

the new

From today say

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975551

lon

luxury enamel from overseas

Gaylon is a brand new, one-coat luxury enamel. A brilliant gloss enamel that dries with the flawless finish of an expensive automobile. The same enamel which, in Britain, has already set new standards of perfection.

Gaylon has colours never made before. Exotic, provocative, exciting colours of exceptional depth and durability. New colours, every one, for interior or exterior painting; made from the most expensive pigments in all the world.

Gaylon is easier to brush than any other enamel. Easier to make a perfect job, too, because it levels itself out like a sheet of plate glass. The secret of Gaylon is in its ingredients — each painstakingly selected without regard to cost. Every process is rigidly controlled. Every can is guaranteed by Taubmans.

Use Gaylon anywhere — for a look of sheer luxury on furniture and doors; for a kitchen that's sparkling and modern and fresh; or for outside protection on an entire home. During painting breaks, precious contents are protected from evaporation and dust by a unique snap-on resealing lid — a feature exclusive to Gaylon alone.

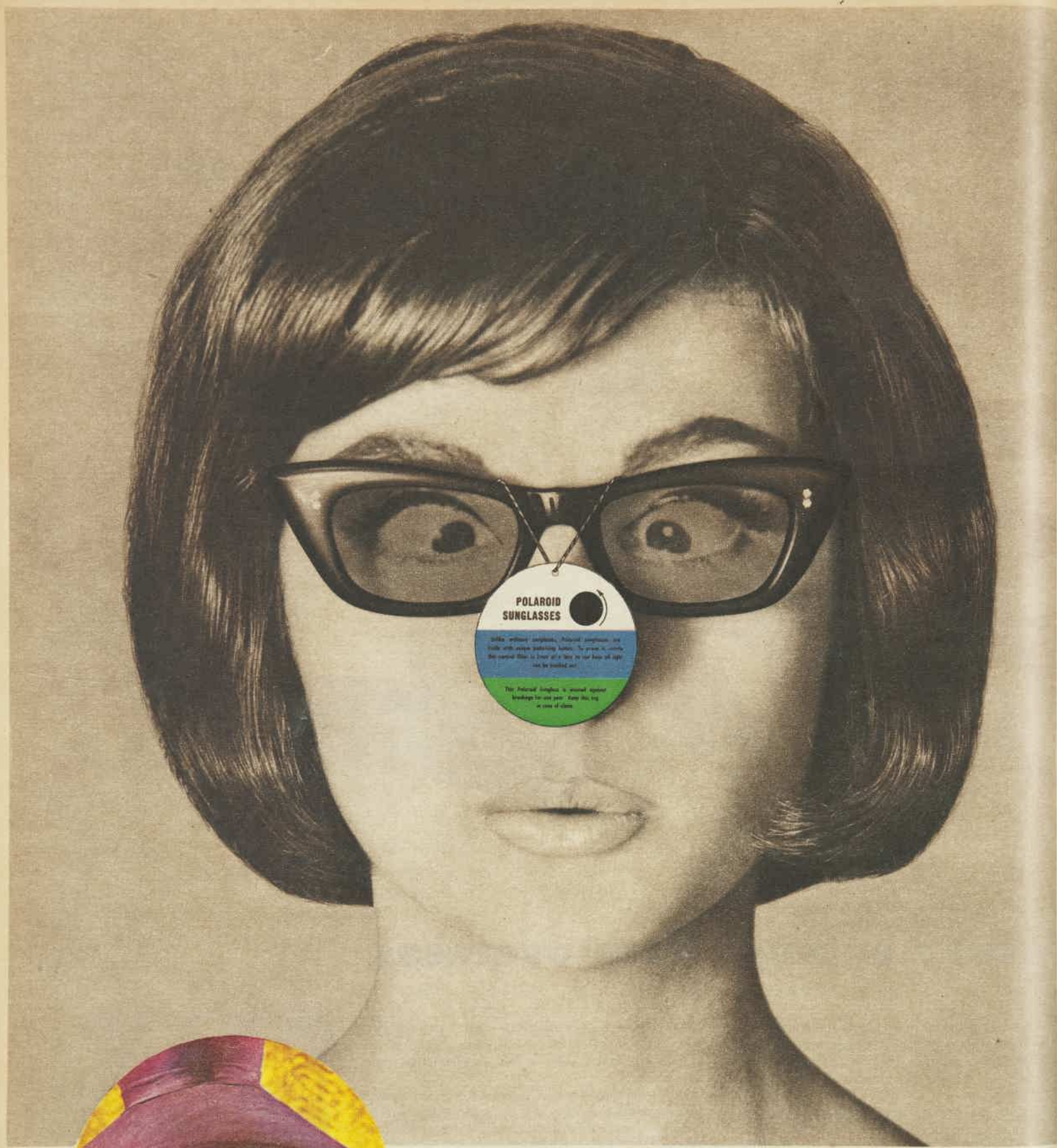
Ask for a giant-sized Gaylon colour card, now available in Australian paint stores.

Gaylon the most precious enamel money can buy

Made in Australia by Taubmans Industries Limited, a member of the Courtaulds Group

TB624

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975552



This is the look that makes fashion . . . these are the new POLAROID sunglasses that set standards.

Polaroid and CO are the registered trademarks of Polaroid Corporation, Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A.

IF YOU DON'T SEE THIS BLUE AND GREEN TAG* YOU'RE NOT GETTING POLAROID SUNGLASSES

If you do see it, you'll be getting the best your money can buy.
You'll be getting glasses that eliminate reflected glare as no ordinary sunglasses can. Not just by **colouring** glare but by a unique optical principle known as polarization.
The **Polaroid** lens is like a picket fence: a row of invisible vertical bars. Reflected glare rolls like a log towards the fence but can't get through.
With **Polaroid** sunglasses you see **more** details more **clearly** because **you see without glare.**
And **Polaroid** sunglasses are lightweight, handsome, shatterproof, scratch-resistant, distortion free and fashion satisfying.
If you want glare free comfort and the fashion look of people who care, you want the sunglasses with the illustrated hang tag. Try the **Polaroid** sunglass hang tag test. It's a fascinating way to make sure the glasses you buy are the real thing. **Polaroid** sunglasses.
No ordinary sunglasses eliminate glare as do POLAROID SUNGLASSES.

See the New 1963 range at your chemist, optometrist, optician or leading department store.

*Should you find a model with the familiar Red & Yellow Tag they're also genuine **Polaroid** sunglasses.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975553

BRUNETTE DOWNS HAS ALL MOD CONS NOW

A revolution beyond the Black Stump

● They no longer boil the billy at the travelling stock camps on Brunette Downs, in the Northern Territory. For in this vast 4750-square-mile cattle station the old outback ways are passing and a new life is beginning.

IT'S a life of mobile canteens and ice-cream for tea for the stockmen out mustering on the giant, dusty downs; and of electric coffee percolators, rotary clothes-hoists, washing-machines, and running hot water for their wives and families back at the homestead.

In fact a revolution is occurring the other side of the Black Stump, and Brunette Downs is leading the way.

Set in the sub-artesian basin of the Barkly Tableland, 226 miles from the nearest town, Tennant Creek, Brunette has always been recognised as one of the best improved properties in the Territory.

Four years ago King Ranch Pastoral Company, of which Robert J. Kleberg, American millionaire and Texas cattle king, is a director, bought it from the Australian-owned Gulf Cattle Co. Pty. Ltd.

Already the new owners have spent approximately £500,000 on improvements, including new buildings. Only the original homestead and the corrugated-iron station store have been retained.

Three and a half thousand miles of new roads have been graded within the property. A hundred new airstrips have been made. Fifty-six new artesian water bores have been sunk. And hundreds of drought-resistant Santa Gertrudis cattle have been introduced.

"The aim in spending this money," explained Mr. Peter Baillieu, the managing director of the company, "is to increase beef production by decreasing losses. And already this has been achieved. The year we

By
CAROL HENTY

bought the property 25,000 cattle had perished in the drought. Now, with 96 artesian bores working and faster communications within the property, our losses are virtually negligible."

Yet, gigantic as this new improvement scheme is, Brunette Station from the air looks lonely and tiny—just a cluster of grey roofs huddled near the bend of Brunette Creek and surrounded by a flat grey nothingness.

This country is so featureless, so lacking in focal points that cattlemen develop long sight. It is so lacking in natural shelter that even kangaroos prefer not to live there.

And it is only when your plane lands on the airstrip in front of the old homestead and taxis through the gate into the new settlement that you begin to comprehend the scale and energy of the place.

The inhabitants—approximately 35 whites and 120 aborigines live there — are keen to show visitors how they live in the "compound," which is laid out like a small town. New wooden houses for married staff are ranged in a street. The "public buildings" are grouped in the centre.

First stop for the visitor is usually the new blue-painted school for aboriginal children.

Here, in a large, comfortable schoolroom, Mrs. Thelma de Louth, wife of the station bookkeeper, teaches reading, writing, arithmetic, sewing, and gardening to some 24 children, whose parents and uncles and aunts are employed on the station.

School hours are from 7.30 in the morning till 12.30, six days a week. "The school is air-conditioned, but even then it gets too hot for the piccaninnies in the summer to have school in the afternoons," explained Mrs. de Louth.

Proudly she pointed out

Continued overleaf

BRUNETTE DOWNS HEADQUARTERS, hub of Australia's third-largest cattle property, from the air (picture by Adastra Aerial Surveys). Married staff's cottages back on to Brunette Creek. Hospital, school, offices, workshops, and men's quarters are in the compound. The V-shaped airstrip converges at upper left; at upper right is a "turkey's-nest" dam. In top picture the homestead is in foreground.

OUTBACK SCHOOLTEACHER Mrs. Thelma de Louth teaches the three "Rs" to aboriginal children who live on the station. The classroom, which is air-conditioned, holds 24 pupils, aged five to 15.

THE HOMESTEAD, built for the Gulf Cattle Co. Pty. Ltd., which was owned by the White family of N.S.W., is the only original large building left on the property. Manager's family live there.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975554

Give your family more of your time...

spruce up this spring with Reckitts Household Aids

Save time this spring for better things . . . speed through your cleaning with Reckitt's "household aids." They'll make light work of your "Spring Spruce Up," do every job quicker, easier . . . better than you've ever dreamed. Buy Reckitt's "household aids"—every grocer stocks them!

Oven Stick—the wonderful new oven and stove cleaner—gives a showroom shine in seconds.

Restore your brass fittings and ornaments with Brasso—it gives new lustre, new life to all brass.

No stooping or scouring with Harpic — it cleans your toilet thoroughly while you sleep.

Oxford White Cleaner will give new whiteness to leather and buckskin — it won't rub off.

Reckitts Knob Blue makes whites whiter while they're rinsing—try it and see the difference.

Get a lovely, crisp finish every time with Reckitts Instant Starch — it mixes instantly with cold water!

RC11/FPC

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975555

Life can be comfortable north of Capricorn

from page 33

that this school for aborigines is the first privately owned one in the Northern Territory.

It is subsidised by the Government, which supplies toothbrushes, soap, and apricots and milk for "smoko."

"The children shower and brush their teeth and comb their hair before they come to school," she added, pointing out the two new ablution blocks—one for boys and one for girls—beside the schoolhouse.

There's usually a rush to get to school, for the first one there may ring the "bell" —a gong made from a piece of resonant piping — and competition is keen.

School holidays are taken after the "Wet" in the summer, when the aboriginal families go "walkabout" for a month. But this year there were no holidays. The children didn't want to leave school and their parents had to go walkabout without them.

"You adapt"

"I was terribly thrilled when I found they had stayed," said Mrs. de Louth. "It was as though someone had given me a bouquet."

Mrs de Louth came with her husband to Brunette three years ago from Bowral, near Sydney, where Mr. de Louth was bookkeeping for the late Sam Hordern.

"At first I thought it would be dreadful right up here," she said. "But you adapt yourself and despite the harshness of the climate —in the summer the temperature is often up to 112 degrees for weeks — you can keep very healthy if you eat the right food and wear the right clothing.

"You adapt yourself to the isolation, too. Although there is no telephone here, there are commercial planes coming in with mail and passengers twice a week, there is the wireless for emergencies, and, for interest and things to do, there's always something happening right here."

Like most of the married members of the staff on the station, Mrs. de Louth grows nearly all her own vegetables in the back garden of her neat three-bedroomed cottage in the compound.

"We can only grow things in the winter, though," she explained. "In summertime the heat scorches plants as though it were frost and all our perishable vegetables have to come by plane from the south. So we plant seeds in the autumn instead of the spring."

Helping her with the gardening is Daisy, a lubra, who is married to one of the aboriginal stock employees. And in the house there's Topsy, whom Mrs. de Louth has taught to work the washing-machine and the electric iron.

Daisy and Topsy live with the other aborigines in corrugated-iron houses behind the compound. New aboriginal accommodation is planned, but already finished and functioning is their communal dining-room in which three meals a day are served. There are plastic flowers on the dining-tables.

These dining facilities are the first of their type on a Territory property.

"Before, there was the usual 'dry rations' scheme," explained Mr. Reg Geddes, the manager of Brunette, "whereby aboriginal families are given their food once a week to cook themselves. But invariably there's none left by the end of the week. Also, under the tribal system, the old men get most of the food and the children nearly starve. With the new communal dining-room, everyone is fed every day."

Another "first" in the Territory is the newly completed hospital. It has two double wards for aborigines, one ward for whites, an air-conditioned apartment for the registered sister, Miss Billie Stewart, and a fully equipped clinic.

The new men's quarters and staff quarters — two large wooden blocks in the centre of the compound with solar water-heating — are pretty revolutionary, too. There, the atmosphere is rather "club."

At the back of the men's quarters at any time of the day you can find Bob Foulston, who, as station cook, is one of the most important men on the property.

Helped by four lubras, Bob cooks three substantial meals and two "smokos" for up to 45 men a day. He also does all the butchering on the property and bakes 36 double loaves of bread a day.

When I met him he was making the week's sausages —70lb. of them—in a kitchen that was out of this world. His refrigerator, which covers one wall of the kitchen, contained eight and a half carcasses of beef. It was a walk-in, walk-out fridge.

Bob started out in life as a commercial butcher, found he could cook, and has been cooking for stations throughout Queensland and the Territory for the past 12 years. "Conditions have never been so good as they are here," he said.

BRUNETTE DOWNS

Bob's pride in his kitchen is surpassed only by that of Vince Kelly, who is in charge of the new mobile canteen with Number One stock camp. (There are two canteens, one with each stock camp.)

To find Vince and the stock camp, we drove some 60 miles from the homestead to stockyards where the men were shoeing their broncos in preparation for three months out in the open, mustering.

There beside the dusty, noisy stockyards was parked the mobile canteen, gleaming silver in the 80-degree winter sun. Towed by a jeep, it travels with the men.

Costing approximately £2000, this canteen was built in Brisbane on the lines of those used on cattle ranches in Texas, and adapted to local conditions.

It is fly-proof and contains a six-burner bottled-gas stove, an oven capable of handling 16 loaves of bread in one batch, electric light, hot-water service, a hot and cold shower, a large refrigerator, a bunk for the cook, and two rubbish-tins.

"It's a beauty," said Vince.

"I've got the best job on the property," he added. "While all the boys are out getting dusty riding buck-jumpers, I'm here in the cool sipping cups of tea."

Vince, tall laconic Queenslander, used to be a ringer himself until he good-naturedly stepped into the job of camp cook, when the station was short of one.

"Makes sense"

"No one else wanted to do it," he added. "It was a killer. You would be up all night waiting for your bread to rise in the wood embers. It used to take an hour and a half to get the billy boiling. Finding wood for the fires in this downs country is a killer."

Now it takes Vince only half an hour to have a two-course dinner cooked. His variety of dishes has increased, too, mainly due to the refrigerator.

"This canteen makes sense," said Vince seriously. "Before we were killing a steer twice a week for meat. Now, with the fridge, we need only kill every second week. At this rate, the canteen should pay for itself in a couple of years."

On the way back from the stock camp, we saw a swirling dust cloud on the horizon. "That must be 'Grader Jack,'" I was told.

Jack Donald—or "Grader Jack" as he is known throughout the north—alone was responsible for grading Brunette's new thousands of miles of road and for making the new airstrips beside the water bores.

With his enormous yellow grader, a trailer carrying food and water, a caravan and six bantam hens, Grader Jack lives and works out on the downs for months at a time.

He never goes near civilisation if he can help it—except for a week during June when the Brunette races are held. "I'm more contented by myself," he said. "Out here I can eat and sleep when I like. I can't sleep in a house at the station any more. There's too much noise."

Fresh eggs

For company he has his chickens, which he keeps in a coop he has built underneath his trailer, and he is immensely proud of the way they lay fresh eggs for his breakfast every day of the week, and the way they don't run away.

With his chickens, his modern caravan with gas stove and refrigerator, and the wide, wide spaces, Grader Jack seems to have all he wants in life.

"I've been a grader for 15 years now," said Jack, "and it's getting better all the time. There have been some rough times on the road. I put in the first road from Alice to Gordon Downs, W.A., across the desert and it was 100 miles between water supplies."

But Grader Jack, with his contentment in his lonely life, is one of a dying breed of Territory men. Younger men want and need their wives, families, and reasonable comfort in order to battle the flies, heat, and emptiness.

"As far as we can see," said Mr. Baillieu, "there's nothing on earth to tempt reasonable white men to settle north of the Tropic of Capricorn unless you can give them the comforts and modern facilities that you get in or near the cities down south.

"And sooner or later those comforts will have to come everywhere in the Territory."

NEW MOBILE CANTEEN of No. 1 stock camp travels with stockmen. Here some stop for "smoko" in the shade of the canteen flap. They spend months at a time out in the open.

"GRADER JACK" DONALD, a well-known identity in the north, with his caravan and trailer, which are his home. He grades the property's thousands of miles of roads.

NEW QUARTERS for single men are cool and spacious. The building is on high concrete piles for protection from white ants. Raised outline on roof is a solar water-heater.

STATION COOK Bob Foulston, above, bakes an average 36 loaves a day in his diesel fuel oven. AT RIGHT, one of the new cottages, belonging to a married member of the staff. New homes are being planned for the aboriginal stockmen's families.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975556

Apricot Tart

BAKEO PASTRY MIX AND CANNED APRICOTS

Make up a pastry shell from instructions on Bakeo Pastry Mix pack. Prepare lime jelly; crush with a fork. Fill shell with well-drained canned apricot halves and lime jelly.

PERFECT PARTNERS

With Swift Bakeo Pastry Mix for a delicious golden-brown pastry base ... and a can of apricots for a tangy, refreshing tart filling, it's simple to make this sure-hit springtime family sweet. Try it tonight!

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975557

CHARLIE, THE PYGMY GLIDER

● Charlie was the darling of the Strange family, of Ballarat, Vic. A pygmy glider, he used to hide from danger at the back of Mrs. Strange's neck, under her hair.

Story and pictures by
BON STRANGE,
Ballarat, Vic.

AS a child I lived on a farm and was always interested in nature.

Since my marriage our holidays have been camping ones, and my husband and I have spent most of our leisure time in the bush; so I was delighted when I became a member of a Fauna Survey Group working in conjunction with the Fisheries and Wildlife Department.

A section of the Fisheries and Wildlife Research Group in Victoria makes a special study of native animals with a view to saving them from extinction as civilisation slowly encroaches on the bush.

It is an exhilarating experience to spend a still night in the bush, listening to the sounds of nocturnal animals and watching their antics with the aid of a spotlight.

My main interest has been in phascogales (pouched mice) and pygmy gliders.

In normal circumstances these little creatures are seldom seen, unless somebody's cat brings one in, or a woodcutter fells a tree in which they have built a nest.

Woodcutters have told me that when their homes are inadvertently destroyed, they usually fall prey to kookaburras.

Pygmy gliders are adorable little creatures, the tiniest of the Australian possum family, belonging to the phalanger group.

They are widely distributed, mostly in peppermint country, right through the eastern States and South Australia.

They are not as big as a mouse, and so dainty and active that no more apt name could have been bestowed than Acrobates pygmaeus, the pygmy acrobat.

Their sensory vibrissae, or whiskers, are numerous and very long, so that in their swift nocturnal movements they can gauge the size of openings and crannies in which to take refuge.

They have soft, silky fur, usually silver-brown or greyish-brown on the upper parts and white beneath.

There is a gliding membrane, a narrow skin-fold, along the sides of the body between the front and back legs, from wrist to ankle as it were. This is spread to allow them to become airborne when volplaning from branch to branch.

Their most noticeable feature is the flattened tail with its fringe of stiff hairs, and so, to the bushmen, they became known as feather-tailed mice.

Like the koala, they have two thumbs on each of the forefeet and nailless big toes help them to grip when they are racing along fine twigs.

Food consists of moths, beetles, and nectar from gum blossoms, etc.

Nesting hollows have a characteristic odor, not really unpleasant, rather like a honey-jar in the wash-up water. Their beautifully constructed ball-like nests of leaves are scrupulously clean.

The young are carried in a pouch and are only a few millimetres long at birth. They live in colonies. Sixteen was the largest colony I saw.

Keeping them as pets is an offence, but one little chap that I held for several weeks before I could hand him over to the Fisheries and Wildlife Department became quite tame.

He enjoyed a game every night, with the room light dimmed to protect his large, sensitive eyes.

He built himself a nest in a small box, and if I lifted the lid and peeped in during the day he would pull leaves over and conceal himself, sometimes making a noise like a hoarse scolding whisper, but never attempting to bite.

He could race up a vertical surface with only a slight roughness, such as a board, and enjoyed leaping from one hand to the other, or from my hand down on to a branch of gum blossom, and he never misjudged a leap.

He washed himself like a cat each night when he emerged from his nest, and always washed after meals.

Catching moths for him was quite a chore. The front light was switched on each night to attract them, and my family used to say, "The neighbors will think you are mad, Mum."

Charlie, as we called him, would race round his cage and catch quite large moths, then sit on his haunches holding one in his front paws, nibbling noisily with obvious enjoyment.

At sudden noises or movement he would dart for a hiding place—a favorite spot was under the hair at the back of my neck.

His tail was a marvellous appendage. When leaping it acted as a rudder; he could curl it round a twig as an extra support, and sometimes when resting he curled it up like a clock spring.

Ball of fur

He slept rolled into a ball, with his tail brought under his body and curled up over his little pink nose.

When he slept his temperature dropped and he was quite cold to the touch. In the bush the pygmy gliders' ability to lower their temperature helps to conserve energy, and in winter when moths are scarce they stay in their nests for several nights.

THE PYGMY GLIDER is the tiniest of the possum family, smaller than a mouse. This enlarged picture shows the gliding membrane between the paws, the soft pink nose.

Charlie became a firm favorite in the household, and when the time came we were all loath to part with him.

The Australian Government will conserve suitable sections of Crown lands as reserves for native animals, but by leaving patches of bush on their properties and old hollow trees along river banks and water courses landholders could help to ensure that fascinating though little-seen fauna will not be lost to posterity.

FAY LORENSENE (left), of Corryong, Vic., with three of the little creatures on her head and shoulders. Right: A glider washes after a meal of gum - blossom nectar.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975558

WORTH REPORTING

"I WAS a bit nervous when I faced my first class," Sister Patricia Primmer admitted.

"Lecturing grown men is rather different from lecturing young nurses. But they soon put me at my ease — they're such keen students."

Sister Primmer's students are ambulance officers — 20 at a time — doing a three-week refresher course. She instructs in obstetrics and general nursing, and has trained more than 440 men.

"Most of the men are old hands at delivering babies in an emergency," she told us. "But the course keeps them up-to-date in modern technique.

"One of the officers—he'd delivered more than 200 babies in his time—was taking a woman to hospital when she gave birth to twins.

"One baby wasn't breathing. But he had learned mouth-to-mouth resuscitation on newborn babies at the school, so was able to save the child's life."

The school, conducted by the N.S.W. Ambulance Transport Service Board in Sydney, started in October, 1961. It has a staff of two — Training Supervisor Mr. A. J. Bailey and Sister Primmer.

A former tutor sister at Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, Sydney, Sister Primmer joined the staff in June last year.

● *Patricia Primmer*

Besides lecturing, she arranges the programmes, does the secretarial work, and runs the projector for training films. She also takes the officers to the Obstetrics Department of Sydney University and to King George V Hospital for further lectures and practical work.

"The school is from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., but lots of men come back at night for discussion groups," Sister Primmer said. "A wonderful comradeship develops between them."

Next year the Board plans to start cadet training courses for teenage boys.

Bells at her fingers

WHEN Kay Hurford, of Maryborough, Queensland, was seven years old, her father held her firmly on a chair while she reached up and tugged a rope — and chimed a bell of St. Paul's Church of England.

Now, at 22, Kay is one of the team of bell-ringers at St. Paul's, where her father is Conductor of Bells.

She has been a regular player since she was 14.

The bells weigh from 5cwt. to 21cwt. and have to be pulled over from an inverted position to create the clang. One bell is 5ft. in diameter.

"The first time I 'pealed' I was nearly pulled up off the chair," Kay smiled.

"But there is something so meaningful about a peal of bells. It stirred my whole heart and I was determined to be part of it."

Her uncle, who is one of the present ringers, was Conductor of Bells from 1917 and pealed for the World War I armistice. Her father, who succeeded him in 1938, pealed for the World War II armistice.

Now Kay is teaching her fiance, Alan Vollmerhouse.

The bells will peal for their wedding in St. Paul's next September.

WE haven't noticed many golliwogs around for years, but it seems that they're making a comeback.

A London department store reported recently a heavy demand. "A lot are being bought by Americans," a spokesman said. "They can't buy them in their own country."

Toy departments in Sydney have a quiet but steady demand for gollys, with more inquiries than usual lately, at one store.

But no one had heard of the latest English golliwog. You pull a cord and he talks to you — witticisms like "Is my face black?" and "I'm making eyes at you"—in an accent from the Deep South.

Painting and greasepaint

"I USED to be a bit timid in my paintings," said Sydney artist Clytie Lloyd-Jones. "But acting has helped me to be freer, more outgoing."

Clytie returned home recently after 13 years in London and New York.

"I concentrated on art for the first five years in London," she said. "Then I went to New York and didn't paint for four years.

"I studied at a Method acting studio, got married, played in some off-Broadway and television shows, then started painting again with fresh inspiration."

● *Clytie Lloyd-Jones with one of her paintings, "Salome," from her Sydney exhibition.*

Back in London, Clytie played the ghostly Miss Jessil in "The Innocents," which starred Deborah Kerr.

Her next casting was as another ghost-like character in "Nightmare," not yet released in Australia.

"I had to be stabbed by a young girl in this film," she said. "It was done with trick knives — one used by the girl and one strapped under my clothing. We had to play the scene over and over to get the perfect timing.

"At the final take I gave a fantastic scream. I'd fallen so many times, I was in real agony!"

Clytie uses her married name — Jessop — for acting, exhibits her paintings as Clytie Lloyd-Jones, and signs her pictures "Clytie."

She has a two-year-old daughter, Pandora.

An exhibition of her paintings at the Dominion Galleries, Sydney, comprises about 40 oils, painted in London, New York, Mexico—"mostly figurative, though I'm getting more abstract lately."

Some of her work is being shown in Germany in an exhibition of Australian paintings touring Europe and America.

Now she's home, we asked would she concentrate on painting or acting?

"Both," she smiled. "I couldn't imagine giving up either."

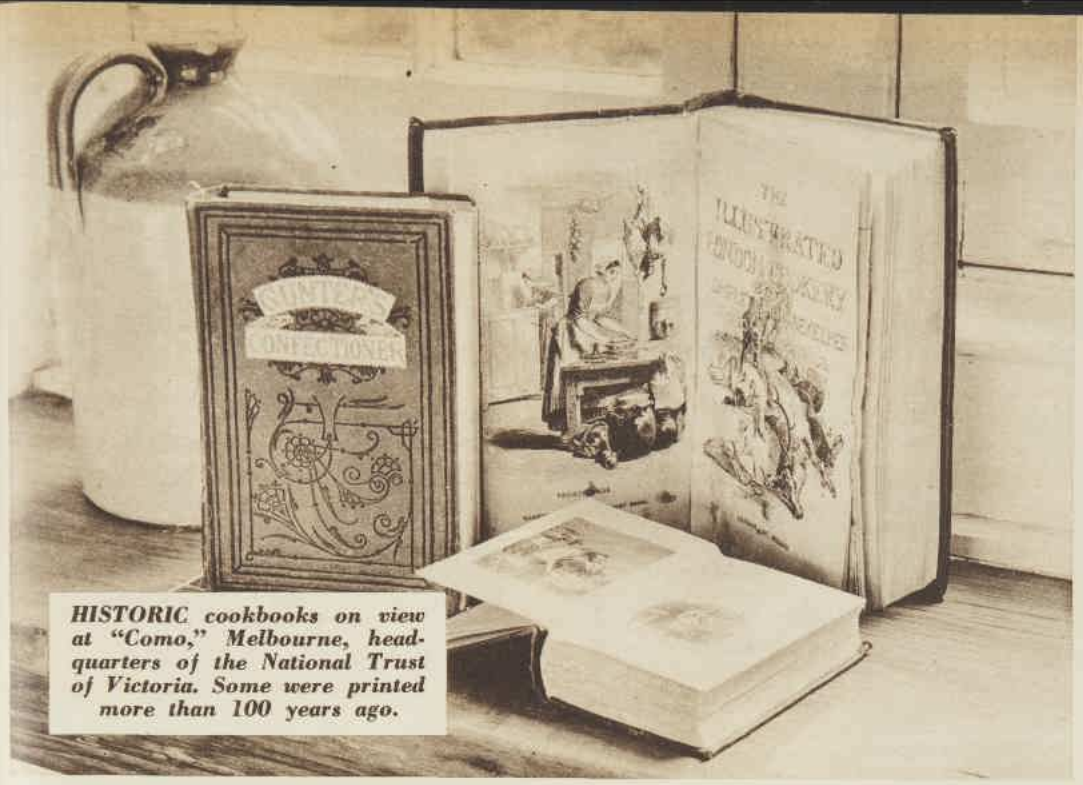
(Pictured is an Elite Scandinavian Style Deluxe Dining Setting)

Elite's wonderful new furniture looks glamorous—and *stays* glamorous year in, year out—because the sparkling PLASTIC SURFACES never need polish, just an occasional rub over with a damp cloth. Elite Quality Furniture is built to suit your taste, your purse *and* your way-of-life. It's so easy to keep new-looking, always!

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY
for your FREE copy of the new 28-page ELITE FURNITURE CATALOGUE to
ELITE WOODWORKING CO. PTY. LTD., 296 Botany Rd., Alexandria, N.S.W.
NAME
ADDRESS
EL323

SEE THE EXCITING Elite "WASH-N-WEAR" DINING & OCCASIONAL FURNITURE RANGE AT ANY LEADING FURNITURE STORE.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975559



HISTORIC cookbooks on view at "Como," Melbourne, headquarters of the National Trust of Victoria. Some were printed more than 100 years ago.

Win £100 prizes for OLD COOKBOOK, BUTTER CHURN

● Have you an old cookbook or butter churn handed down from great-grandma's day?

TO celebrate 175 years of cookery in Australia The Australian Women's Weekly, in conjunction with the Australian Dairy Board, offers:

£100 to the owner of the oldest cookbook in Australia and £100 to the owner of the oldest butter churn in Australia.

The entry coupon and rules for the Quest are on the back cover of the unique 12-page lift-out book, "Pageant of Australian Cooking," in this issue.

If you don't want to cut this beautiful book, the entry coupon and rules will be published again in our next week's issue.

The old cookbook need not have been published in Australia, but it should be in English and still readable.

And although you may not own a butter churn (a rather unlikely kitchen gadget in these enlightened times!) you may know of one tucked away in an old country homestead or dairy which could win you £100.

Australian pioneer housewives accomplished marvellous cookery feats with new and untried ingredients.

"Parrots are good eating," wrote the first woman settler in the interior of Victoria. "Many a parrot pie we had. The white parrots are, I think, the best. Next, the white cockatoo."

Wild geese, bush turkeys, black swans all went into appetising dishes.

Naturally, much of this cookery was English in character, and traditional dishes were served whenever ingredients permitted.

Sometimes they were adapted and given local names — Parramatta Plumb Pudding, Colonial Curd Pie, Governor Phillip's Rum Pie.

The best of these early settlers' recipes are presented in the 12-page lift-out book, "Pageant of Australian Cooking," in this issue.

This first-of-its-kind book is a period piece brought up to date. In it are authentic recipes of the colonists adapted to present-day ingredients and conditions.

The emphasis is on Christmas, which the settlers, despite the many shortages, managed to celebrate in a moderately lucullan fashion.

You will find recipes for a delicious Anniversary Mince Pie (adapted from one Governor Phillip served his guests on Christmas Day, 1788), a fruity Settlers' Christmas Pudding, and Butter-Basted Turkey.

To complete the cycle, one section is devoted to recipes from settlers who have come here during the past 12 years. They include Christmas recipes from France, Sweden, Austria, and Germany.

The first Australian cookbook (unfortunately never published) is believed to have been put together by Caroline Chisholm, the Emigrants' Friend, in 1840.

Called a "Bush Cookbook" and heedful of the limited resources of the average woman of the outback, it had practical recipes and domestic hints.

You or your family may treasure a cookbook printed around this date, or even earlier.

If you do, fill in the form in next week's issue or on the back cover of "Pageant of Australian Cooking," and let us have all the details and a photograph if possible.

Send your entry to the address given in last column. It could win you £100.

In the 175 years since 1788 Australians have progressed from such unlikely delicacies as bandicoot, kangaroo rat, wombat, and wallaby stew to the present urban tastes in food.

The abundance taken for granted now would have made Australia seem like the promised land to the early settlers, who either ate what they could catch or virtually starved while they waited for the next supply ship.

BUTTER CHURN (circa 1850) in a museum at Windsor, N.S.W., with wooden stamps used to imprint a trademark design on the butter.

Food was so scarce that in 1790 Captain Tench noted in his journal:

"If a lucky man, who has knocked down a dinner with his gun, or caught a fish by angling from the rocks, invited a neighbor to dine with him the invitation always ran, 'Bring your own bread.' Even at the Governor's table this caution was constantly observed. Every man when he sat down pulled his bread out of his pocket and laid it on his plate."

And it was a one-in-a-million chance he would be offered butter.

Only four cows arrived from England with the First Fleet, and it was many decades before their progeny and subsequent arrivals could support the settlers adequately with dairy products — milk, butter, cheese, and cream.

In fact, in the early 1800s to own a dairy was to ensure social success.

Lucky housewives who had a cow or two did their own churning — and also made their own cheese and curd (today's cottage cheese). These they used for nutritious pies and tarts such as the toothsome Colonial Curd Cake on page 9 of the "Pageant of Australian Cooking."

Some of these early churns may still exist.

If you or your friends own one—or can track one down—we would like to hear about it.

It may be just the one we are looking for to commemorate the first 175 years of Australian cooking, and it could win that £100 prize.

Fill in the form on page 12 of "Pageant of Australian Cooking" in this issue, with complete details of the churn and a photograph if you have one, and send it to:

"Cookbook and Butter Churn Quest," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Another coupon will be published next week.

Do not send in your cookbook or butter churn.

The judges will select the oldest books and churns from details given on the entry coupons. Owners will then be asked to submit their cookbooks or butter churns for final judging.

A new perfume from the house of Guerlain

CHANT D'ARÔMES
(song of fragrance)

Perfumes, Colognes and Talcum Powders also available in Jicky, Shalimar, Mitsouko, L'Heure Bleue, Ode and Vol de Nuit fragrances.
Obtainable from leading stores and pharmacies.

AUSTRALIAN DISTRIBUTORS: THEO. H. LEVY PTY. LTD., ALL STATES.
PACKAGED, BOTTLED AND SEALED IN FRANCE. 2956/8

PLAY iT COOL
THIS SUMMER

Let HOOVER do the work

HG1 06WW62C

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975560

This tempting, satisfying lunch is straight out of the 7-Day Milk Diet.

Crack a bottle with lunch

A salad lunch with cool refreshing milk – the perfect slimming combination. Rich in proteins and vitamins, fresh, wholesome milk keeps you going too!

Lose 7lbs. in 7 days

Fit into the new season's fashions with the Natural Milk Diet—you can lose 7 lbs. in 7 days. Because milk has a very high protein value per calorie and is rich in protective vitamins and minerals, it's **important** to you when you're slimming. For the new Natural Milk Diet, write to Milk Publicity Council, P.O. Box 48, Broadway, Sydney. (It's free.) **There is no substitute for fresh whole milk.**

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975561

Christmas cards from the garden

● **Using dried flowers and leaves from her garden, Mrs. D. Ellis, of North Balwyn, Victoria, makes these pretty cards and calendars to send to her friends at Christmas. This attractive form of greeting delights the recipients. See story and directions overleaf.**

BARK and achillea leaves are glued to card behind flowers.

BUTTERFLY in corner is made from wisteria or wygelia.

STAR is bark with dried Michaelmas daisy centre.

PRETTY calendar has a ribbon hanger to match.

PRESSED LEAVES are used as a background with many different types of blooms spraying out from the large centre flower.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975562

Nailoid will give you lovelier, healthier nails

—because only Nailoid nourishes as it beautifies

Nightly nail care with Nailoid brings astonishing results. Most Australian women have dry nails because of our severe climate and their nails respond wonderfully to the nourishing oils in Nailoid. Nailoid actually feeds the nails with lanolin, glycerine and natural vegetable oils. Chipped, brittle nails become strong again. Stained nails are restored to a lustrous pearly colour with clear white tips and half moons. Cuticles are softened and made more shapely.

Well-groomed women know that nails need the special care of Nailoid. **Hand lotions** are made for hands, not nails. **Nail varnish** is made for looks, not for nail nourishment. **Nail hardeners** are made for emergencies but won't stop nails breaking again.

Only Nailoid nourishes and strengthens nails.

Start Nailoid care tonight. It's a two-minute application that easily becomes part of your nightly beauty routine. You'll watch your nails grow steadily lovelier, healthier. It takes 12-14 weeks for a nail to grow. At the end of that time your immaculate new nails and cuticles will amaze you. From chemists and stores.

9691.A

Christmas cards from the garden...Cont.

STEP 1: Fix paper-bark L at bottom left.

STEP 2: Glue decoration in top right corner.

● Mrs. D. Ellis, of North Balwyn, Victoria, who made the pretty Christmas cards shown in color on the previous page, has been interested in floral art for 20 years.

STEP 3: Add miniature trees, then add posy.

MRS. ELLIS, who founded the North Balwyn Floral Art Group seven years ago, was seeking something different to send to friends in England as Christmas greetings.

"Why not make my own cards with flowers from my garden?" she suddenly thought.

This she did, and found she received a delighted response. So much so that the following year she not only made cards and calendars for her Australian friends as well, but also sufficient to sell some to a Melbourne shop.

Her idea is so simple that anyone with an artistic sense and patience — lots of the latter — could follow her lead.

In addition to the artistic sense and the patience, the only essentials are paper bark, dried flowers and foliage, clear odorless glue, a pair of tweezers, fine scissors, and some satin ribbon for trimming calendars.

The basic blank cards and envelopes can be bought at 19/6 for 50, cards for calendars at 3/3 for 60, tiny calendars for 4d and 6d each.

As for flowers and foliage needed for decorations, the smallest garden will supply enough for hundreds of cards.

Picking them is a minor chore. Mrs. Ellis picks the year round, but mainly in spring and summer, putting in about 10 minutes each day.

She presses them immediately between sheets of blotting paper or the leaves of a magazine (not glossy paper), then under an innerspring mattress on a divan, where she leaves them for 10 days to a fortnight. The heavier ones, such as fuchsias and buttercups, need at least a full fortnight.

When the flowers and foliage are fully dried and pressed Mrs. Ellis puts them in the cardboard boxes with which she surrounds herself when making her cards.

Decorating the cards

The first step is to snip the paper bark into the basic L-shape for each card. Then lay paper bark L face down on a firm flat surface. Smear the back with odorless glue and carefully set it in position on the card.

Firm it gently into place with a finger, then leave it to dry.

While glue is drying snip two suitable leaves (either grey or green) to resemble miniature Christmas trees. These are the first addition to the basic L.

Stick trees into place with the same gluing process used for the L. While trees are drying arrange and glue the decoration in the top right-hand corner.

For this Mrs. Ellis sometimes uses a flight of birds made from grass seeds with the tops pulled off, or a cross of paper bark with an everlasting daisy or star (made from the dried centre of the tiny mauve flower of the michaelmas daisy) at its centre.

For cards to send overseas she uses the Southern Cross made from similar tiny blooms. Another favorite motif is a butterfly or bee made from wisteria, broom, or variegated weigela flowers.

For the final decoration — the little posy against the Christmas trees — make a rough grouping of flowers and leaves on your work table before gluing them to the card. In this way you can work out various combinations of color and design until you find the one you like best.

If you are planning to make calendars as well as cards, attach ribbon hanger and calendar before decorating.

NEW! NEW! NEW!

New Steiner Colour Highlight Shampoo — highlights your own hair colour without changing it. Simple! Quick! Foolproof! Keeps hair shining clean, manageable, the natural colour subtly enhanced. Gold Light for blonde to light brown. Auburn Light for brunettes. Natural Ash for bleached or grey hair.

Sachet . . . just 2/6d.

From Selected Chemists and Department Stores

Steiner
THE AUTHORITY ON HAIR

ST8925

Mrs. V. Burrows, 270 Sylvania Rd., Miranda, N.S.W. Says:

"Breville ELECTRIC HAIRCUTTING SET Saves us money"

240 Volts A.C. Write for details 32V operation

"Our Breville Hairclippers save the cost of fortnightly haircuts for our two sons. We were amazed to find HOW EASY it was to use them. I'd recommend every family should own a Breville Hairclipper and save money"

(Original available for inspection)

FULLY GUARANTEED 3 YEARS

Trade-in Old Electric Shaver or Hand Hairclippers

12-PIECE £14.14.0
£2 off for trade-in

5-PIECE £9.19.6
£1 off for trade-in

EASY TERMS 5/- WEEKLY

FREE
Mail this coupon for illustrated literature

to World Distributors Phone 68 4138
CANVIN & COLES PTY. LTD.
67 Murray St., Pyrmont, Sydney, N.S.W.

NAME

ADDRESS

BHL ANW 6-11-63

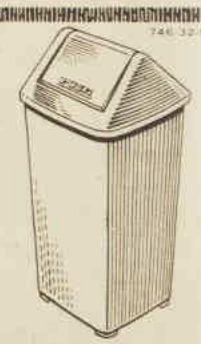
Denture Wearers

Ask for and INSIST ON Tek
TRADE MARK
The Only Denture Brush with Anti-Germ

T2661

Capri
Swing-Top WASTE TAINER

- Rustproof, shatterproof, easy to clean.
- Swing-top lid gives simple one-hand operation.
- Contents always covered . . . complete lid is removable for easy emptying.
- Ideal for Kitchen or Laundry, Office or Factory.



Capri
ADDS COLOUR TO YOUR HOME

69/11
AT ALL HARDWARE RETAILERS

An end to CORNS

Millions have proved it! Dr. Scholl's Zino-Pads provide today's most effective corn relief. They stop pain instantly. Medicated discs remove corns. Sizes also for Callouses, Bunions. 3/6 pkt. at Chemists and Stores.

THE IDEAL GIFT!
A SUBSCRIPTION TO
The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

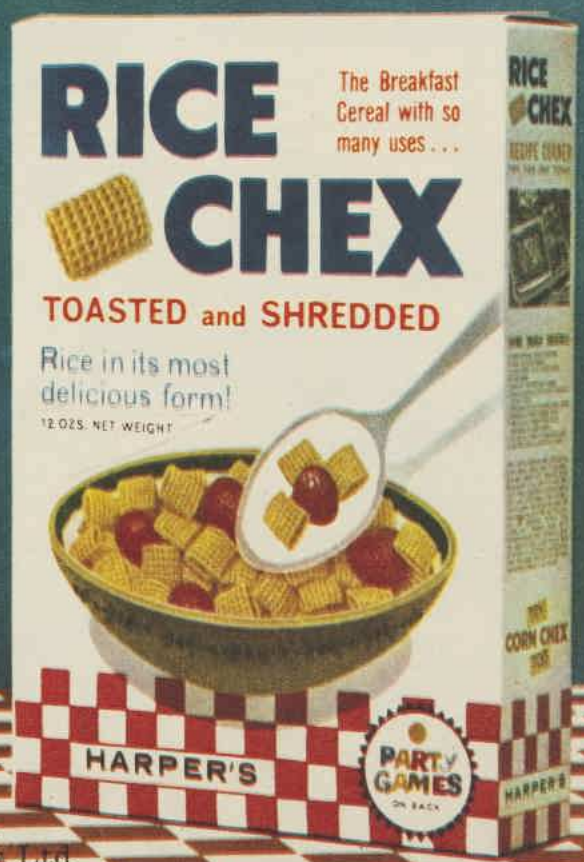
Rates	½ Year	1 Year
Aust.	£1/14/6	£3/9/-
N. Guinea	£2/3/6	£4/7/-
New Zealand & Fiji	£2/12/-	£5/4/-
Brit. Dom.	£2/12/6	£5/4/-
Foreign	£3/5/6	£6/11/-

THE IDEAL GIFT!

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975563

WAKE UP TO A BRIGHTER BREAKFAST WITH

Look for the bright new packs at your grocer's. Here's real excitement for your breakfast table. Rice Chex — so light and full of nourishment and energy. Corn Chex — so right for man-sized appetites. Chex are completely different from all other breakfast foods — made in a new way to provide bite-sized, tasty, toasted waffles of cereal for brighter breakfasts.



Manufactured by Robert Harper & Company Ltd.

CHEX

you'll love

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975564

VW8766

Unsinkable.

VW has a reputation for going anywhere.

This one earned it, accidentally, when it was left parked on an Adelaide beach, and the tide got to it before the owner did.

It sailed for fifteen hours around Outer Harbour, returned, beached itself, and went right on proving that VW is the most reliable car ashore.

Or at sea.

In its all-night cruise it shipped a little water in the back seat area.

This came in through a tiny gap where the accelerator cable comes into the car.

The VW floated because the underside is finished as perfectly as the top, or the inside.

The door seals don't let in water (or dust) any more than the windows do, or the floor.

In fact it is so airtight you have to open a window slightly to close a door.

As though that wasn't enough (and it isn't) we give the VW four coats of paint, and a rub-down between coats.

Volkswagen's gleaming finish says a lot for the work we do on the other underneath coats.

Every part of the VW has been continuously improved to make it work and fit better.

With an inbuilt four-vent heater, synchromesh on all four gears, an automatic choke and windscreen washers, we claimed the Volkswagen needed no additions.

Maybe we were wrong.

Perhaps you need a rudder.

VW Sedans — from £799 tax paid (Price for State capital cities).

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975565

Don't pity mothers with big families

● Why, oh why, when people see mothers with three or more small children do they always look at them as though they were the most pitiful sights in the world!

READERS' STORIES

(The two readers who wrote these stories have supplied their names and addresses but wish to remain anonymous.)

WE have been married for nine years, and in the first six years we had five wonderful babies, three girls and two boys.

During those six years there were many times when I was (and still am) the object of pity.

I'll admit there was many a day when I felt I could do with some pity, for I seemed to be forever in maternity clothes.

Oh, how I longed for a nice sheath frock, that figure I had before I was married, and my well - manicured nails, now cut back with never a chance to see polish.

But then, when my new baby arrived, all my longings would vanish.

The one thing that always makes me mad, however, is Mrs. So and So up the street (no family, but, oh, what an authority) who says: "You poor thing. How I pity you with all those children and no time of your own."

She, **on the other hand, has all the time in the world, but she never offers to help!**

Of course, there were and still are plenty of times when we don't get to this or that turnout after we've made all the arrangements because at the last minute one of the children decides to get sick or the baby-sitter can't come. But isn't that one of the sacrifices of being a parent?

We haven't all the comforts, but we're lucky.

We were given our block of land for a wedding present and set about in the months before our wedding to learn as much as possible about the building trade.

And so our house took shape. I learnt to make cement bricks in the rush of wedding preparations.

Grand ideas

After our honeymoon we moved in with my parents, for our house was far from completed.

I had grand ideas about working for a few years, but after six months I had to give up my job, for a baby was on the way.

I had mixed feelings about becoming a mother, but when I looked at this wonderful bouncing boy for the first time, how glad I was that I hadn't been able to go on working.

What a wonderful day it was a week later when my husband took me home to our new house.

We didn't have much furniture and we still had a lot of painting and finishing off to do, but we were in our home.

I longed for a washing-machine and fridge, though, so Mum said she'd baby-sit if I wanted to go back to work for a while.

This idea didn't come to anything, however, because I wasn't feeling well and a visit to the doctor quickly confirmed that a second baby was on the way.

With the arrival of our daughter, all my ideas of going back to work vanished. But still we battled on, with my husband working through the weekends at picking fruit, etc., to help our finances.

So life went on, and the babies kept coming.

Gradually we managed to buy more furniture, and we also managed to put a good deposit on a fridge.

Oh, how wonderful that fridge was. I had great fun in making ice-cream for the children, and it was great not to have to worry in summer about spoilt food.

Well, nine years have now gone by since we were married, and three of our five children are at school.

I only have to look at my five little heads—dark and fair, curly and straight — to know that the struggle has been more than well worthwhile.

In the past four years I have purchased my washing-machine (Mum and Dad were angels and put the deposit on it for me) and we have paid off both it and the fridge.

We have bought all the furniture we need to make our house, if not the smartest in town, at least very nice and comfortable.

I also bought a sewing-machine (well, we don't actually own it yet), and from my first tentative garments I have blossomed into a reasonable dressmaker.

My greatest help has come from Mum and Dad who have done as much as they can for us.

We are still paying off our home and various things for it, but I wouldn't change anything.

With our wonderful family life, I'm left wishing for little.

So please don't pity mothers with a bunch of young children. Rather stop and think about it, and you might then understand how happy we are.

—"HAPPY MOTHER," N.S.W.

"Half their luck..."

● I sympathise with parents who go nearly frantic trying to curtail teenagers' late nights, vainly attempting to instil the idea that homework is more important than TV, and meeting the myriad tasks and expenses children involve.

MAY I ask in return from parents some thought and compassion for us—the reluctantly childless married couples!

My own story reverts to the depression years when, as the youngest member in a family of nine children, I saw my own parents battling against odds.

I adored children and found great pleasure in the nieces and nephews as they arrived; but the insecurity of our childhood made me determined that I would make a career for myself before I settled down to raise the children I hoped one day would be mine.

Having achieved the career despite financial difficulties and parental opposition, I spent more than 12 years as a nurse.

Then I met a wonderful country man, we fell in love, and were married when we were both 35.

My husband's whole life had been spent working on one cattle station, so we settled down there, 40 miles from town, to raise—we hoped — the children for whom we both longed.

After several pregnancies which terminated at three months and after many visits to doctors, we were forced to realise that the shared joys and problems of parenthood were to be denied us.

By this time we were too old to adopt a family; we considered becoming foster-parents but decided we could not stand the heart-break if children we cared for and grew to love should later be taken from us.

Now, in our late 40s, we have love and companionship, and we both have a cheerful disposition and a sense of humor.

Probably, however, only those couples in a similar position can understand the disillusion and anguish of knowing that we can never have the love and trust of our own children.

What does the future hold for us? My husband's daily life provides interest and perhaps some solace.

But what of me? Being active and in good health I long to use up my energy in welfare work.

Instead I have a small country Post and Telegraph office, so am restricted to the house six and a half days a week.

I do not intend this as a lament. Often, in fact, I thank God for a good husband, health, friends.

But one thing I ask, please. When parents are oppressed by their burdens may they remember to count their children as blessings; and may they feel in their hearts compassion for the unfortunate ones who grow old with the desire for parenthood unfulfilled.

—ELWIN JAY, N.S.W.

Kill and Repel

Mosquitoes, Fleas, Sandflies & other troublesome pests with

KOKODA
SPRAY PACK

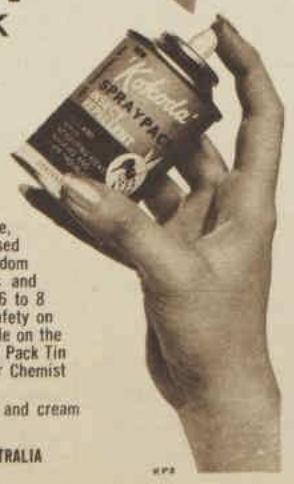
Insect repellent

FREEDOM FOR 8 HOURS

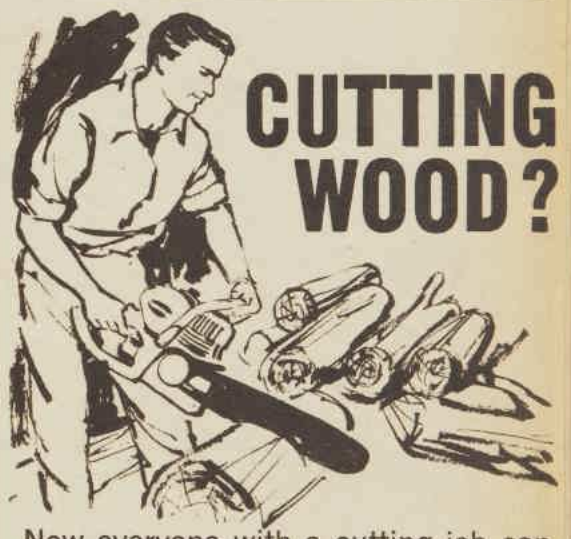
All you have to do is direct a fine, light spray of Kokoda on exposed parts of the body and get freedom from Mosquitoes, Fleas, Sandflies and other troublesome pests for from 6 to 8 hours. Kokoda can be used with safety on the face and neck, just spray a little on the hand and apply. Get the New Spray Pack Tin of Kokoda when next you visit your Chemist or Store.

Available also in liquid in bottles and cream in tubes.

PRODUCT OF DRUG HOUSES OF AUSTRALIA



CUTTING WOOD?



Now everyone with a cutting job can afford the dependability of a

McCULLOCH
LIGHT 'N MIGHTY
CHAIN SAW

THE NEW LOW PRICED MAC 15

ONLY £79/19/-*

World leader in chain saws, McCulloch now introduce an **economy model.** Mac 15 gives you McCulloch dependability and features that no saw near this price can match.

Four other direct drive and gear drive models available.

See your McCulloch dealer—he will save you work! Or write for free booklets to:

McCulloch of Australia Pty. Ltd.
20-22 Carlotta Street, Artarmon, N.S.W.
* F.O.R. Capital Cities

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975566

COLORFUL JAMS are very easy to make.

Prizes for jam recipes

● The economical raspberry jam recipe which wins the £5 prize is made with melon, with a can of raspberry jam and cordial added.

FRUIT SALAD jam, which has the combined flavors of melon, orange, lemon, pineapple, banana, apples and passionfruit, wins a £1 consolation prize.

Three other consolation prizes of £1 each are awarded for a simple rice cream dessert, a spaghetti casserole, and an unusual pastry slice.

All spoon measurements are level.

MOCK RASPBERRY JAM

Eight pounds jam melon, 2lb. sugar, extra 4lb. sugar (warmed), 1 bottle raspberry cordial base, 1 can raspberry jam.

Mince jam melon and add 2lb. sugar; stand overnight. Next morning simmer this until tender, then add extra warmed sugar. When dissolved, add bottle of cordial base and contents of can of raspberry jam. Boil fast until right consistency when tested on cold saucer. Fill into clean, warm jars. Seal and label when cold.

Any other berry-flavored jam could be made in the same way by substituting a cordial base and can of jam of required flavor.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. L. Scott, "Green Valley," Tamworth, N.S.W.

FRUIT SALAD JAM

Seven pounds jam melon, 5½lb. sugar, 2 oranges, 1 lemon, 3 bananas, 1 small can crushed pineapple, 2 medium-sized apples (grated), 5 passionfruit.

Cut melon into small cubes, sprinkle with 1 cup sugar; stand overnight. Next morning shred oranges and lemons, bruise bananas with fork. Put all fruit, excepting passionfruit, in preserving-pan with remainder of sugar. Bring to the boil, simmer about 1½ hours. Then add passionfruit, boil another ½ hour or until mixture jells when tested. Fill into clean, dry jars, seal when cold.

Consolation prize of £1 to Miss A. Lee, 5 Clarence Street, South Perth, W.A.

WHIPPED RICE CREAM

One and a half cups cooked rice, 1 cup coconut, ½ cup well-drained crushed pineapple, ½ cup chopped nuts, ½ cup chopped glace cherries, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, ½ cup icing sugar, 1 small can chilled evaporated milk.

Combine rice, coconut, pineapple, nuts and cherries. Whip chilled evaporated milk until stiff, add lemon juice and sugar; beat well. Combine this with the rice mixture; chill. Serve with whipped cream or ice-cream.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. V. Lyons, 32 Livingstone Street, Burwood, N.S.W.

SPAGHETTI CASSEROLE

Six ounces spaghetti, 1 onion (finely chopped), 1 clove garlic, 2 tablespoons fat, 2 cups cooked tomatoes, salt, pepper, dash cayenne pepper, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 cup diced cooked chicken, 1 cup mushrooms (sauteed), grated cheese, 2 rashers bacon (fried until crisp then broken into pieces), 1 tomato (cut into thick slices).

Cook spaghetti in boiling salted water until tender; drain and place in greased casserole dish. Saute onion and garlic in heated fat, add tomatoes, salt, pepper, sugar, and cayenne. Stir until boiling, add chicken and mushrooms, pour over spaghetti in casserole. Toss with fork, sprinkle with grated cheese and bake in moderate oven 15 minutes. Top with bacon and tomato slices, return to oven until thoroughly reheated. Serve hot.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. C. Trueman, Flat 2, 52 Kinnaird Street, Ashgrove, Brisbane.

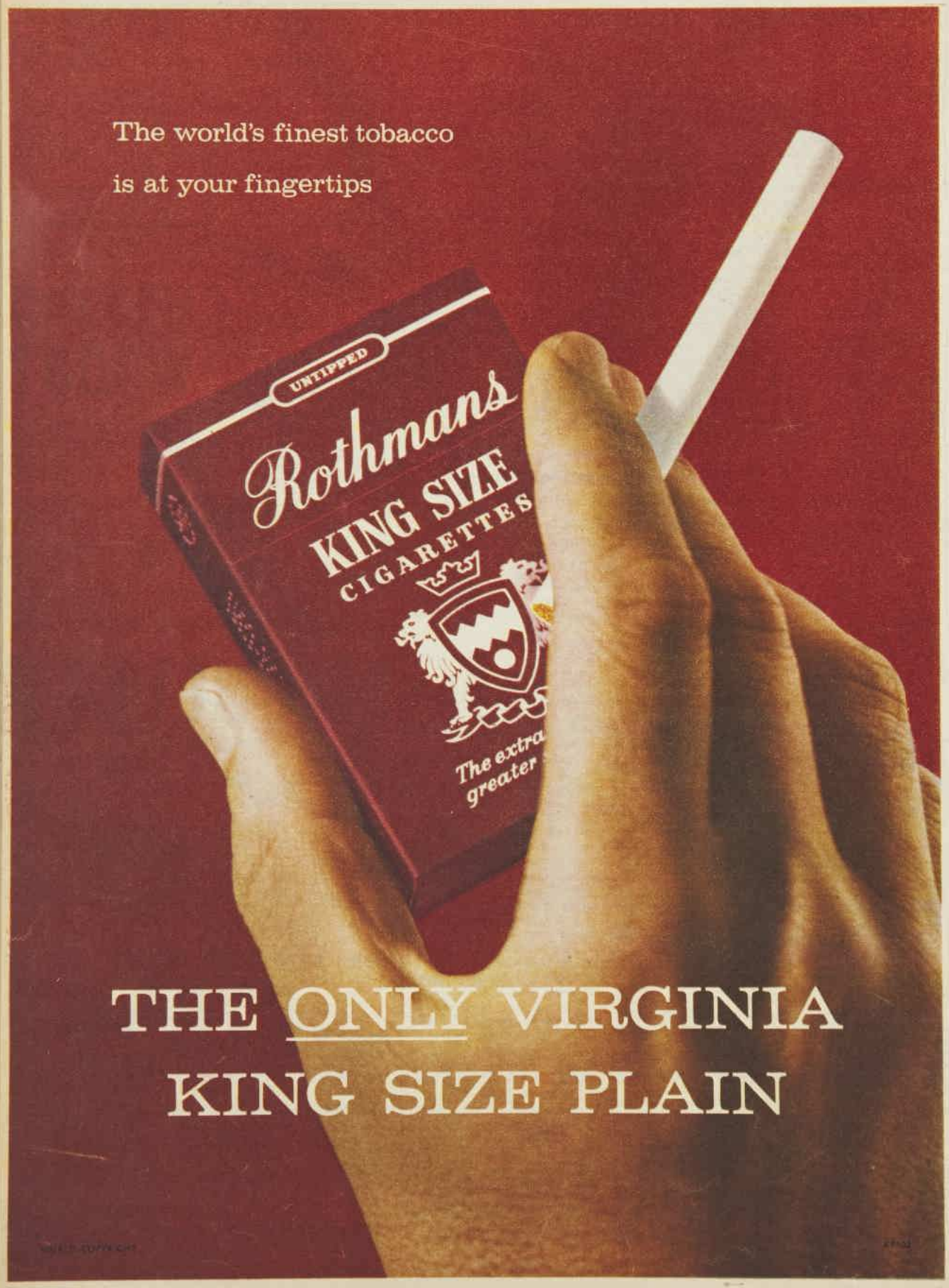
CARROT RAISIN SLICES

One pound carrots, water, 3 tablespoons sugar, juice and rind 1 lemon, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, 1½ cups sifted self-raising flour, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon milk, 1 cup raisins, extra sugar and spice mixed together.

Peel and cut carrots into even pieces, simmer in water until tender. Drain and rub through sieve, return to saucepan with 1 tablespoon of the sugar and half the lemon rind and juice. Cook until sugar has dissolved. Cool.

Cream together butter and remainder of sugar, lemon rind, juice. Fold in sifted flour alternately with beaten egg and milk (reserve a little for glazing). Knead slightly on floured board and divide into halves. Roll each to about ¼in. thickness, spread one half with carrot mixture and sprinkle over raisins. Moisten edges, cover with remainder of pastry. Pinch edges to seal, glaze with reserved egg and milk mixture and sprinkle well with combined sugar and spice. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Serve cut into slices.

Consolation prize to £1 to Mrs. F. Hadley, 61 Brilliant Street, Bathurst, N.S.W.



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975567

COLLECTORS' CORNER

• *Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, gives his opinion about three antiques owned by readers.*

• *"Cottage" ornaments*

Could you please give me some details about these two ornaments which have been in my family for well over 100 years?—Mrs. M. Harrison, Launceston, Tas.

These two charming Victorian "cottage" ornaments (left) are English Staffordshire pottery. They exemplify the type of rustic pottery which became fashionable during the early part of Queen Victoria's reign. Note in particular the use of lustrous enamel glazes depicting bright orange, green, red, blue, and yellow. The ornament at far left is a watch tower. Hence the hollowed aperture where a pocket watch could be conveniently displayed.

I would appreciate any information you could give me about my vase. It is 19in. high and has the markings 87 GG on the base. — Mrs. J. C. McCausland, Murwillumbah, N.S.W.

The vase (right) was made during the last quarter of the 19th century (late Victorian). The markings do not convey the name of the manufacturer. I would like to inspect this piece before supplying further details.

• *Victorian vase*

My plate has "Marie Louise" written on the front underneath the picture of the girl. On the back are the marks Germany IPF. I would like to know its age, please.—Mrs. J. Gilbert, Kalgoorlie, W.A.

Your plate (below) is about 50 or 60 years old. The decoration is transfer-printed to which has been applied some hand coloring.

• *Decorated plate*

HOME HINTS

• A prize of £1/1/- is awarded for each of these hints sent by readers.

SPRING blossoms are most decorative but soon fall. To prevent this, spray them with a cheap hair spray.—Mrs. N. Gange, 4 Spencer Rd., East Camberwell, Vic.

★ ★ ★

Raise venetian blinds while making beds and sweeping to prevent the dust settling on the blinds.—Mrs. W. F. Wilson, 18 Wyomee Ave., West Pymble, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Discarded nylon stockings are handy for storing bulbs. Hang them in a dry sheltered place and tie them at intervals to separate bulb varieties. — Mrs. G. Pashley, 78 Plateau Rd., Springwood, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Give your brick fireplace an annual coat of raw linseed oil. This is a good preservative and enhances the appearance. — Mrs. E. Blake, "Barton View," Toolondo, Vic.

★ ★ ★

For every pound of fish, add 1 dessertspoonful of curry powder to the flour, pepper, and salt in which it is rolled. The flavor is delicious.—Mrs. E. M. Gusthart, 10th Avenue, Home Hill, Qld.

★ ★ ★

Before laying linoleum, spread sawdust over the floor instead of lining paper. Sawdust fills in all cracks and leaves no ridges to be seen.—J. Pooley, 13 Matthew St., Merrylands, N.S.W.

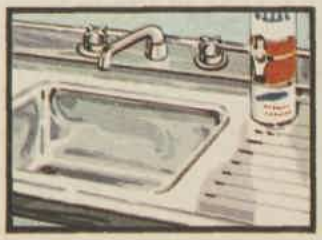
★ ★ ★

A tip for home dressmakers: Save the stiffened gauze strips from the back of adhesive tape. When making buttonholes slip a piece of the gauze between the layers of material and sew the buttonhole with a strong thread. The resulting buttonhole will be much firmer. — Mrs. B. Donges, Hume St., Pittsworth, Qld.

NEW VIM CLEANSER!

WIPES OFF STAINS FAST... LEAVES NO BLEACH ODOUR!

WIPES OFF STAINS FAST!
New Vim is the only cleanser containing a powerful Odourless Bleach that makes short work of stains . . . even those ingrained stains you find hard to budge with other cleansers.



POWERFUL ODOURLESS BLEACH
You clean faster, easier, more thoroughly with New Vim because it has Extra Cleansing Power! Gets bathrooms, kitchens sparkling! Keeps stainless steel mirror bright!

LEAVES NO BLEACH ODOUR!
Definitely no unpleasant bleach odour. New Vim's unique Odourless Bleach leaves a wonderful, fresh, open-air fragrance that tells you everything is **hygienically** clean!

New Vim leaves everything hygienically clean

Guarantee
If New Vim is not in every way the finest cleanser you have ever used, Lever & Kitchen Pty. Limited will gladly refund your money.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975568

Great news for nylon

At last — a way to keep nylon white!

(and only improved OMO can do it)

Ever been dismayed to see expensive nylon shirts going yellow with age? Ever tried (unsuccessfully) to keep nylon lingerie white?

Then here's the news you've waited for! Blue Omo has been dramatically improved. Now it even keeps *nylon* wonderfully white. No fuss. No special washing. Just bundle nylon shirts and lingerie in with your other wash. *Omo's miracle nylon brightener does the rest.* Get improved Omo this week — and get the only product that can *keep* nylon white!

OMO adds brightness to cleanness and whiteness *on everything you wash — even nylon!*

L456

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975569

Control your weight

WITHOUT HUNGER

for 9d. a day

Here is a simple, safe, effective and inexpensive method of becoming slim and staying slim. No difficult diet systems; no sickly substitutes for normal meals; no hunger.

You simply take three little American Slimming Tablets (A.S.T.) each day. You eat normal meals—but the tablets reduce your appetite and, at the same time, assist your digestive processes to prevent food turning to fat.

A.S.T. tablets cost only 10/6 for 14 days' treatment—9d. a day. From Chemists only.

SAFE! SIMPLE!

American Slimming Tablets

BACKACHE?

like this

Can't move without agony ?

Then start a course of MACKENZIE'S

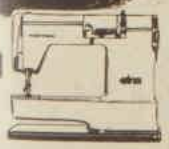
MENTHOIDS

When your back feels in a vice—muscles stiff and sore—every move a stab of pain—it is often due to accumulations of uric acid deposits in your muscles and joints. The wonder-drug THIONINE, one of the therapeutic ingredients in Mackenzie's MENTHOIDS, helps your system throw off these painful, pain-producing deposits.

If you or yours suffer rheumatism, aching muscles and joints, bad backs, sciatica, kidney and bladder weakness or constant headaches, start the MENTHOIDS treatment right away. MENTHOIDS, with helpful diet chart, are 75/-, 9/- or 5/- everywhere.

MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

IF you can find another machine that does everything Elna Supermatic can do ... we will buy it for you!



elna

Switzerland's Best

See the amazing Supermatic in action — your Elna Dealer will be delighted to arrange a demonstration.

ECZEMA ITCH

To clear your skin soft and smooth—free from pimples, itching, eczema, red blotches, blemishes and tiles, use NIXODERM. Get NIXODERM from your chemist. Clears skin while you sleep.

BE YOUR OWN HANDYMAN

Upkeep of your garden and patio furniture

● *Now is the time to take stock of garden furniture, note the jobs to be done, and get to work on them as soon as possible. Below are some useful tips on restoration.*

GARDEN and patio furniture that has been in use throughout the year will probably need some attention before the really hot weather begins.

Bamboo, cane, reed, wicker, and rattan furniture: Needs regular dusting. Use the dusting attachment of a vacuum cleaner or a damp duster. To prevent drying out and splitting, wet thoroughly about once a year, put out in a light shower of rain or hose it, using the fine spray nozzle.

If it needs washing, use mild pure soapflakes in warm water with a few drops of household ammonia added. Rinse with clear water. Dry thoroughly. Once a year, coat with shellac. If painted, follow the method for painted garden furniture.

Iron furniture: Should be kept well painted or it may go rusty. If starting from scratch, apply red lead or aluminium paint as a primer, after removing every trace of rust with a stiff wire brush, steel-wool, or emery cloth.

If any rust remains under the paint it will go on spreading. Apply two or more coats of gloss paint over the red lead when it is quite dry.

Neglected, rusty, iron furniture should be stripped of any paint and the rusty parts wrapped round with strips of cotton previously soaked in paraffin. When this oil has had time to break down the rust a little, furniture should be rubbed down with steel-wool and treated as above.

Painted furniture: Can be washed down with a mild soap solution and rinsed in clear water. Always keep it well painted, renewing the paint whenever it shows signs of wear. Thus, rust can be avoided on metal furniture, and wooden furniture is less likely to rot.

Deck-chairs: These show the first signs of trouble when the canvas gets grubby. Lay chair on lawn and lightly scrub with a mild detergent and warm water, then rinse well with clear water. Test an unimportant part first to make quite sure the colors are fast before you scrub.

If not, use a dry-cleaner such as carbon tetrachloride rather than the wet method. Do the dry-cleaning in the open air, too, and avoid inhaling fumes. Apply on clean soft absorbent pad of material, turning often as it becomes dirty.

On unpainted wood, lengthen its life and improve the surface by coating with clear varnish annually.

NEXT WEEK: Doll's cradle to make.

CANNED FRUITS CONTEST

The last progress prize of £5 in our Canned Fruits Recipe Contest is awarded this week to Miss G. Bough, Flat 5, Marine Court Flats, 162 Marine Parade, Cottesloe, W.A., for the recipe below.

Results of the contest will be announced in next week's issue.

SECTION 1: Canned Peaches

PEACH DEVONSHIRE CREAM PIE

Crumb Crust: Four cups corn cereal flakes, 3 tablespoons sugar, 4 tablespoons butter.

Crush cereal flakes finely, mix with melted butter and sugar. Press over base and sides of a 9in. pie-plate. Bake in moderate oven 10 minutes; chill.

Filling: One large can peach slices, 3 tablespoons sugar, ½ cup milk, 2 eggs (separated), ½ cup peach syrup, 1oz. gelatine, extra ½ cup peach syrup (heated), ½ teaspoon almond essence, ½ of 6oz. can frozen orange concentrate, ¾ cup sour cream, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, pinch salt.

Drain peaches, reserve syrup. Beat egg-yolks with milk, add sugar, peach syrup; place over double boiler and cook, stirring constantly over hot water until mixture coats silver spoon. Remove from hot water, stir in gelatine which has been dissolved in the extra peach syrup (heated), orange concentrate, almond essence. Chop all but ½ cup peach slices, fold into mixture. Allow to cool and, when beginning to thicken, fold in ½ cup sour cream, lemon juice. Beat egg-whites with salt until stiff, fold into mixture. Spoon filling into crumb crust; chill. Decorate with spoonfuls of sour cream and preserved peach slices.

Our Home Plans Service

HUNDREDS of home plans are available to readers at our architect-directed Home Planning Centres. All these plans can be modified to suit individual needs.

- Full plans and specifications from £10/10/-
- All normal architect's services available.
- Alterations to suit site if wanted.

Phone or call at your local Centre at—

Sydney: Anthony Horderns (Box 58, P.O., Brickfield Hill), B0951, ext. 220.

Melbourne: R.V.I.A. Small Homes Service, Age Building, 233 Collins St. (63-0341, ext. 322). Mailing address, P.O. Box No. 185C.

Hobart: FitzGeralds (27221).

Adelaide: 47 South Terrace (51-1798).

Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St. (Box 409F, G.P.O.). (22-691.)

Toowoomba: Pigotts (2-1733).

Perth: Western Building Centre, 10 Milligan St. (21-4788).

Or fill in coupon below and post it to your nearest Home Planning Centre.

Please make all cheques payable to "Women's Weekly Home Plans Service." Cut this out, fill in details, and mail in envelope addressed to our Centre in your State.

COUPON

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

..... STATE .....

☐ Please send complete details of the services you offer. (I enclose 2/- to cover cost of handling and postage.)

☐ Please send the series of booklets showing illustrated plans for 130 homes. (I enclose 15/- to cover complete cost.)

Bedtime Tales

"The magic of that bedtime story just wore off."

"Comfy?"

"You're still keeping me awake!"

ARE YOU TOO TIRED AT NIGHT?

Do you come home from work tired out . . . too exhausted to give your family the real companionship they expect?

Is your marriage suffering?

Men and women who feel run-down, depressed, need LECITHIN in their diet! Take TOPPIN 22 every day and you will feel a vibrant new surge of energy in 4 days.

Lecithin is a vital component of the nervous system, and after 30 this vital supply slowly drains away.

Suddenly you feel old before your time!

TOPPIN 22 tablets contain the 22 essential vitamins and minerals PLUS LECITHIN to quickly restore youthful vigour.

18/– *for one month's supply from your chemist.* (100 *day pack* 48/–.)

MAY WE SUGGEST?

THE IDEAL GIFT for friends in Australia or Overseas, is a Gift Subscription to The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Rates	½ Year	1 Year
Aust.	£1/14/6	£3/9/-
N. Guinea	£2/3/6	£4/7/-
New Zealand & Fiji	£2/12/-	£5/4/-
Brit. Dom.	£2/12/6	£5/4/-
Foreign	£3/5/6	£6/11/-

THE IDEAL GIFT!

FEATURES JOKES FICTION 1/6

for all the family in

Everybody's

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975570

Pick from this bouquet of buttons

colour matched by Beutron to summers newest shades

A Beutron button is *more* than a fastening. It's a fashion accessory, colour matched exactly to summer's newest shades. That's why both dressmakers and leading Fashion Houses love Beutron so. They know the buttonhole hasn't been made that isn't smarter for a *Beutron* button. Wash? Boil? Dry-clean? Yes, Beutron buttons do all that — *beautifully*. Look for the Beutron display stand at all smart button counters.

Beutron

ALWAYS MATCHES — NEVER CLASHES

BB1/04.WWFPC

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975571

AT HOME
with Margaret Sydney

● Recently, on different sides of the Atlantic Ocean, two writers put the finishing touches to two autobiographies which turned out to have the same title.

THIS is the sort of thing, I should imagine, that writers and their publishers dread — the kind of horrible coincidence that is likely to confuse readers' minds and interfere with sales.

But in this case the titles were so obviously the right ones that the oddest coincidence lay in the fact that both books were published in the same year.

Each book was called "My First 100 Years," and neither writer was being funny. Each of them was 100 years old when the books were published.

The American was Lee Merriweather, who has been a diplomat, a journalist, and a lawyer, as well as writing 25 books.

He made a trip to England at the time his book was published, and told the Press that he hoped the trip would give him material for another book.

His FIRST book was published in 1885 after his FIRST trip to England and the Continent, and he called it "How To See Europe On 50 Cents A Day." On this earlier trip he was paying 3/- a day to stay in one of the better London hotels!

On his most recent trip he had a meeting with the author of the other "My First 100 Years" — Dr. Margaret Murray, the famous English archeologist.

Dr. Murray was born in India, was trained in Egyptology under the immortal Flinders Petrie, and was the first woman archeologist to conduct her own excavations.

She had written 29 other books before her autobiography was published on her 100th birthday.

In it she wrote: **"Though I ought to have regarded myself long ago as being on the shelf, I have deliberately refused to go on that uncomfortably flat resting place, and continue to do research in hope that it may be of use."**

Obviously these are two exceptional people, with exceptional health and exceptional minds; but it does make me wonder how many old people are "on the shelf" just because they haven't quite the force of character to resist the younger generation's feeling that that's where they ought to be.

That relative thing called age . . .

WHEN I was quite a small child, weeping buckets of tears over my fifth or sixth reading of "Seven Little Australians," I remember being astonished by an aunt of mine who told me she used to go to dancing classes with Ethel Turner.

My mouth fell open, and I don't know that I really believed her.

To me Ethel Turner was a legendary character like Hans Christian Andersen, and therefore probably dead and certainly not known to anyone I'd be likely to know.

Not so very long ago, just a year or two before Ethel Turner did die, a friend took me to afternoon tea with her at her Mosman home.

She was by then very old, and the overpowering impression she made on me was that she was so young!

It was almost impossible to get her to talk about herself or her own books. She knew all the generations of writers who had come on since her day, she knew about the new plays and the new pictures that were being painted, and those were the things she wanted to talk about.

What a relative thing age is, anyway. I can remember asking my father (when he must have been forty) how old he was and being perfectly satisfied with the answer, "twenty-one," because at that stage 21 seemed practically the end of the road to me, anyhow!

I can remember being surprised, when I was about nine, to hear that a teacher had left school to be married. I thought all teachers were "old," like parents, and not to be thought of in terms of orange blossom and white tulle veils.

Kay, coming home from her first day at school, was cross-questioned by the family about what she did, and how she liked it, and what her teacher was like.

"She's nice, I like her," Kay said.

"Old or young?" we asked.

"Oh, quite old," Kay said, screwing up her face to consider the matter. "Quite a lot older than mummy."

A few weeks later I met this ancient teacher at a school gathering. She turned out to be a fresh-faced 19-year-old in her first teaching job.

I tried to sort this out with Kay on the way home, but I got nowhere, because she obviously thought I was trying to show off by saying Miss Smith was younger than I. "She's much older because she's much bigger," Kay said, and that was that.

You can't grow old for 15 years!

I'VE always been amused by the saying of the American financier Bernard Baruch: "Old age is always fifteen years older than I am."

The same thing goes for middle-age with most of us, I guess. Having a literal mind I always thought (until I got there) that 35 was middle-age, because it was exactly half of the allotted span of three-score years and ten.

Now I'm more inclined to think that middle-age is (a) Perhaps not 15, but certainly five years older than I am, and (b) something that happens to one's old school-friends.

I've always preferred certain ages to others, in a way that doesn't make any sense at all. Twenty-four was a nicer age than 23, 38 was nicer than 37, and 75 and 76 will be nicer things to be than 77 — if I make the grade!

No doubt a psychologist could explain to me why I prefer even numbers to the odd ones except when the odd ones end in five.

My preference for fives and even numbers extends only to anno domini. I don't give a darn about what number is on the raffle ticket I buy — it doesn't make a bit of difference to the inevitable result!

Yes – even this kind of dirt!

* *Taken from the famous Handy Andy Kindergarten Cleaning Test Commercial — now on TV*

Handy Andy shifts dirt like nothing else can!

In Stafford, Brisbane, sixteen kiddies were invited — yes, *invited!* — to make a mess of their kindergarten wall. And *what* a mess they made, with grease, jam, finger-paint — even mud pies. The kiddies went home, and the dirt was allowed to dry hard. The object? To test Handy Andy with ammonia, the white liquid that shifts dirt like nothing else can! Just a little Handy Andy in water and — *whoosh!* All that dirt was wiped off in next to no time. For all your tough cleaning chores try white Handy Andy, the first liquid cleaner to combine powerful cleaning agents with ammonia. Shifts dirt like nothing else can!

HANDY ANDY

Now in a bright, new, easy-grip bottle

HA35.WW143R

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975572

Only HEINZ gives your baby so much variety!

So much natural goodness, too!

Every mother knows the importance of VARIETY in baby's menu. And so does Heinz! That's why there are nearly one hundred different Heinz Baby Foods —all bringing baby the natural goodness of wholesome ingredients prepared with special care. No wonder well over a million young Australians have grown up with the help of Heinz.

BLUE LABEL FOR YOUNG BABIES

8 Broths and Soups
13 Meat and Vegetable meals
2 Vegetables
12 Fruits and Desserts
5 High Meat Dinners

RED LABEL FOR OLDER BABIES

4 Broths and Soups
20 Meat and Vegetable Dinners
3 Vegetables
16 Fruits and Desserts
5 High Meat Dinners

PLUS 5 Baby Cereals —
Rice, Oatmeal, Barley, Mixed, High Protein
2 Fruit Juices —
for baby's daily requirement of Vitamin C.

—and now, when your growing baby needs more . . . more . . . more . . .

HEINZ new LARGE-SIZE Junior Foods

- In the familiar red label.
- Nearly double the regular quantity.
- 8 popular varieties.

Rely on the goodness and variety of

HEINZ

naturally better BABY FOODS

57 *Australia's acknowledged Baby Feeding Specialists*

***PRIZEWINNING** bowl of pompone dahlias, among which are included Rhonda (orchid colored), Linda Harris (pink), Little Sally (vermilion), Margaret Williams (cerise), Burwood (yellow), Eileen Ward (cerise and corn-colored).*

***WINSOME**, champion cactus dahlia, with rolled petals.*

DAHLIAS

DAHLIAS should be planted any time from the end of October to the middle of December.

If clumps of tubers are left in the soil year after year the plants become unwieldy with many stems and small blooms of no particular beauty.

Lift the clumps each June or July and store indoors or in a sheltered corner. When spring comes bury them in moist soil for a month or more to sprout. The shoots are produced at the base of last season's stems. Now divide the clumps into single tubers, each bearing a piece of stem from which a shoot or eye is growing, and plant them in position in the garden, with a stake for each plant.

***MARION**, champion medium-size garden cactus dahlia of clear coloring.*

Gardening Book — page 214

WHAT TO GROW:

Pompones—some of the best are Doria (deep maroon), Elwin Jones (deep pink, new), Kym Willow (lovely orange bronze), Little Marvel (clear bright red), Little Edith (gold, edged red), Romali (cream), Rosealba (white with pink edges), and Willow Violet (deep violet).

Charms and miniature cactus dahlias — good for cutting. New varieties are Purple Gem (purple tipped with silver), Starlight (unusual shade of deep orange, shaded old-gold), Sandra Bromley (orange-red, tipped gold), Jim Shields (a good pale yellow), Kalua (bright pink, tipped cream), Alden Opal (lilac), and Mrs. J. Robertson (pale lavender).

Big decoratives—best new varieties are Centenary Glory (lovely deep violet), Bob Stanners (purple), Coffs Harbor (deep mahogany to copper), Golden Melody (dwarf, deep gold), Queen Elizabeth (informal yellow), Mary Black (one of the largest dahlias—bright yellow), Sir Nigel (mauve, tipped white), and Waratah (large blooms, deep red).

Fringed or fimbriated dahlias—best new ones are Country Girl (light pink), Folies de Dentelle (most feathery type, lilac-pink), and Val St. Lambert (early, cream, tipped carmine-red).

● *Photographs above taken at show held by Royal Horticultural Society of Victoria and Burnley College of Horticulture. Below, dahlias grown by Mr. F. White, South Granville, N.S.W.*

***SUNRISE**, a large decorative dahlia most useful for making a good splash of color in the garden.*

***REGINA**, another big decorative dahlia and perennial favorite for larger gardens and shows.*

Gardening Book — page 215

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975573

Now choose America's famous Avon Cosmetics in your own home

It's Avon Calling to introduce you to the wonderful world of Avon beauty. Your friendly Avon Representative brings world-famous Avon Cosmetics, fragrances and toiletries right to your home. Superb cosmetics, expertly formulated, beautifully packaged, unsurpassed in quality from the world's largest cosmetic company. It's so convenient and pleasant to choose your cosmetics from the complete Avon line, relaxed and at ease at home, with a trained and interested friend to help you. You try before you buy, and pay only when your selections are delivered to you personally at home. And all Avon products have an *unconditional money-back guarantee*. Discover all that's new and exciting in the wonderful world of beauty.

WELCOME YOUR AVON REPRESENTATIVE WHEN SHE CALLS!

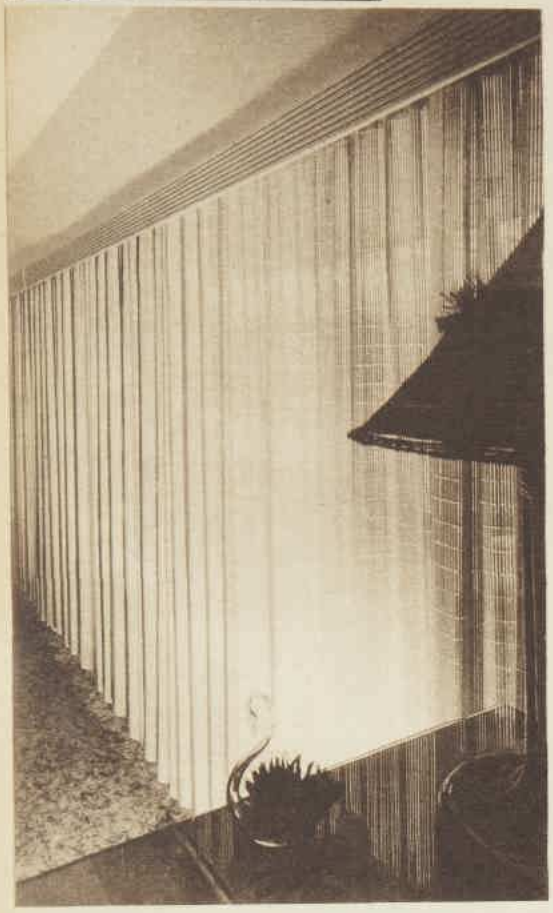
Avon Products Pty. Limited 291 George Street, Sydney, New South Wales. **Telephone 29-8051 for a Representative to call**

Avon cosmetics

NEW YORK • LONDON • MONTREAL • SYDNEY

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975574

Woodweev Klinkii pine



curtains and blinds

LOOK WHAT THEY CAN DO FOR YOUR HOME

Planning a sophisticated dining room? A gay bedroom—a modern, sunny living room? You get the effect you want with fabulous Woodweev curtains and blinds. For here are the colours you yearn to see in your home—vivid deep hues, lighthearted pastels, muted moderns . . . any one, you've 18 delightful shades to choose. Wonderful atmosphere, too. Pinewood slats are woven with **everlasting Terylene cord,** in attractive stitch patterns to allow a cool filtered light effect. Besides, Woodweev **RARELY NEEDS CLEANING.**

Free measure and quotes within metropolitan area

AVAILABLE AT FURNISHING & DEPARTMENTAL STORES

Don't accept substitutes . . . there's only one Woodweev in genuine, long lasting Klinkii Pine.

Woodweev WRITE FOR FREE LITERATURE AND SAMPLES, OR CALL AT WOODWEEV SHOWROOM, ROOM 44, 104 BATHURST ST., SYDNEY. 61 1240

QUEENSLAND TOMATO RECIPE CONTEST

RESULTS — SEPTEMBER

Prizewinners for September in the Queensland Tomato Recipe Contest are:

FIRST PRIZE: £20	Mrs. L. Westlake, c/o Post Office Pearl Beach.	VEAL AND TOMATO CASSEROLE
SECOND PRIZE: £10	Mrs. J. Bruce 8 Wrights Road, Drummoyne.	ICED TOMATO JUICE
THIRD PRIZE: £5	Mrs. A. Watts, 1 Dalley Street, Junee.	PRESTO LASAGNE

The Committee of Direction of Fruit Marketing, P.O. BOX 176, HAYMARKET, SYDNEY.

CONSULT our HOME PLANNING CENTRES for advice on planning your new home. Call and peruse our extensive range of designs catering for everything from smart little weekenders, dignified city homes to rambling country homesteads.

Pastel zinnias are his second love

By CLAUDIA WRIGHT

● At 14, James Turner was an apprentice gardener at a castle in Ayrshire, Scotland. Now 70, he's gardening at what he calls "my own castle" — a neat white weatherboard house in Box Hill, Vic.

● On an old kitchen chair, James Turner tends his zinnias. He is partially paralysed.

GARDENING was always his livelihood; but for the past 16 years it has been his hobby, with only one object: to perfect his own variety of zinnia.

It is a beautiful small pastel zinnia, with soft petals —layers and layers of them —and a jewel-colored centre.

James Turner is the first man ever, as far as he knows, to develop this variety.

It is only half the size of the normal zinna and much more delicate in appearance.

The petals are velvety (most zinnias have crisp, coarse petals) and the colors are the softest pastels imaginable—from cream to sugar-pink and apricot. Ordinary zinnias have vibrant colors—reds, oranges, yellows.

To perfect the type and keep it true has been a hard and frustrating job — but it is also one of the joys of his life.

He spends most of his time in the garden; but these days, because of paralysis, he has to do all his work sitting on an old kitchen chair.

He uses two walking-sticks to get around.

But he still drives a car and can turn over a garden bed from his chair as fast as the average gardener.

Mr. Turner came to Australia 38 years ago from the gardens of Minard Castle, where he tended 20 acres of flowers and lawns and four acres of vegetables.

Four seeds

His first job in Australia was raising vegetables at a sheep station in New South Wales.

But he yearned for rosebeds and sweeping lawns, so came to Melbourne to work at stately "Whernside," then the home of Sir Colin and Lady Fraser.

He introduced more rosebeds, a sunken garden, and a large pool, where he planted a 3ft. willow tree. Sixteen years later, when he left, the willow was 30ft. high.

Mr. Turner's grandfather, Samuel Cherry, was head gardener at Culzean Castle, on the Ayrshire coast. His mother was a keen gardener, too, and taught James to look for unusual or new plants.

His adventures with the zinnias started because he followed this advice.

"It all began," he told me, "when I was working at a garden in Kew. The owner had planted a bed of dahlia-flowering zinnias.

"When they flowered I noticed among the blooms a freak zinnia — a complete breakaway.

"It was a different size and color from the rest. This tiny bloom had cream, pastel pink, and bronze petals and a bright centre.

"I guarded it and collected four seeds.

"From these came four unusual zinnias. Like the parent bloom, they were small and pastel-colored. But they had no stems.

"So I collected the seeds, and the following season I planted them with seeds from a white dahlia-flowering zinnia called the Polar Bear variety.

"The bees did the rest, and the following year I had a true-to-type small pastel zinnia with a long sturdy stem.

"This was the first sign that my zinnia was a pure sport.

"I had about 200 flowers and carefully kept the seeds.

"But the next season they turned out very mediocre plants. It took me another ten years to fix the strain and bring them back to form.

"I nearly gave up a dozen times, but they came good and have remained that way."

This year was Mr. Turner's 16th zinnia season — and one of his best. His blooms were almost perfect and were in about 20 pastel colors, including a new one — a pale heliotrope. If he can stabilise this new color, he may develop a blue zinnia from it.

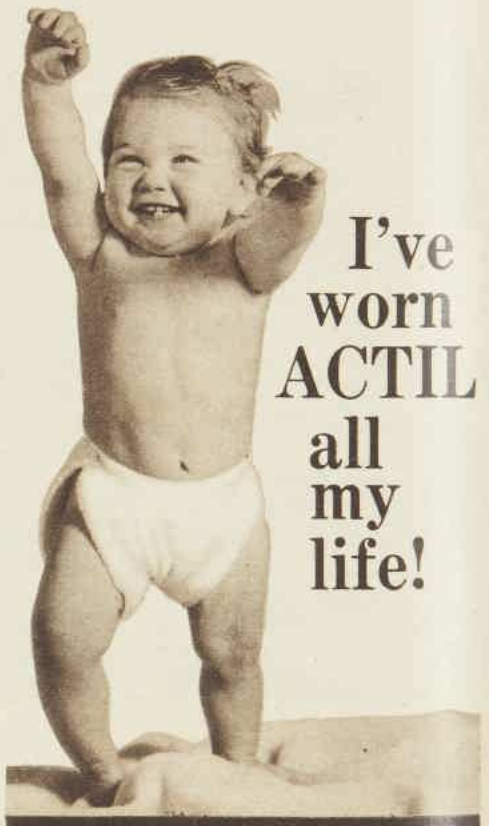
Mr. Turner and his small, energetic wife say they can't keep up with the demand for their blooms and seeds.

They won't sell the seeds commercially, because they feel the variety would not be kept true and in a few years would be lost.

London-born Mrs. Turner does most of the heavy garden work and they flail out the zinnia seeds together.

As yet Mr. Turner hasn't given his flower a name.

My guess is that if he ever does it will be named after Mrs. Turner—"The best wife a man could ever have."



I've worn ACTIL all my life!

ACTIL

BABY NAPS

★ Super soft terry
★ Longer wearing
★ Extra absorbent
★ Hygienic

'POPULAR' & 'SUPERIOR' QUALITIES

AN ACTIL PRODUCT

BUY QUALITY BY ACTIL

AUSTRALIAN COTTON TEXTILE INDUSTRIES LIMITED.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975575

ONCE UPON A TIME A MAN'S HOME WAS HIS CASTLE . . .

Now he's lucky to find peace in the doghouse!

By SHEILA SIBLEY

● Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home. But in today's houses, humble or no, there's rarely a place for Dad to call his own.

TAKE any family of four — a boy, a girl, mother, a father. The boy has his own room. She has the girl. The kitchen is undisputedly the wife's terrain — her factory, her office, her workshop. The living-room is community property. What does that leave for father when he wants to get away from all?

The master bedroom is not really the Master's — those pink voile curtains and the floral bedspread and the lampshade are not of his choosing. What is his, then, accommodation-wise?

Some fathers I have consulted on this fascinating problem have admitted to only one foolproof room — the bathroom. It is a community room, but it has one outstanding virtue: a man can lock the door, block his ears to the strumming of little feet outside, and dream of a place of his own.

Lions have dens and foxes have dens, but fathers don't have them any more. Only well-heeled fathers can build a refuge for themselves in the modern house. Other poor fathers have got to settle for togetherness, whether they like it or not.

But in more male breasts than one wots of there is a deep well-spring of curdled yearning for the dear dead days when a man's house was his castle — not HERS.

Take the Victorian era. The Victorians did not dig togetherness jazz.

Father provided mother with a family of 14 or so (some of whom thrived), then disappeared behind his study door and was seen by his progeny only by appointment. And appointments were seldom sought, being of the order of: "You will see me in my study after supper, children."

In the glorious privacy of a room lined with pipes, guns, and sporting trophies, furnished with stout leather chairs that bore the heaviest male with equanimity, and in front of a roaring fire with a comfortable fender reminiscent of the footrail of a pub, the head of the house entertained his equals with port and cigars. A stout oak door separated him from female interference and the maddening chit-chat of the young.

You had to be rich, of course. The proletarian Papa simply fled to the pub, as many touching period ballads show. ("Oh, father, dear father, when will you come home? The clock in the steeple strikes one.").

Don't push him out in the cold . . .

But the humblest chimney-sweep still expected his home to be run for his comfort, not hers.

Not any more. Picture, if you will, a husband with a stack of work he has lugged home from the office.

Can he work on the living-room table? He can not. The living-room crackles with gun-fire from the children's TV programme.

The kitchen table? In the open-plan kitchen his helpmate can be heard clattering dishes and complaining of rising prices.

In the bedroom, perhaps? But the little woman has fought tooth and nail against a good strong light in the bedroom, so that won't do.

Desperately he juggles with the idea of fitting up a little desk across the bath, but he knows that way madness lies.

It gets worse when there are visitors. Women will chatter together anywhere, but men who want to talk man's talk will find themselves huddled edgily in the corner of the room, pretending, like ostriches, there's nobody there but them.

Or they are forced to sit, helpless, trapped by a cup of tea in one hand and a scone in the other, while their spouses explain, in detail, what to do with left-over egg-whites or why they can't wear pink.

Research (mine) indicates that men react to this situation in a variety of ways. Some work back at the office. Others join clubs. A few think of joining Antarctic expeditions, but this is an extreme measure.

The most common bolt-hole is the garage (or tool-shed). Indeed, it sometimes seems that the open-plan house is driving men into garages (or tool-sheds) right across the nation. Sometimes they don't come out for years. Oh, they may show up occasionally for meals, but they don't really live in the house. They live in the garage (or tool-shed).

As the house is her castle, so the garage (or, alternatively, tool-shed) is his. It is one place she simply cannot pretty up.

She has prettied up the house, all right. Textile manufacturers, furniture-makers, and even paint manufacturers have conspired to make houses prettier and more feminine than they ever were. Modern decor exalts feminine colors, feminine fabrics, feminine furniture.

In these female dream homes there is simply no place where a man can put his feet up, with or without boots. There is no furniture into which a man-sized man can fall and be really comfortable without fear of breaking this or scratching that.

. . . Or he may go to the Antarctic

He can try, of course, to install a masculine note—an overstuffed armchair here, a rowing trophy there — but the general effect is not happy. Nor is the little woman, because there is a gulf wider than the Gulf of Carpentaria between male and female ideas on interior decoration. Any compromise is an uneasy compromise indeed.

One such will stick in my memory forever. He was a man's man, a muscle-bound adventurer who had spent his twenty-eight years roughing it from Bolivia to Borneo. She was small and pretty and feminine — a pink and blue, lace-edged creature.

They started off their marriage in a one-room flat. It was a big, airy room, and I still have a mental picture of them standing in the middle of it, glaring at each other.

One half of the room bloomed with flower prints, swan vases laden with roses, frilly tulle curtains, Dresden shepherdesses, and knick-knacks.

The other half — starting exactly at the middle — featured mounted stags' heads, a collection of native weapons, a Maori feather cloak, several shrunken heads, and remarkably ugly Balinese devil masks, each representing a dread disease.

The end result was hardly harmonious, but it certainly was fascinating.

No such complications arise for the male gone to earth in his garage. Here he can be wholly, happily himself. I know of one joyous fellow who has installed in his garage a work-bench, a splendid collection of power tools, a refrigerator full of beer, and the armchair he loves the best.

"At least," his wife has been heard to remark bitterly, "I know where he is."

Another has constructed in his garage a miniature race track, with electrically powered scale models of racing cars. Every man in the street drops in there regularly, carrying his two bottles admission fee. At least their wives know where they are.

But, madam, if you have an open-plan house, and your husband has taken to locking himself in the bathroom for hours at a time, be warned! Get him a garage, even if you have to build one for him with you own bare hands.

The Antarctic may be nearer than you think.

THE WORLD'S MOST CONTROVERSIAL WOMAN

joins Everybody's magazine

She is HELEN GURLEY BROWN

THE WOMAN whose devastatingly frank book "SEX AND THE SINGLE GIRL" is a best-seller in 13 countries, including Australia.

THE WOMAN who believes that far from being a creature to be pitied and patronised, the single girl is emerging as the newest glamor girl of our times.

THE WOMAN who has championed the bachelor girl on more than 100 radio and television shows in the past year — while other television stations have banned her.

THE WOMAN who says: "Theoretically a 'nice' single woman has no love life. What nonsense! She has a better deal than most of her married friends."

●

And now Helen Gurley Brown is writing a regular sparkling advice column for single women throughout the world, including 1,500,000 in Australia.

Don't miss HELEN GURLEY BROWN each week in . . .

Everybody's

OUT TOMORROW, 1/6

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975576

Tonight's main-meal-with-a-difference...

SEAFOOD-SCRAMBLED EGGS

Here's another of those scrumptiously satisfying main-meal egg dishes. Rich in the very best protein. Loaded with vitamins and minerals. All egg dishes are rich in these important factors. For food as well as money value, you just cannot beat eggs . . . . Sunrise eggs, of course.

SUNRISE EGGS

GUARANTEED LOCAL NEW LAID
Cartons weight stamped for your protection . . . 18oz., 21oz and 24 oz. to the dozen.

SEA FOOD SCRAMBLED EGGS

Simmer ½ lb. smoked fish till tender, flake into small pieces. Meanwhile, cook enough rice to make about 2 cups cooked. Scramble 6 eggs with 6 tablespoons milk and, just before they set, stir in the flaked fish and rice. Sprinkle with parsley and serve with vegetables. Serves 3-4.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975577

LAMPSHADES TO MAKE

● **Eleven new lampshade designs in this four-page feature are easily made from inexpensive materials. Directions for the shades shown on this page are on pages 60 and 61.**

FOR KITCHEN OR BAR. Gay bobbles trim a decorative cylinder shade (above). Base is an empty chianti bottle. Pictures by staff photographer Barry Cullen.

TWO SMART TV LAMPS. Shades and one bottle-base (left) are covered with self-adhesive plastic. Second base has an attractive crocheted fish-net cover.

FEATHERS (above) are silhouetted against white buckram when the light is switched on. Hard-wearing clear plastic covers the shade, base has crochet cover.

More designs, page 59

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975578

All you have to add *is the cherry on the top!*

Nothing to add-Whip (just once!) and freeze

NESTLÉ'S INSTANT ICE CREAM

The smoothest, creamiest ice cream you've ever tasted—the quickest and easiest you've ever made—the most economical you can buy! And Nestlé's Instant Ice Cream has the **true** flavour of ice cream because it's **pure** ice cream. Each can makes 6 big servings! Try some delicious Nestlé's Instant Ice Cream soon—with or without that jaunty little cherry.

No middle whip —nothing to add!

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975579

CONTEMPORARY SHAPES (above) are color-toned to match individual room schemes. See directions below for making them.

Straw is so versatile

ALL the lampshades on this page are made in the same way — by weaving the raffia either vertically or horizontally under and over the frame.

The materials required for each shade and the basic directions are given below.

Materials: Turabast Swiss raffia (matt or brilliant finish), scissors, transparent craft glue, curved raffia bodkin for weaving horizontally worked shades.

Olive-green **Lantern Shape** (shown above): Seven skeins Turabast brilliant Swiss raffia, one 4 x 4 x 12½in. (11in. width) 12-ribbed frame.

Tango Pumpkin Shape (shown above): Eleven skeins Turabast brilliant Swiss raffia, one 4 x 4 x 9½in. (14in. width) 12-ribbed frame.

Bronze-green **Tube Shape** (first in group of 3 above right): Four skeins Turabast brilliant Swiss raffia, one 6 x 6 x 10in. 6-ribbed frame.

White Tapered Cylinder Shape (second in group above right): Eight skeins (five if thumbed out) Turabast matt Swiss raffia, one 8 x 6 x 14in. 6-ribbed frame, 2¾yds. gold lurex braid.

Rose Cone Shape (third in group top right): Six skeins Turabast brilliant Swiss raffia, one 8 x 3½ x 9in. 6-ribbed frame, 1½yds. silver lurex braid.

White Drum Shape (below left): Four skeins Turabast matt Swiss raffia, one 10 x 8 x 7in. 6-ribbed frame, 1¾yds. white-and-gold lurex braid.

Red Cylinder Shape (right): Four skeins Turabast brilliant Swiss raffia, one 6 x 6 x 11in. 8-ribbed frame, 1 1-3rd yds. braid.

TO MAKE

The raffia can be used as it comes in the skein, or flattened out between thumb and forefinger and wound on to a piece of cardboard. The latter method is recommended as the better of the two and it takes less raffia.

To prevent sagging between the ribs (raffia is slightly affected by a damp atmosphere), **do not** work in a hot, dry room.

Remove paper wrapping from raffia skein, but leave the two ties in place to keep skein together during use.

Begin work with end which comes from centre of skein.

First bind frame: Tie raffia to top ring at a rib. Wind raffia round rib to bottom ring, along bottom ring to next rib, up this rib, along top ring to next rib. Continue in this way until you come back to first rib covered.

Then bind all way round top ring to cover blank spaces; knot end. Glue end of raffia into place. Bind bottom ring in same manner.

WEAVING THE RAFFIA

Weaving is either vertical or horizontal, depending on the type of frame.

Vertical Weaving: Work from top to bottom of frame in a figure-eight movement.

Horizontal Weaving: Work over and under each rib in a circular movement.

Use glue at beginning and end of work and to join raffia.

Joins will be neater if made on top or bottom ring for vertical work or on a rib for horizontal.

After weaving is completed trim shades, as illustrated, with braid.

Continued overleaf

SOPHISTICATED white straw shade (left) is designed for a traditional setting. Pictures on this page by staff photographer Don Cameron.

PRETTY TRIO (above) are all vertically woven (see directions this page). Each base has been carefully chosen to complement the shape and color of the shade.

CHINESE RED RAFFIA, horizontally woven on cylindrical shade below, is trimmed with gold braid. See Red Cylinder materials, directions this page.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975580

LAMPSHADES TO MAKE

Lampshades on these two pages are shown in color on page 57.

Feather-Trimmed Lamp

***FEATHERED LAMP** has base of crocheted raffia.*

Materials: One piece buckram (9in. by 36in.), 1 piece cellulose acetate sheet (9in. by 36in.), quantity of colored feathers, 2 10in. diameter lampshade rings, 6 skeins Turabast brilliant Swiss raffia, 1 No. 11 crochet hook, sticking-plaster, instant adhesive, 1 square bottle, 1 push-bar lamp holder, electrical wire for lamp fitting.

TO MAKE SHADE

Cut paper pattern 9in. deep and long enough to fit circumference of 10in. diameter ring.

Cut buckram to pattern, allowing extra 1½in. for overlap. Cut cellulose acetate sheet long enough to butt joining edges when wrapped round lampshade rings. Arrange feathers on outside of buckram with a little instant adhesive, then catch-sew into place. Punch small lacing holes round top and bottom of cellulose acetate sheet at regular intervals, also along sides of butt join.

Using darning needle threaded with raffia, lace buckram and cellulose acetate together to wire frame, overlapping buckram at join. Then lace together butt edges of cellulose acetate sheet.

TO COVER BASE
Shell Pattern Stitch

Work a chain slightly longer than length required to fit round square body of bottle.

Continued from previous page

1st Row: 3 tr. into 4th ch. from hook, * miss 3 ch., 1 d.c. into next ch., 2 ch., 3 tr. into same place as last d.c.; rep. from * for desired length, ending with miss 3 ch., 1 d.c. into next ch., 3 ch., turn.

2nd Row: 1 d.c. into 1st 3 ch. space, * 2 ch., 3 tr. into same place as last d.c., 1 d.c. into next 2 ch. space. Repeat from * to end of row, 3 ch., turn. Repeat 2nd row for length required.

Crochet a rectangle in shell-stitch big enough to cover straight sides of bottle (exact size of rectangle will depend on size of bottle). When complete, wrap rectangle tightly round bottle and stitch edges together. Slip rectangle off.

To shape for bottle neck work 1 tr. and 1 ch. into every second space of shell pattern for 1 row only. Change to d.c. and continue up neck of bottle, decreasing where necessary to fit neck shape. Finish with a very tight row of d.c. to curl over bottle top, but leave opening for lamp fitting. Drill hole near base of bottle for electrical wire.

Double crochet square piece to fit bottle base. Stitch to cover. Attach cable to lamp fitting. Wind sticking-plaster round ferrule for firm fit.

***KITCHEN MOTIF** in self-adhesive plastic covers shade.*

LAMP FOR BAR OR KITCHEN

Materials: One 8in. diameter by 12in. deep cylinder-type frame, ½yd. 36in. wide self-adhesive plastic (or ¾yd. of 18in. wide if using all-over pattern), aluminium foil for lining, ¾yd. small bobble braid, ¾yd. large bobble braid, 1 table lamp fitting, 1 bottle for base, glue, sticking-plaster, instant adhesive, electrical wire for lamp fitting.

TO MAKE

Cut paper pattern to fit frame. Cut cardboard to pattern. Cut foil same length as pattern, but only 10½in. deep. Glue foil to cardboard, smoothing very carefully and leaving ¾in. of cardboard uncovered at top and bottom. Cut plastic to pattern, allowing extra ¼in. at one end and ½in. at other, and extra 1in. at top and bottom of frame.

Join cardboard, with foil attached, with cellulose tape. Slip over frame to check size and fit.

Remove backing from plastic at top and bottom turn-overs and two end laps only. Wrap plastic round cardboard, leaving turn-overs free at top and bottom. Stick short side lap firmly to inside of cardboard. Overlap longer side and stick down firmly. Attach to frame on top and bottom rings with small pieces of cellulose tape. Slash top and bottom turnovers at ¾in. intervals down to edge of cardboard right round shade. Turn inside and stick down firmly.

Cut small bobbles from braid. Stick to top of shade with instant adhesive. Leave braid on big bobbles, and stick round base.

Attach cable to lamp fitting. Wind sticking-plaster round ferrule for firm fit in bottle neck.

NE1826/62

White coffee needs the right coffee

Gorgeous smell of roasting coffee beans! That's the fresh coffee taste that comes through with milk or cream when you use Golden Roast. It's blended right, roasted right for white coffee: rich, best-of-the-coffee-beans Golden Roast.

So many ways to enjoy good white coffee: Richly creamed with Ideal Milk . . . fluffed-up Cappucino style, and topped with milk and a sprinkling of cinnamon or cocoa . . . So long as it's white coffee, the right coffee is always Golden Roast.

(the one coffee blended right, roasted right for white coffee)

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975581

Two Lamps for TV

CONICAL SHADE AND COVERED BASE

Materials: Conical frame (8in. diameter at base), ½yd. self-adhesive plastic for shade, ½yd. self-adhesive plastic for bottle, ½yd. medium-weight cardboard, ½yd. aluminium foil, glue, 1 push-bar lamp holder, electrical wire.

TO MAKE SHADE

Make paper pattern of frame by rolling frame on paper and marking top and bottom tracks with pencil (or adjust a rough cone of paper to fit frame).

Make pattern for ¾in. finishing strips to go round inside top and base of shade.

Cut cardboard to frame pattern. Cut aluminium foil to cover cardboard. Glue foil to inner side of cardboard.

Cut self-adhesive plastic to pattern, allowing 1in. at top and bottom for turn-over and ¾in. overlap at one side edge and ¾in. at other.

Remove paper backing from plastic. Stick plastic to cardboard carefully to avoid wrinkles.

Fold ¾in. lap allowance to inside, leaving the ¾in. lap free for joining shade, which should now fit frame perfectly. Join shade.

Drop shade over frame. Slash top and bottom turn-overs down to cardboard at frequent intervals. Fold slashed pieces over top and bottom wires without creasing and stick down inside.

Fix finishing-off strips inside top and bottom of shade underneath wires. Press firmly into place.

TO COVER BASE

It's best to choose simple shapes for bottle bases because self-adhesive plastic will not stick well on intricate designs.

Drill small hole in side of bottle near base to take electrical wire. Make paper patterns for pieces necessary to cover bottle. (The number and size will depend on bottle size and shape.)

The bottle shown below took four strips of self-adhesive plastic for rounded corners of bottle, 4 more pieces for sides of bottle (these overlap the corner strips), and one piece the same size as bottle-base. Base piece needs careful fitting at corners to avoid wrinkling.

Bottle Neck: Bottle in the picture had a fancy, ribbed neck. To cover it efficiently, a small cardboard tube previously covered with self-adhesive plastic was slipped over bottle neck. Allow 1in. self-adhesive plastic at top of bottle for turn-in. This turn-in was slashed at frequent intervals for a neat fit. Tube was attached to bottle body at base of neck with a narrow strip of self-adhesive plastic.

To Fit Lampholder to Bottle: Build up metal ferrule with sticking plaster to fit inside firmly. Insert wire through small hole near base of bottle, draw it up through bottle neck and attach to lampholder. Attach 3-pin plug to other end of electrical wire.

If bottle tends to over-balance, partly fill it with lead shot.

Note: Two types of lamp fittings are available:

Push-Bar Lamp Fitting: A small hole is drilled near bottle base. Electrical wire is threaded through bottle and attached to fitting, giving a neater finish.

Table Lamp Fitting: No hole is needed. Wire joins fittings outside bottle and is concealed behind lamp.

FISHNET BOTTLE COVER

Materials: Two skeins Turabast brilliant Swiss raffia, 1 No. 11 crochet hook.

TO MAKE

Work ch. long enough to fit rim of bottle base tightly.

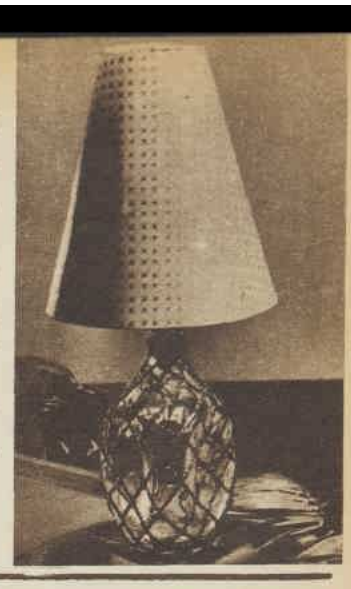
1st Round: Six ch., 1 d.c. into 6th ch. of ring. Rep. to end of round.

2nd Round: Six ch., 1 d.c. into 3rd ch. of previous round, * 9 ch., 1 d.c. into 3rd ch. of previous round, rep. from * to end of round, ending with 1 d.c. into 3rd of first 6 ch.

3rd Round: 12 ch., 1 d.c. into 5th ch. of last round, then 12 ch., 1 d.c. into every 5th ch. until bottle begins to narrow for neck.

Then progressively reduce number of ch. between d.c. on each round until neck is reached. (It should reduce to 3 ch., 1 d.c., etc., for one complete round.) Cont. with 1 d.c. into each ch. to top of bottle. It is important that d.c. section fits bottle neck tightly to hold net in place on bottle.

To Make Base: Work circular piece in d.c. to fit base and sew to original ch. ring.



DIMPLED BOTTLE (right) has crocheted fishnet cover.

SHADE AND BASE (above) are covered in the same pattern, but contrasting colors.

Ireland

Lovely land of glorious differences, of warmth and friendliness and a hundred thousand welcomes. From the awesome cliffs of Moher to romantic Glendalough, from leisurely, cultured Dublin to busy Limerick or Cork, Ireland will be all you ever hoped, much you never dreamed. Lake-laced Donegal uplands . . . Connemara, lonely and lovely . . . exquisite Killarney . . . these and countless other legend-laden scenes are yours to enjoy in IRELAND . . . where living is high and only the prices are low.

POST THIS COUPON for **FREE** literature
Irish Tourist Board, Box 1323, G.P.O., Sydney

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

AWW2 If for school project mark X here ☐

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975582

choose Kelvina

Step up from the ordinary into a world of glamour and better living — move up to Kelvinator quality.

Whether you're a young married — or an old married young-at-heart — you'll fall in love with Kelvinator appliances.

Refrigerators, Home Freezers, Automatic Washers and Air Conditioning . . . all have been designed with you in mind. Make your tryst, like the couples in our picture at your Kelvinator retailer now. *Australia's best name is your best buy — Kelvinator.*

REFRIGERATORS

Fabulous new 2-door Foodarama!

This is the refrigerator-home freezer combination you've seen (and envied) only in glossy U.S. magazines. It has 2 separate doors, to give you better freezing and refrigeration. This 2-door Kelvinator Foodarama is Australia's *largest capacity refrigerator-freezer combination.* 13.6 cubic feet of net usable storage capacity. Cyclic Fully Automatic Defrost, to end messy defrosting.

And, this new model couldn't care less how often you open its doors — because its bigger "Polarsphere" Sealed Unit gives greater, faster cooling.

See it now — nothing like it has been seen before in Australia. Kelvinator Refrigerators are priced from as little as 85 guineas.*

*Prices quoted, are slightly higher in some areas

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975583

tor for better living

The Kelvinator Fully Automatic Washer

Washes cleanest of all because it combines all other washing actions in one — washes up, down and around. Why not prove it yourself? Phone your retailer now for a *free 7-day home trial*. Models are priced from 195 gns.*

Kelvinator Refrigerated Air Conditioner

Live in cool comfort all year 'round with a *Kelvinator Refrigerated Air Conditioner*. It can automatically sense the ideal temperature . . . banish humidity as only a *refrigerated* unit can. Your summer lifesaver, it's also your warmest friend in winter. Priced from £189.*

AUTOMATIC WASHERS

AIR CONDITIONING

HOME FREEZERS

Spacious Kelvinator Home Freezer

Life with a Kelvinator Home Freezer is wonderful. You can enjoy out-of-season delicacies and save on food bills, too. Entertaining becomes easier and you make less shopping trips. In your Home Freezer you can store bread, pies, cakes, meat, fish, ice cream, vegetables, soups . . . just about anything you care to name. 3 Kelvinator models priced from 169 gns.*

KL238

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975584

FOR THE KITCHEN SINK

Fresh, matching colours in this gay, boilproof bowl and strainer, plus super quality washing-up and pot brushes. Buy together or separately. Complete set, 21/-. Bowl 8/6. Strainer 4/3. Brushes 4/- ea.

more happy ideas from *Addis*

Over 100 of the very best things for you and your home are made by Addis. Addis gives you special care in design, more glamour, longest-lasting quality. Be happy — buy Addis.

MAKE A CLEAN SWEEP

A hair broom, a magnetic-to-dust broom, and a remarkable plastic broom that does everything from sweeping leaves to fluffing rugs. From 11/4.

JUST LIKE MUMMY'S!

Charming "housewife" set for a little girl, and a box to keep it in. Just 19/6.

PRACTICAL AND PRETTY

Addis makes better scrubbing brushes, too! And the prettiest peg pouch. Brush 8/-. Pouch 5/3.

ADI19

TO MEASURE AND STRAIN

Boilproof colander (5/3) and one-pint measuring jug (2/6) in lasting plastic.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975585

TWO BACHELOR FLATS

● Two bachelor flats — one designed for a man and the other for a woman — show how the use of rich fabrics and dramatic blending of colors create a look of luxury combined with comfort. On this page is Mr. Bill Dwyer's flat at Woollahra, N.S.W., which was decorated by Mr. George Hurst. The woman's bachelor flat is on page 67.

WARMTH is achieved in the living-room (above) by the use of gold and flame tones. Wallpaper is patterned in gold, coffee table is white marble, side tables are black lacquer.

COMFORTABLE bar area and dining-room (left) has gold carpet, lovely off-white pickle-finished suite, with gold silk seat-covers. The red, buttoned bar is portable.

KITCHEN has crisp turquoise cafe curtains attached to the rod with white rings. Red telephone and section of cupboards repeat color theme of delightful spotted wallpaper. The other cupboards and all the kitchen appliances are white with black trims. Oven is in wall.

UNUSUAL color combination of Thai silk bedspread and striped Japanese wallpaper gives striking effect in bedroom. Wardrobe has shuttered doors and matches white, self-patterned carpet. Rich royal-blue curtains give added height to room. Pictures by Barry Cullen.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975586

Good things come double –

like double-layer KLEENEX* toilet tissue

double softness · double absorbency · double protection

There's a definite difference. Because Kleenex is *double-layer* toilet tissue it gives softness, absorbency, strength not possible in a single layer tissue. Only Kleenex *doubles* protection against skin irritation and infection. Each roll is tightly, hygienically wrapped. Choose Kleenex 2-ply toilet tissue in pink, aqua, lilac, yellow or white.

Because health is worth more to you and your family than anything else in the world, buy health-protecting Kleenex 2-ply toilet tissue

* registered trademark Kimberly-Clark Corp.

KK548

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975587

DECORATOR'S OWN HOME

● Parisian-trained interior decorator Christine Spindler was able to indulge all her personal decorating whims when she designed her own attractive harborside flat at Kirribilli, N.S.W.

WALLPAPER in kitchen (above) is patterned in gold and coral. Ceramic tile table is set on brass brackets and has matching gold-painted stools.

FABRICS of different pattern have been successfully combined in bedroom (above). Lampshades are checked Thai silk and the curtains are a conservative floral. French plaster bedhead is set in brass frame, tables are ceramic tiled.

STUDY AREA (left) is separated from kitchen and living-room by Japanese shoji screen. An old reconditioned desk is painted gold and blends well with the modern, adjustable bookcase. Lamp has carved wood base.

COMFORTABLE living-room (below) is a combination of old and new. Settee and armchair are re-covered, harmonise with modern pieces.

FEMININE bathroom has pretty blue floral wallpaper, frilly white terylene shower curtain, and nylon wig stool cover. Pictures by Keith Barlow.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975588

MAY WE SUGGEST . . .

The ideal gift for everyone is a subscription to

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

RATES	AUST.	NEW GUIN.	N.Z. & FIJI	BRIT. DOMS. & U.K.	FOREIGN
½ YEAR	£1 14 6	£2 3 6	£2 12 0	£2 12 6	£3 5 6
1 YEAR	£3 9 0	£4 7 0	£5 4 0	£5 4 0	£6 11 0

THE BATTLE OF THE VILLA FIORITA

Continued from page 19

Timidly, she followed Hugh up the steps. Now they could see that the terrace had a roof of vines; on the right a long walk trellised with wisteria led down and out of sight. From somewhere came a shrilling of birds. The terrace made a forecourt under the vines and led to an open porch with a floor of black and white tiles; an iron table and chairs were set there and the front door was open. It was from here that the shrilling came, they saw that the house wall was covered in cages, each a few inches square and holding a bird that hopped from floor to perch, perch to floor, sometimes opening its wings, and, "Oh," cried Caddie.

"Ssh!"

"But . . . They're wild birds, shut in. There's a chaffinch."

"Ssh!" Hugh's fingers pinched Caddie into silence. "You clot! Do you want someone to hear us?" Why this imperative need for silence, he did not know. Their crepe-soled shoes had made no sound, even on the gravel, and the birds' voices had drowned Caddie's.

There seemed no one about. Then, from behind an arched door on the left, they heard singing, loud, almost raucous, but abstracted, the abstracted singing of someone who worked as they sang. "Italian," whispered Hugh and he looked at the door again. Outside it was a basket, a hoe, and a string of onions. "That must be the kitchen. Should we knock there?" asked Caddie. Hugh shook his head. He did not want to knock.

The singing went on and Hugh, with Caddie tiptoeing after, went to the front door.

"Can we go in? Shouldn't we ask?" but Hugh only said, "Ssh!" That compulsion of secrecy was still on him.

He listened again. "It's all right. Come on." In the hall he stopped. A coat they recognised was hanging there! Fanny's, their mother's coat. A man's short sheepskin-lined duffle hung beside it. Below on a rack were shoes; their mother's walking shoes and a man's shoes, brogued and laced. "His feet are not as big as Father's," whispered Caddie. There was a Japanese sunshade of oiled paper, lavender color. "She didn't have that before." Again they seemed to sniff its unfamiliarity, then, quietly, they slipped into the room beyond.

It was a dining-room. They noticed immediately that the table-cloth on the round table was all of lace with a branched silver candelabrum on the centre. More candlesticks were on the sideboard, a stand of pink hydrangeas in the window.

A trolley of drinks had been wheeled by the door. "Dozens of bottles," said Caddie. The room smelled of flowers, wine, and food, and Caddie's hungry stomach gave a loud rumble. Glass doors divided this room from the next, a drawing-room, bare and cool, with Persian rugs on a polished wood floor. Caddie left a dusty footmark when she stepped on it and hastily withdrew her shoe; they did not go in, but stayed just inside the doors, looking.

Cream paint and double windows, their shutters half down, gave the room a look of the rooms they had seen in Switzerland, but the furniture was — "Italian?" asked Caddie in a whisper — certainly antique; polished wood chairs, upholstered in cream brocade; a low table covered with crystal, silver, and enamel boxes and ornaments. There was a great carved chest, an inlaid writing table with gilt legs, its top holding rows of miniatures, a tapestried stool and, "What is that thing?" asked Caddie.

"I think it's a prie-dieu," said Hugh. "You kneel at it to pray."

"In a drawing-room?" asked Caddie, astonished.

THERE were tapestries on the walls and paintings in gilded frames. At one end a fireplace was made of the same pink stone as the steps they had climbed from the garden; it was laid with olive branches and perhaps the faintly pungent smell in the rooms was of olive smoke.

Each side of the fireplace were bookshelves, reaching to the ceiling, and, above the fireplace itself, two carved angels, almost as tall as Caddie, held sconces; their gilded wings shone in that dim end of the room. French doors opened on to another terrace on the lake side of the house. They could catch a glimpse of the wisteria trellis beyond, but did not dare to cross that shining floor to look.

The dining-room floor was in tiles, patterned with flowers, and from it a staircase curved out of sight. "Is it marble?" asked Caddie, awed. It was of white marble and, "Can we go upstairs?" asked Caddie, shrinking. Hugh listened again; there was still only that singing, and, "Come on," he said, sounding bolder than he felt, but, when gingerly they trod on the smooth whiteness and came up the first few steps, they saw the staircase was closed off from the upper flight by a door of rose brocade. A brocade door! That seemed to lift the house into undreamed-of luxury.

When it was opened, they stood again to listen; then, stepping silently on the bare marble of the treads, they went up the short flight to a landing. Here arched Fra Angelico cloisters guarded a balcony that looked down over the sunken garden they had walked through and over the olive grove. On the balcony a towel horse was spread with a towel on which stockings and socks were laid out to dry.

A hanger held a shirt, open-necked, dark blue; a woman's slip, white and threaded with ribbon, hung over a line. "We shouldn't look," said Hugh suddenly.

"Why not?" said Caddie. "It's only washing."

The landing had four doors. Greatly daring, Hugh opened the first, but it was an empty room. They saw a bedroom where the shutters were down so that it's light was dim. They could make out boxes on the bed, a chair covered by a sheet, a gleam of mirrors. The next door was a dressing-room. Its green shutters were

To page 69

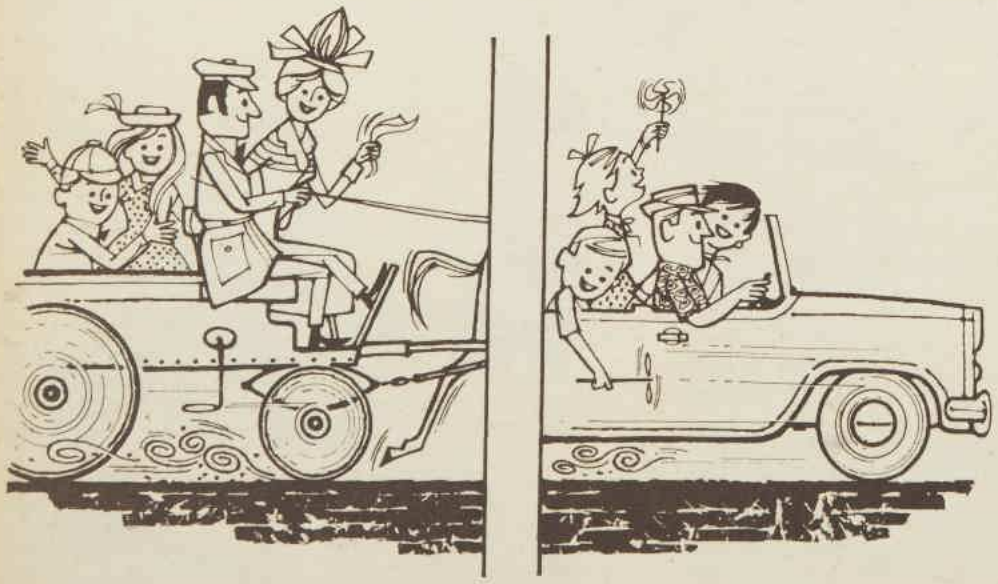
ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

Everything changes-nothing remains the same

Times change — incomes change — property values change — money values change — family needs change. Even though you may not be aware of it at the time, laws change — income tax laws, death duty laws, social service laws.

Few, if any of us can keep pace with all the changes and quickly make the adjustments necessary to keep our affairs in the best possible order. We need some help.

An A.M.P. FAMILY SECURITY CHECK-UP provides the kind of help needed.



4 FOUR POINT FAMILY SECURITY CHECK-UP

Your A.M.P. man knows, from training and experience, how to help you—

1. Check the facts related to your present family and financial position.
2. Check the extent of your needs — what would be required if your family had to live without you — what you will require on retirement or to take advantage of long service leave.
3. Check to find if the provisions you have made are adequate.
4. If they are not, your A.M.P. man will show you a family security plan tailor-made to your precise needs and circumstances.

An A.M.P. Family Security Check-Up costs you nothing but a little of your time—involves you in no obligation except to those you love. All you have to do is to call in your A.M.P. man or call the nearest A.M.P. Office.

A SURE FRIEND IN UNCERTAIN TIMES

AUSTRALIAN MUTUAL PROVIDENT SOCIETY

Head Office: Sydney Cove.

AMP

Offices in cities and towns throughout Australia and New Zealand and in the United Kingdom.

Every A.M.P. member enjoys the unquestioned security afforded by assets of almost £600,000,000 which the Society seeks to invest to the greatest benefit to members.

M112

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975589

THE BATTLE OF THE VILLA FIORITA

only half closed and, standing in the doorway, they looked at a dressing-gown thrown down on the day bed, a row of shoes, ties hung over a chair on which a pair of binoculars were slung. Ivory brushes were on the chest of drawers, with a litter of ashtrays, packets of cigarettes, a handkerchief, bottles, jars, some with their lids on crookedly, while a book lay face downwards on the floor. "He's not very tidy, is he?" whispered Caddie.

At the end of the landing a small door led into a room that was . . . "queer," said Caddie. She meant it was a mixture. Cupboards filled all one wall so that it, too, looked like a dressing-room, but the other three walls were hung with tapestry. Chairs were pushed back against the wall and in the middle was a wooden kitchen table, heavy, rough, with a wooden kitchen chair.

The window-sills were heaped with books, there were more books on the floor with a big waste-paper basket, while the table itself was covered in papers, more books, blotting-paper, clips, a typewriter. A red crystal goblet held pencils and pens, and on top of it all was a notice printed on a piece of cardboard in English and Italian. "Non toccara. Don't touch!" For the first time Hugh smiled. "I bet Mother tries to make him clear up his table."

Next door was the bathroom, big and white-tiled. "Look!" whispered Caddie. "Big towels and little towels and a bathmat all to match." Someone had just had a bath; the air was heavy with steam, "and scent," said Caddie, wrinkling up her nose, "but Mother doesn't use scent."

"She does now," said Hugh.

FANNY, if it were she who had had the bath, seemed to have caught the untidiness; underclothes were thrown down on a stool; the bathmat, still damp from wet feet, was wrinkled on the floor, powder was spilled; it might have been their seventeen-year-old sister, Philippa, not a responsible woman, a mother.

"Come out," said Hugh. He looked even paler than he had on the road and his forehead was clammy. It seemed too intimate, there in the empty villa. The swallows flew round it, making a rush of wings in the height; a shutter loose on its catch clacked gently; the singing sounded from below. These were the only sounds, but the house was filled with two people, Fanny and — "Mr. Quillet," whispered Caddie and, caught unawares, spied on like this, they seemed not enemies but vulnerable.

If the last door had not been open they would not have looked in. As it was, Hugh stopped short on the threshold and Caddie had to reach up and look over his shoulder. "Mother's bedroom," breathed Caddie. This was even worse than seeing the furniture from Stebbings in the new London flat. Mother's room. At Stebbings it had not only been where she slept — and their father when he was home — it had been where anything serious, or private, in the family had happened or was discussed. Talks took place there and what Fanny called reasoning; punishments were given, temperatures taken. Hugh and Caddie had both been born in that room. It had been the core of Stebbings, though they had not known it.

Now, this pink and cream enamelled furniture, the wide bed that had a bedhead of brocade in a gilded frame, the tiled floor, and shutters were Italian, foreign, but still there on the dressing-table were their photographs, as they had always been; Philippa, Hugh, Caddie; under the glass of Hugh's was a brown curl of baby hair.

There were a great many more bottles and jars than there used to be and the brushes were new; perhaps the old silver ones with cherubs' heads on them were too tattered to bring to this villa. These matched the blue and gold of the clock on the bedside table.

As if holding to a thread of Fanny, Caddie was glad to see by the clock a shopping list, written

Continued from page 68

in Fanny's sprawling writing, and beside it was the little green leather book, the "Imitation of Christ," that had been by Fanny's bed since they could remember. Its corner had been chewed by Danny as a puppy and it had a ring on the binding where Philippa had once put down a cup on it.

This room, too, was untidy; someone had dressed and thrown things down. Caddie gave a "tchk" and picked up a petticoat; it was fine, gauzy with net and embroidery. "It is Mother's? It doesn't look like hers."

"Shut up. Put it down," said Hugh fiercely.

They looked through to the dressing-room they had seen before; the door was open as if he and she came in and out and talked while they were dressing. The bedside table on the other side of the bed was heaped with books, there were cigarettes on it, an ashtray, and "She lets him smoke in bed," whispered Caddie. "She wouldn't let Father."

. . . . . .

"The Times" had had only a paragraph: "Colonel Darrell Charles Clavering was granted a decree nisi in the Divorce Courts yesterday because of the adultery of his wife, Frances Clavering, with Robert Paston Quillet (the film director) on

To page 70

"You want me, sir?"

Live in the exciting new world of BRI* NYLON

The Covered-Up Look, the Shift, the 'Roaring Twenties' – or the Classic

Fabulous new swimsuit styles in 'BRI-NYLON'. Hawaiian prints, tiger prints, checks, plaids or stripes — sunproof, high-fashion water-wear in new lightweight fabrics that will delight you with their figure control. In hipster or high neck; from ginghams to chiffons; one piece or two. Choose from vivid sunshine colours, sparkling monotones or black and white.

The BRI is your protection. For top value and tested quality, ask for 'BRI-NYLON' by name.

FIBREMAKERS LTD

*Registered trade mark

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975590

Continued from page 69

THE BATTLE OF THE VILLA FIORITA

the 12th of October and subsequently at Mr. Quillet's flat in Lowndes Square, S.W.1. The suit was undefended. Colonel and Mrs. Clavering were married at St. Michael's, Chester Gate, in 1945. There are three children of the marriage. Custody of the two younger was awarded to Colonel Clavering, who was also awarded costs."

The other papers had been less reticent. A few had headlines: "Queen's Messenger brings suit." "Well-known film director named as co-respondent." "Rob Quillet (of 'Diamond Pipe' and 'Haysel to Harvest' fame) named in case." "Colonel Clavering awarded costs against film director."

Philippa and Hugh had been told at half-term. Caddie had not known until the end of the Easter holidays. "When the case is all over, and it's all settled," Darrel had told the others. "It will be less painful for her like that."

"Was it less painful?" Caddie might have asked.

She had been bundled off out of the way to Devonshire for the Easter holidays. "Not bundled, you wanted to go," said Philippa.

"It was a riding course," said Caddie as if that settled it. Even now, in the midst of this shock, her face had shone when she thought of it. "I learned an immense lot," she said, "and so did Topaz."

"But didn't you suspect?" asked Hugh. "Didn't you think Father was being extraordinarily kind? Paying those fees and boxing Topaz all the way to Dartmoor after the fuss he kicked up when you won him?"

"I thought he was beginning to believe in him," said Caddie.

"Oh, Caddie!" They could not help laughing. "It was just to distract you, my poor infant," said Hugh.

"Only too easy," said Philippa. "You must have had some inkling, heard gossip."

"How could I?" asked Caddie. "I never listen."

"We know that," said Philippa. "But all the same . . . Mother being away all that time up in Scotland at Great Aunt Isabel's."

"But Aunt Isabel was dying. She died."

"Then us going so suddenly with Mother to Switzerland for Christmas."

"I hated that," said Caddie.

Those had been Darrell's terms. "Terms?" Fanny had asked when Rob came back from that one interview.

"He can make terms," said Rob. "It's only just."

Fanny had waited that late November morning in the sitting-room of Rob's bachelor flat. Because of the block's central heating it had been over-hot, the air stuffy and stale after the English coldness of unheated Stebbings, and she had pushed up the window and sat by it. Outside in the Square traffic came and went. Everything was busy, crowded, rushed, but here in this room was stillness, silence: only the ticking of the clock, the beating of her heart. Beside her had been a bowl of chrysanthemums, small, curled, bronze, that Rob had bought for her that morning: in his distress for her he had gone in and out buying her things. When Rob had come in, quietly closing the door, coming to her and sitting down beside her, she had known by his gentle protectiveness that his news was harsh — but what could I have expected? thought Fanny.

Only a few of Rob's sentences reached her. He said them as if he had learnt them by heart. "Darrell is thinking of the children, naturally."

"Naturally" — that came stiffly through Fanny's lips.

"He was quite fair."

"He always was," said Fanny.

". . . not time now before their Christmas holiday to make arrangements. He asks that you go back to Stebbings to meet them. He will guarantee to keep away. He wants no one to know until they need. I think he is still hoping you will change your mind. To save gossip when he doesn't come home for Christmas you will take the children to Switzerland."

"We can't afford it," she had said automatically.

"He says his mother will help," said Rob.

"Lady Candida!" said Fanny. "Must she?"

"He will start proceedings at once. After the holidays you can come out to me in Africa or have this flat until I can get back. The case should come on in the spring. By that time he will have found somewhere to put the children."

DARRELL had been awarded the children as he had been awarded costs. "It makes them seem like chattels," said Fanny, and, "One must hand it to them," Hugh had said that day of Caddie's return. "They are clever arrangers. Everything went most smoothly and all behind our backs." His hands were in his pockets when he said it and then he tried to whistle, the clear blackbird whistle that always filled Caddie with envy, but the whistle jarred and was jerky, just as Philippa's talk was offhand. Caddie could tell they were both quiveringly hurt and she ached for them.

"The worst of Caddie," Gwyneth often said, "is that when she does think of other people she thinks too hard." Gwyneth had been the Claverings' daily woman since Philippa was a year old and she knew them "inside out," said Gwyneth.

She had come to London to housekeep and look after them, closing her own cottage, but life seemed to have gone out of Gwyneth; she no longer sang the chapel hymns the children loved and her step was heavy. "Well, she worshipped Mother," said Philippa.

"More fool she," said Hugh.

To the whole of Whitcross it had come as a shock.

"Fanny? Fanny Clavering?"

"The Claverings? Darrell and Fanny? Impossible."

"I can't believe it."

"It's there—in print."

"But Fanny!"

"With all those children!"

"She never said a word," and "I thought we were friends." That was Margot and Anthea, Fanny's best friends — "Well, my oldest friends," said Fanny.

No one could believe it, yet it was true. All her life Caddie was to remember Darrell telling her in the taxi on the way from Paddington: in the flat Philippa and Hugh had confirmed every dread thing he had said.

Lady Candida had found the flat, on the fourth floor of a great modern block of "cement shoe-boxes," as Hugh called them, and it was true that the rooms were all the same, though fitted in differently. It depressed Caddie and Hugh to think of the hundreds of

To page 71

Out on their own for building solid bone and muscle

A WEET-BIX breakfast is a body builder because each golden Weet-Bix biscuit is whole wheat at its best. An unrivalled builder of bone and muscle, energy and stamina. Full of the goodness that has made wheat man's staple food throughout the ages. Abundantly rich in the vitamins and food elements children need for sturdy growth and sound nerves. No other grain can equal whole wheat . . . and no other cereal can equal Weet-Bix for sustaining, body-building nourishment. Sold by all grocers.

TRY THEM WITH SLICED BANANAS

"Australian Bird Life" colour cards now released! There is one in every Weet-Bix packet PLUS a true-to-life stereo card (Zoo Babies and Australia on Parade series). Bird Life Album 1/- at grocers; stereo viewers 2/6 at grocers.

W1A 51

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975591

Continued from page 70

THE BATTLE OF THE VILLA FIORITA

other rooms round them: it made them feel like rabbits in hutches instead of people. On the ground floor were shops.

"Very convenient," said Lady Candida, but, "Wickedly expensive," said Gwyneth; she always went to the shops in the poor streets round the corner. There was a swimming-pool and a restaurant. "Your father can go there when Gwyneth is away. You and Hugh can go to the snackbar. You will like that," said Lady Candida, but Hugh and Caddie did not like it.

The flat had, too, a nightmare quality because it was furnished with bits of Stebbings so that one came across the nursery armchair in the kitchen, dining-room chairs in the hall, the oak chest from Stebbings hall in the new sitting-room, the grandfather clock telling London time.

Stebbings itself was empty, left with only Prentice to keep an eye on it. Presently it would be sold. "Sold!" Caddie had cried.

"Naturally. Father can't run it without Mother. She worked like ten men." For a moment a quiver came even into the airy Philippa's voice. Fanny herself had gone to Italy . . . "For the present," Darrell had said.

"But she can't," said Caddie, aghast. "The second of August is Ruborough Show. Topaz is entered."

"Caddie, haven't you taken anything in?"

"And don't you ever think of anything but that blasted horse?" asked Hugh.

MECHANICALLY Caddie said, "Pony. He's under fifteen hands," but she did not dare at this moment to think about Topaz, boxed trustfully back from Dartmoor to Stebbings. Darrell said Prentice had met him and taken him to Mr. Ringell's farm and stables, where they kept ponies at grass. Caddie's mind took refuge as it so often did with her dream Topaz. She had won him with an essay called "My Pegasus." That had amazed her family. That Caddie had cut out the coupon from the magazine, filled it in, bought that five-shilling postal order for the entry fee, was almost as incredible as that she had written the essay. "I wanted a pony," she had said as if that explained it. There was one fact that she and Hugh had kept to themselves; he had helped her with "My Pegasus."

Once upon a time, long, long ago—"Well, six years," said Caddie, which after all was more than half her life-time — she and Hugh had been companions, inseparable. They had gone to school together, the little day-school where most of the Whitcross children went. They played together, though not equally — Hugh, of course, was the master, Caddie the slave — but played, shared.

Caddie had been nearly six when Hugh went away to his first boarding school. She could still see him in his new grey flannel suit, shorts with pockets, jacket with more pockets, a striped school tie, a new blue cap. Hugh had had a wooden playbox with iron hinges and clamps, a trunk of his own, both lettered: "H. D. Clavering." Hugh went to school and Caddie was left behind for ever.

For years she had been still attached, still tagging on, as Hugh said; and there was always a hope far ahead of an enchanted time when they would both be grown up; then the two and a half years that made such a difference would not be the chasm it was now, nor the fact that she was female.

Darrell always said Hugh was spoilt, but he could still be kind, still share with Caddie, and sometimes he lent her a little of his slipperiness. "It says you must write the essay yourself," she had said.

"You will write it," said Hugh. "I shall only tell you what to say." Yet mysteriously, when Topaz came, Caddie was freed of Hugh.

Now, "It's his first show," she said. "I have been training him. He . . . he . . ."

"Why cry?" asked Hugh. "It's perfectly normal. Thousands of couples get divorced every year."

"Yes, but not ours," said Caddie.

"It was all because of that film," said Philippa. "'Haysel to Harvest.' The film Rob Quillet was making. It was nearly all shot in the village. It has just come on in London. The film people were there all summer. That's how Mother met Rob Quillet. I must say I don't blame her. He's attractive. Dark, thin, rather melancholy."

"How do you know?" said Hugh.

"I cut his photograph out of the papers."

"You did," said Hugh with distaste, but Caddie interrupted.

"What was Father doing? Why did he let her go?"

"You wouldn't want him to make her stay, if she wanted to go," said Philippa, but Caddie certainly would. It was all very well for Philippa. At seventeen she did not rank as a child and was going to Paris to the Sorbonne, "Only for the course La Civilisation Francaise, that all the foreign girls take," said Hugh, and then to a secretarial college. "But I may stay in Paris and train as a model," said Philippa loftily.

"With those legs?" said Hugh. Philippa, though exceedingly pretty, had inherited Darrell's stocky legs. "Which is better than being stocky all over," said Caddie. Now not even her legs could stop Philippa and she swept on, "English girls are tops for models in Paris." Philippa could escape, but, "I work it out I have twenty-three months in custody," said Hugh. "As for

To page 72

OUR TRANSFER

***ASSORTED MOTIFS** including cute birds and a kitten are from Iron-on Transfer No. 1001. Order from Needlework Dept., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 2/-.*

Fashion goes round with **Dickies**

towels for EVERY-body.

Round, Round, Round, that's the new towel fashion from Dickies. So go down to the sea with Dickies, let the towels burst onto the sands in a blaze of colour. See the wonderful range of new patterns and colours of Dickies towels now at your local store, all fresh sparkling colours — co-ordinated to match and blend together. Most of all, feel the deep luxurious terry, so heather soft, so lasting. *P.S. Find the new "Gold Line" Terry Nursery Squares — they have just been released and they are wonderful.*

Choose from more than 30 packs for Gift Giving

Manufactured in Australia by H. B. DICKIE LTD., Yarraville, Victoria

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975592

Continued from page 71

THE BATTLE OF THE VILLA FIORITA

you," he said to Caddie, "you have years."

"Custody? That's what they say when they take you to prison," said Caddie, her eyes alarmed. "Will Father keep us in custody from Mother? Won't we ever see her?"

"Don't be such a goose, Caddie," said Philippa. "Mother has access."

"Access?" Caddie could only repeat these terrifying new words. "What's access?"

"It means that we can be posted about like parcels," said Hugh, "to Italy or wherever Mother happens to be, when Father says we can visit her."

"Visit her?" The full meaning of this extraordinary conversation had at last reached Caddie and she sat appalled until Gwyneth came in to call them to tea. "I have put it in the kitchen. I thought it would be more cosy."

The kitchen was the homeliest room in the flat, if any of it could be called homely. Gwyneth had brought Thomas. "Cats don't mind London," she said, and indeed his tabby paws had not had to be buttered; he was there as usual, stretched out on the hearth rug, as Gwyneth said, but, "Where's Danny?" Caddie had asked at once.

"In kennels," said Gwyneth.

"Mother has taken him," explained Philippa.

"Taken Danny?"

"Dearie, he was her dog," but two tears had squeezed then from Caddie's eyes and trickled down her cheeks on to her chin.

"It's no use, Caddie dear," said Gwyneth. "We all know what we think and feel, but we have to face it. It has happened, and in two months now Mrs. Clavering will be Mrs. Quillet."

"We have to accept it," said Philippa.

"Put it in our pipes and smoke it," said Hugh. But Caddie still sat at the table, and it was then that she had spoken.

"What if we won't?" asked Caddie.

. . . . . .

At first it had been Hugh who had hung back. "What, crash in on their honeymoon?" he had said.

"They shouldn't be having a honeymoon," said Caddie, unconsciously as moral as any elder of the church.

"But they are and they won't want us."

"If we go they will have to have us."

"We shall spoil it."

"All the better," said Caddie, and for the first time Hugh had looked at his small sister with respect; but now, in the villa, far from the flat in London, she was not as certain and, "Perhaps we oughtn't to have come," she said.

Shaded by the shutters so that the evening light was mellowed and made rich, this villa bedroom, with its feminine colors, seemed small and close, again too intimate. The same delicate scent was in the air and Hugh felt a tingling in his stomach that he had come to know. It was like a shiver, but can a shiver be hot? he thought. This was always strangely hot. Raymond, a boy at school, older than Hugh but in the same class, had some secret photographs of girls. Like everyone else, Hugh had looked at them and, having looked, had this same tremor. Nor could he forget them.

Hugh had been startled into saying, "Do you know girls like that?" which had sounded like Caddie, but he could not help it. "Aha!" said Raymond. "I don't believe you," Hugh had said, but he would not have put it past Raymond and, though Hugh had treated him in a lordly fashion, if the truth had been told, his whole being shrank away — until this curiosity had begun and disclosed another Hugh.

Now he looked at his own curl of baby hair under the glass in the photograph, and he was irritated as a young stag is irritated by the velvet on his antlers, combative — but there was only Caddie to combat. "We shouldn't have come," she went on saying.

"Shut up."

Suddenly he turned and ran lightly down the stairs and out of the front door to the forecourt. Caddie ran after him, but she kept her eyes away from the birdcages.

To the right, a path led from this high forecourt, down behind the villa and back to the olive grove. Noiselessly they followed it and, on the level again, came to a little walled orchard of peach-blossom and figs, then to a vegetable patch. It was sheltered by the high ridge on which the villa was built, a ridge that ran in a long spine across a peninsula jutting out into the lake.

PEERING through the olive trees, they could see another entrance from the road, open, not barred, and leading to what seemed to be a boathouse. Smoke coiled upwards from its chimney—and its back verandah was hung with fishing nets; oars were propped against its wall and beyond it they could see a small harbor, the mast of the boat, and they could hear someone hammering. They had turned to go back when Caddie froze, her hand clutching Hugh's arm. "Look." In the grove a man was stretched under one of the olives, his back against its trunk, a beret half over his face. He was asleep.

"Now? It must be six o'clock. A funny time for a grown-up to sleep," said Caddie.

"You don't know Giacomino," Rob was to tell them. "He sleeps at any time. And drinks at any time." Beside the man was a straw-covered wine bottle. He looked so peaceful, so comfortable and happy, almost at their feet in the olive grove, that Caddie felt reassured and she asked an idiotic but hopeful question. "He couldn't be . . . Mr. Quillet?" After all, Rob Quillet is a sort of artist, she argued to herself, and artists can look like that but, "Don't be a super clot," said Hugh and led the way up back to the villa. Round it on its other side another paved path led to the front of the house, passing the french windows of the drawing-room, outside which was a table, again of pink stone. "A stone table?" asked Caddie. There was a stone bench, too, both sheltered from the lake by another clipped cypress hedge too tall to see over.

To page 73

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975593

Continued from page 72

THE BATTLE OF THE VILLA FIORITA

Then, in front of the house, Hugh and Caddie stepped out on a terrace with a balustrade over which more of the yellow roses cascaded and, "Oh!" said Caddie, not in a cry as when she had seen the birds, but in a deep breath. This was the first time they had seen the whole width of the lake.

They had glimpsed it already from the bus, sometimes close beside the road when it ran along the shore, but they had been too shaken —literally— and too anxious to look; they had trudged along beside it, but now, from the height of the villa on its ridge, the command of its peninsula, they looked at a blue that stretched as far as they could see, disappearing to the north into far folds of mountains and to the south widening into a pale haze. Directly opposite them it was bordered by high mountains.

Then, from somewhere nearer, a single deep-toned bell rang out. It was just six o'clock and, though Caddie and Hugh did not know it, they were listening to the ringing of the angelus.

"But it's beautiful! Beautiful!" Caddie was saying.

"It's only a lake," said Hugh, but Caddie could not say that. With the mountains, the dark cypresses, the sun, it took Caddie's breath away and she could not pretend that it did not. "It's a giant of a lake and beautiful," she said.

Below them a grassed walk was bounded by a low wall; steps went down to the water and a jetty ran out into the lake; it had painted pale green railings that matched the house shutters. This was the villa front jetty, there was another humbler by the boathouse; at this one's head a boat was moored and, "What a boat!" said Hugh. Even he could not cry this down; its brown polished hull was half-decked, it gleamed with chromium and glass and its seats were covered in blue and yellow and an Italian flag floated from the stern. They could even see its name, Nettuno.

"He must be fearfully rich," said Caddie.

All at once they heard voices. Voices? A voice? Fanny's! Caddie gave a sound like a little yelp. She would have rushed headlong, but Hugh caught her by the back of her dress. Through the trellis he had seen a glimpse of dark blue, a dark blue shirt, twin to the one they had seen drying on the balcony. Fanny was not alone; this Rob Quillet was walking up under the wisteria with her and, "Wait," hissed Hugh. "Wait."

The two came into view. He was carrying a jacket lightly over his shoulder; Fanny was wearing a white dress — "She never had a white dress," said Caddie — and held an unfamiliar pale pink jersey, a bag, and scarf. "They are going out," Hugh said warningly.

"Out!" Caddie said that as if it were treachery.

At the top of the walk they stopped, dazzled by the sun after the shade. Because of the brilliant light and because his eyes were so tired, Hugh could not see them clearly; the whole garden and the lake had become a blur, but, standing in that flood of evening light, framed against the green leaves and the spirals of mauve flowers, they looked illuminated, glorified. "A couple," Hugh thought before he could stifle the thought, not his mother and Rob Quillet but a man and woman close together.

As Hugh and Caddie watched she looked up at him and laughed; his arm was round her shoulders, now his hand touched her neck, caressing it.

Hugh and Caddie had seen their father kiss Fanny's cheek or forehead often enough, pat her head or shoulder, but this was the first time they had surprised a grown person in a moment of real tenderness and a tenderness of ownership, Hugh could have said.

He had a wild desire to punish them, wipe that look of private bliss off their faces; holding Caddie as if she were a prisoner, he stepped boldly out on to the path.

"Good evening," he said with icy politeness.

As Hugh spoke, Caddie burst into a loud wail and tore herself from him to go to Fanny. Fanny's jersey, bag, and scarf dropped to the ground and in a moment she was crying, too, Caddie gathered close in her arms. "But . . . how?" Fanny kept saying, incoherently, because she was laughing and crying together. "How?" Then, as Hugh still stood by the stone table, she freed one hand, holding it out to him. "Hugh? Hugh?"

At the pleading in her voice Rob abruptly bent and picked up her things, dropped them on the table, and went to the balustrade, where he lit a cigarette. Only the way he flicked the ash continually showed he was in any way concerned. "Hugh, darling." He watched Fanny, her arm round Caddie, come across to the table.

Before she reached Hugh there was an eruption from the back of the house, shrill cries, voices, a babel of Italian, and round the corner came a big woman in a flowered apron with, behind her, a pretty girl, big, too, with red cheeks and a mane of curly black hair; she was wearing a black dress, a short white apron, and carried the grips and raincoats. They must have found them on the terrace, thought Hugh — and found your disgraceful bag, he said silently to Caddie.

Behind them, still lazy but with his beret now on the back of his head, came the man who had been asleep under the olive tree, and she turned on him, "Fanullone, buono a nulla! Good-for-nothing." When she saw Fanny's arm round Caddie, Hugh by the table, the cries and scoldings stopped. "Children, this is Celestina," said Fanny. "Celestina and Giulietta, and Giacomino, Celestina's husband," and she whispered, "Shake hands," but Caddie was too broken with tears and Hugh only gave a curt nod.

"Mio figlio, mio figlia," said Fanny and from the balustrade Rob spoke in quick Italian. Celestina, when she understood, broke into cries of admiration. "From England. England!" She translated for Giulietta and her

To page 74

Liverish?
Out-of-sorts?

If you're bilious and headachy, your system is out of order and nature needs help!
Take PINKETTES tonight—and feel ever so much brighter tomorrow.
PINKETTES, the tiny laxative pills, are safe and gentle in action. They dispel biliousness, sick headaches, tone up sluggish digestion—help you to feel "fit-as-a-fiddle."
PINKETTES are effective but not habit forming. Take them with confidence just when you need them. At all chemists and stores.

REMOVE ACHING CORNS!
★ Painlessly!
★ Quickly!
★ Safely!
CARNATION CORN CAPS
AVAILABLE FROM CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

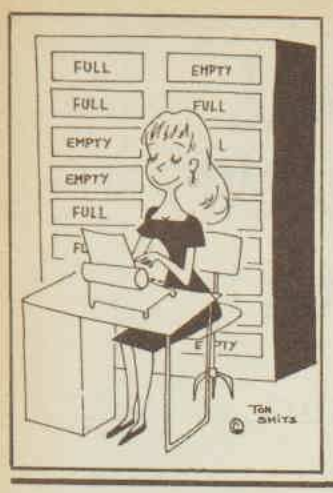
Six pairs of Sheerest Nylons
IN EVERY BOTTLE!
Give your legs a golden tan that's sheer as 15-denier nylons . . . but much less expensive. Napro Golden Tan outlasts six pairs of stockings. It's amber tinted to help you apply evenly—no streaks or missed patches—and it just can't rub off. Use it, too, for an all-over body tan that transforms winter paleness into Surfer's Paradise gold!
Price . . . 13/9

Choose Napro . . . it's tinted for easier application!
GOLDEN TAN BY NAPRO
N10367

NEW EXTRA WIDE BAND-AID
TRADE MARK
ADHESIVE STRIPS

. . . for bigger cuts and scratches. BAND-AID Extra Wide Strips have air vents all over to let the skin breathe naturally. Buy BAND-AID Extra Wide Strips . . . with Super-Stick.
Johnson & Johnson
BA 2097

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975594



THE BATTLE OF THE VILLA FIORITA

Continued from page 73

husband. "From England." Then, taking in their dirt and tiredness, "Poveri bambini! Poor childs!"

Fanny detached herself from Caddie and went to Hugh, turning him toward Rob. "Rob, this is Hugh." The pride in her voice made Hugh scowl.

Rob was a man. Hugh only a boy, and Rob with kindness held out his hand, but Hugh kept his in his pockets. "How do you do?" he said, and Fanny could see that his hands were clenched; for all his whiteness, tiredness, and tenseness, there was all Hugh's old insolence in the way he looked at Rob.

Hugh was not tall for fourteen but he looked tall—until he stood beside a man; it was the way he held his head, the smallness of his thighs, waist, and shoulders. "His shoulders are too slim," Darrell had said lately. "It's time he broadened out," but Hugh refused to broaden out. His head looked big because of his mop of hair; Darrell must have been at him to get it cut, which is why he wouldn't, thought Fanny. Caddie could have told her this was true.

Hugh's eyes were a darker blue than Darrell's or Philippa's, and his had none of the blandness of hers; Philippa could tell lies so that everyone believed them—except her nearest and dearest. Hugh told them only to be difficult or quip people. Caddie never lied. "I'm not clever enough," she would have said. To her it was an inconvenient defect.

Now, in this scene with Rob and Fanny, she knew she had little importance, it was Hugh who mattered. "Bello, proprio bello il signorino," Giulietta murmured to Celestina. "Beautiful." Standing on this alien sunlit terrace, Caddie looked small, stocky, and very English, a little English bullock, thought Rob. He alone had looked beyond Hugh to her, until Fanny, quick to him, looked too. She saw the crumpled school dress and blazer, Caddie's dirty knees, wrinkled socks, and brown walking shoes white with dust; the locks of ginger hair, the panama askew, face blotted out with tears.

Not very attractive for Rob, Fanny thought, wincing, but here she was wrong; Rob knew real grief when he saw it, and, watching Caddie, he began to sense what this journey had been and what lay behind it. Caddie had not a glance to spare for him, or for Celestina or Giulietta, and in that torrent of feeling there was no anger or jealousy, only grief. What was more, he saw Fanny in Caddie; in the brown eyes, the hair whose ginger held a promise of Fanny's bronze, and just so had Fanny often wept. The boy doesn't feel like this, thought Rob.

"Stop it," Hugh said now through stiff lips to Caddie.

"I can't," said Caddie.

"Put her to bed," said Hugh. "We have been up all night."

"You must both go to bed." Fanny's own tears had dried and she was brisk. "Baths first. You look as if you need some hot water. Have you had any food?"

"We had some s-sandwiches we b-bought at Victoria and c-coffee this morning," said Caddie between sobs.

"Only coffee? Nothing else?"

CADDIE was becoming incoherent. "C-couldn't buy anything in Italy."

"We had a ten-thousand-lire note," said Hugh, clipping his words as if he hated to speak at all. "Couldn't change it on any of the stations. We changed it in Desenzano, but then we had to stay at the bus stop for the bus."

"Where in the world did you get a ten-thousand-lire note?"

"From Father."

"F-father d-didn't know," said Caddie.

"You must be starving," said Fanny. "Rob, will you tell Giulietta to take their things up and Celestina must make up two beds. Can Hugh go in your dressing-room, on the day bed there? Are the sheets aired?" asked Fanny, her forehead wrinkling. "Then a hot soup — omelets, perhaps, and . . ."

"Fanny," said Rob.

There was something in his voice that made Fanny stop. He had not moved but was sitting on the balustrade.

"Yes, Rob?"

"We were going out to dinner," he said quietly.

"Now? When Hugh and Caddie . . ."

"Now," said Rob. "The Nettuno's waiting. Celestina will look after them."

"We can look after ourselves," said Hugh quickly, but Rob's Italian cut across that as he gave orders to Celestina. "Si," said Celestina. "Si, si, senz'altro." Her eyes were bright. She loved an occasion. Then Rob got up and put on his coat. "She will show you your rooms," he said to Hugh, "and the bathroom. The hot water runs very slowly, but see that your sister has a bath. Then there will be something to eat."

"But what sort of something?" asked Fanny.

"They were not expected," said Rob. "They must take what there is. Fanny, I have ordered dinner at San Vigilio. They won't keep it if we are too late."

"But I must take them upstairs . . ."

"Very well." Rob looked at his watch. "Ten minutes, then we must go."

Upstairs Caddie quite innocently

To page 75

Severe pain demands Codis

For most pains, soluble aspirin alone is your wisest choice. But exceptionally severe pain, and those pains which occur periodically, demand an exceptionally strong pain reliever. Codis is such a product. It contains a strong formulation of soluble aspirin and other pain relievers — including an approved measure of codeine. However, if pain is persistent or recurs frequently, it may indicate a condition requiring medical treatment. The sensible course is to ask the advice of your doctor, who may very well prescribe Codis. Codis is available only from your Chemist.

HP490R

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975595

Continued from page 74

THE BATTLE OF THE VILLA FIORITA

let off the first shot as Fanny conferred with Celestina on the landing. "Yes, Signorina Caddie in the big bedroom, the piccolo Signor in the dressing-room. You can keep your things with Caddie's, Hugh, then you won't disturb Rob too much." Caddie, looking down at her mother's hand on the banister — the marble banister — said, "That's a new ring."

It was a ring with a great dark red stone. A ruby? wondered Caddie, set in a circle of diamonds. Behind it Fanny wore a thin gold wedding ring. Caddie tried to think what Fanny's wedding ring had been like at Stebbings; she must have seen it a hundred times, yet could not think; it was not like this one, Caddie decided, and, "Two new rings," she said.

Fanny abruptly took her hand away, but, "Gwyneth told us it would be in two months," said Caddie, and because she had to know she blurted out, "Are you Mrs. Quiller now or . . . Mother?"

On Fanny's first day in the villa there had been a package on her dressing-table. She remembered how she had followed Giulietta upstairs, the powerful brown legs and strong back bounding up before her as Giulietta carried the heavy cases. "Shake hands," Rob had whispered to Fanny — as this evening she had whispered to Hugh and Caddie —"Shake hands," when Renato Mengini had introduced Celestina and her niece Giulietta.

Giulietta had opened the bedroom door, carried the cases in, and stood back invitingly, but Fanny had not gone in; she stayed in the doorway, drawing her gloves through her fingers. "Come in. Come in. Entri, entri pure, questa e la sua camera," said Giulietta. "It is your room." How attractive she is, Fanny had thought, not pretty but healthy, ripe, with that glowing rose-brown skin and those white teeth. In a few years she would, this young Giulietta, become like Celestina, worked into coarseness. Would Giulietta, too, marry a Giacomino about whom Rob had told Fanny?

Perhaps she, too, was in love, but now Fanny did not want her. She had to be alone in the room. "Grazie," she said, which was the only Italian word she had known then. "Grazie. Grazie," and Giulietta had understood. She gave Fanny her wide smile and went out past her. In a moment she had shut the door and Fanny had walked slowly into the room, her heels clicking on the tiled floor, and sank down on the dressing-table stool. She was alone in their bedroom.

Rob had scarcely looked at her or spoken to her since he met her at the airport barrier. He had brushed her cheek with his lips, taken her small case, and waited impatiently while the porter put her luggage in the car. Driving, he had looked steadily ahead, driving too fast. Again he did not talk to her, and this neglect filled her with content.

It had been the same after each of their partings, partings whose anguish had augmented rather than lessened as they grew accustomed. Rob had grown even thinner in this month she had not seen him, the month of the divorce, of the children's Easter holidays, when she had not seen them either. She, the guilty one, had not had to go to court, but she had kept vigil up in Scotland, packing up Aunt Isabel's house, alone with Danny; the big collie was the only one of the family left to her.

"But why?" Rob had asked of the vigil. "Why, there alone, when it isn't any use?" "Somehow I should feel better," and he had let her have her way. I was selfish, thought Fanny, seeing him now; his fingers were stained with the cigarettes he lit and threw away; but it was the same each time, until we were alone. Now we are alone for the rest of our lives and, in the bedroom, Fanny's heart began to beat as it always beat in those times of meeting Rob.

There were flowers and Celestina did not arrange those, thought Fanny, lily of the valley and white roses. They were Rob's, and on the dressing-table was the small package tied and sealed from curious eyes — servants, thought Fanny — and addressed to her. It unwrapped to a small blue case. Fanny opened it and saw the wedding ring.

The day the decree was given Fanny had taken off Darrell's wedding ring. "In honesty, I had to," she had said. Her diamond engagement ring had gone to the bank with her other jewellery, for Philippa and Caddie, and, when she had come down from Scotland to spend a few days in London before she had flown out to Milan, her hand had felt curiously bare; it increased the feeling of a dream in which she herself was suspended, without status, without a name.

Rob had given Fanny the ruby months ago, on the day this became irrevocable, though she had not known that then. It was one of the days when they had been starved for each other and she had been so restless that she had come up to London and telephoned Rob.

To page 76

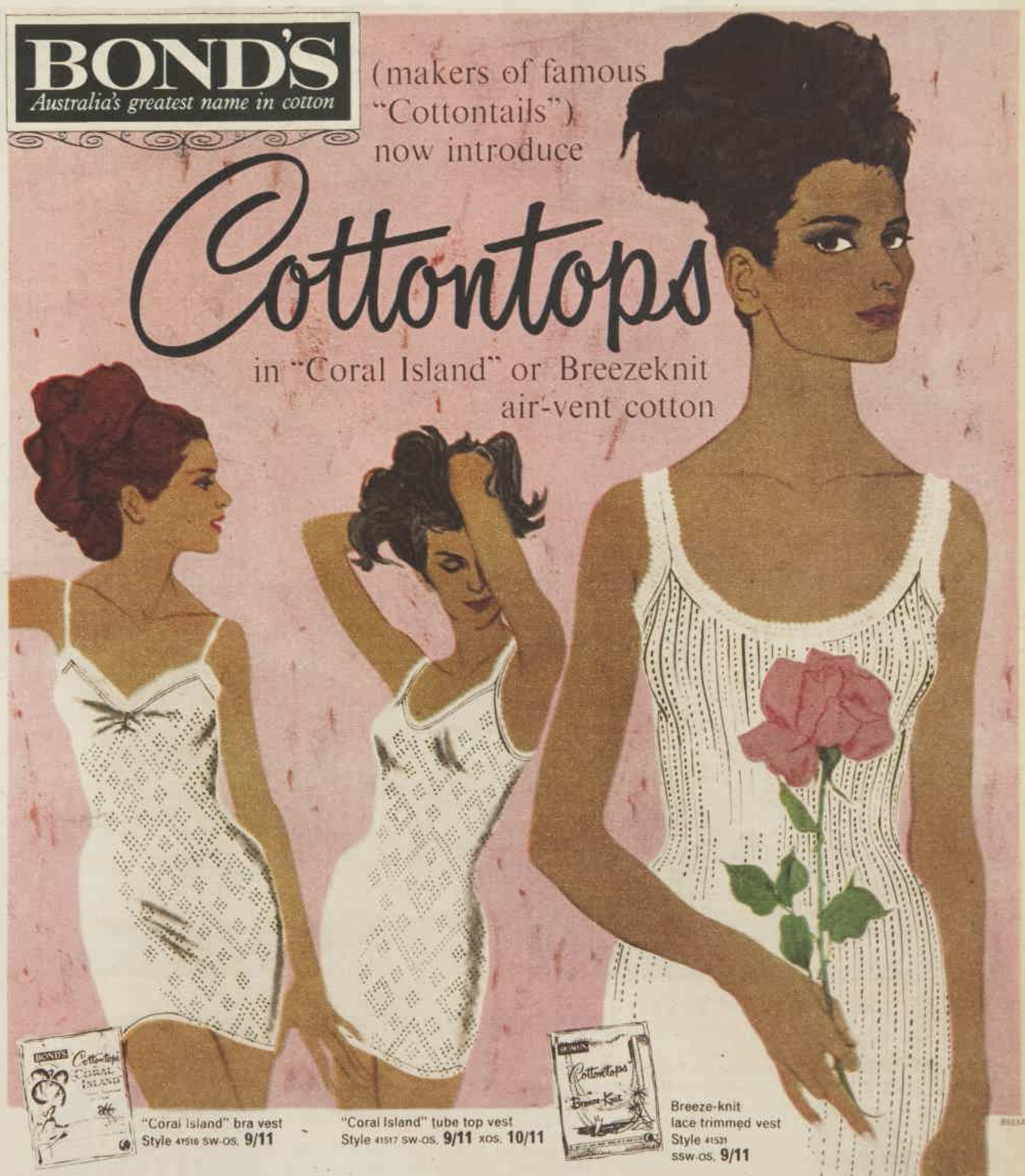
IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY
By RUD

BOND'S
Australia's greatest name in cotton

(makers of famous "Cottontails") now introduce

Cottontops

in "Coral Island" or Breezeknit air-vent cotton



"Coral Island" bra vest
Style 41516 SW-OS. 9/11

"Coral Island" tube top vest
Style 41517 SW-OS. 9/11 XOS. 10/11

Breeze-knit lace trimmed vest
Style 41531
SSW-OS. 9/11

Here's cool absorbency on the hottest summer days, because the top quality cotton in these two new knits really lets your body breathe. Also, all "Cottontops" are cut to our famous Tru-Size fittings to ensure made-to-measure comfort. Bond's spin and knit their own cotton, further guarantee of high quality and long wear.

NOT ILLUSTRATED:
"Coral Island" broadshoulder vest. Style 41518 SW-OS. 10/6 XOS. 11/6
Breezeknit Opera top vest. Style 41530 SSW-OS. 9/11
Breezeknit bra vest. Style 41532 SSW-OS. 9/11
Matching Breezeknit or "Coral Island" Cottontails, SSW-OS. 8/11

...another reason why
Bond's is Australia's greatest name in cotton

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975596

"George! You forgot to mail those letters I gave you this morning!"

THE BATTLE OF THE VILLA FIORITA

Continued from page 75

"Fanny! You are in London."

"Yes. Are you free?"

"For you."

"Could we lunch?"

"Chirico's, one o'clock. Or shall I come and get you?"

After lunch Rob had had to admit there was an appointment, "Almost unbreakable," he had said.

"It doesn't matter," said Fanny. "I have seen you and I can walk in the park until it's time for my train." But as they came out of Chirico's it had started to rain and, "You can't walk in this," said Rob. "I will drop you at my flat and you can wait there."

"I have never been to your flat."

"It's empty," said Rob, watching her face. "Empty and harmless. You can even make some tea."

They went to Lowndes Square. Rob took out his key. "I shall need this, so I will just let you in." He opened his front door, glass fluted and set in gilt as were all the doors in these expensive flats. In the hall he stepped past her to switch on the fire. "The bedroom's through there and the bathroom." He opened the doors to show her, bent down to kiss her " . . . and it happened," said Fanny.

They should have known. On the first evening they had been alone in the drawing-room at Stebbings — "When you came to fetch me that first time" — as Rob handed her a glass of sherry his fingers had brushed her. Soon they had only to be near each other for this current to begin, anytime, anywhere. If he rested his hand on the back of her seat at the theatre, leant across her to shut the car door, touched her hand, it began; but that moment we were almost innocent, thought Fanny afterwards and over and over again. We were thinking of other things; Rob had his meeting, I thought I would look round his flat — of course I was curious — and leave when the rain stopped, but he kissed me and we made love. Fanny knew now that most women have only a mirage of love. To her it had been a revelation. I suppose, in spite of Darrell and having three children, I was untouched, virgin to love. How crooked the world was. This, that she ought to have felt for Darrell, she felt for Rob. Yet because of Darrell there was a shadow. Well, with a sacrament, each time you come near it, you bring the shadow of your sins, thought Fanny. Sin seemed a hard, old-fashioned word to use, an Aunt Isabel word, but it was true, and for Rob and Fanny there must always be, not far off, never out of mind, inevitably, the shadow.

She remembered how Rob had lain with his eyes shut. "Fanny."

"What is it?"

"Nothing else. Only Fanny."

Perhaps she ought, then, to have thought of Darrell, but he never crossed her mind. This was Rob's. Anyone else was an outsider. Then, lying beside him, she had gone to sleep. Presently she felt him kiss her eyelids. "I'm going now. Ring Gwyneth and tell her you will be late. We will have dinner and then I will drive you home. Chirico's at seven."

FROM THE BIBLE

● ***"For thou hast been a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat."***

— Isaiah 25:4.

Isaiah praises God for what He has been to His people.

She did not know afterwards where she went or what she did. It was panic. It was still raining, the day turning to a dark cold evening; rags of cloud blew across the sky that showed between the houses. People passed her, hurrying with umbrellas. She was bumped into, knocked, and pushed, but she still walked on, soaked and cold. Yet she had had a burning thirst and somewhere she had gone into a little brown-painted cafe, where, on an oil-clothed counter above the cups and tea-urns, globes of orange and lemon squash turned under a celluloid orange and lemon.

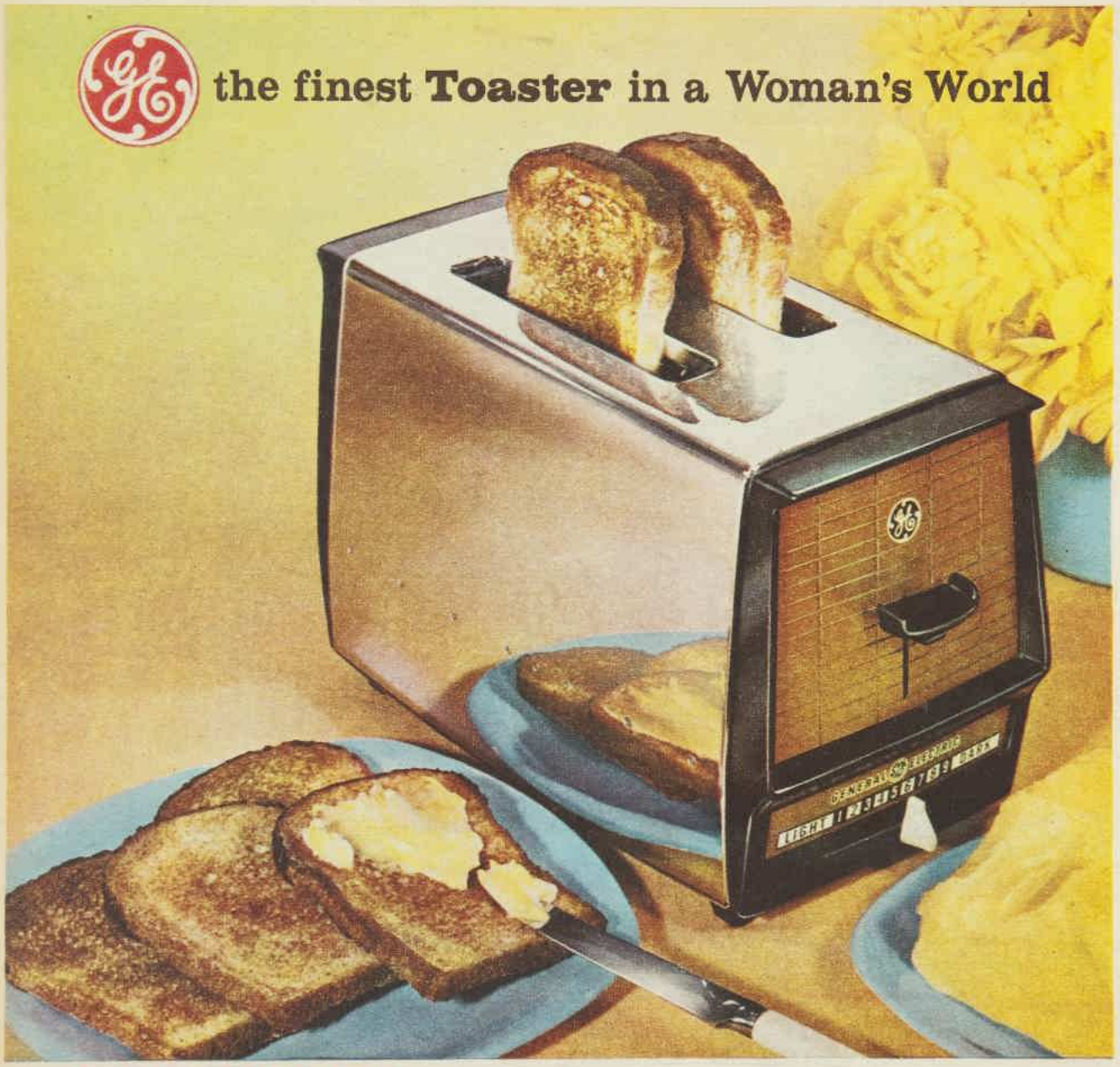
She asked for a lemon squash, and when the woman had poured it from a stop-tap underneath, Fanny found she had no money. Her bag was in Rob's flat. The men in the cafe stared as she had to come out and the woman's indignant voice sounded after her down the street.

She went into a church. Somewhere in the back of her mind was "a cup of cold water" — I suppose I was a little delirious, thought Fanny — but there was, of course, no water in the church, not for the public. She had knelt down in the first pew, but not to pray, her mind was too numb. She fell asleep again.

When she woke it was dark. Only the sanctuary lamp burned by the high altar and its jewel-red warmth made her think of Rob.

As she came out of the church she looked at her watch. "Chirico's at seven." It was half-past eight. She took a taxi; the doorman at Chirico's will pay, unless Rob has given up and gone.

To page 78



GUARANTEED - toast as you like it--every time!

EASIER-TO-SEE TOASTING CONTROL

COOL 'N EASY CARRYING

Say goodbye to cold, burnt toast forever! Say hello to the beautiful sheerline G.E. automatic toaster — the toaster that **guarantees** you luscious, piping hot, melt-in-your-mouth toast for a lifetime of happier breakfasts!

Whatever shade of toast you prefer, from hint-of-gold to mellow-brown, simply select it on the big easy-read dial. Then press the positive control (no fiddling!) and, seconds later, up pops your toast, done to the exact shade of brown-ness you prefer. **Only General Electric can guarantee such reliability.**

And G.E. brings you such thoughtful 'extras' too . . . like cool, high handles for easy carrying and a snap-out crumb tray for easy cleaning without harmful banging.

This is the automatic toaster proved and trusted by happy users throughout the world (over 3 million in U.S.A. alone!) Make it your gift to a friend — and to yourself!

The most coveted monogram in a Woman's World

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Manufacturing Plant AUSTRALIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC (APPLIANCES) PTY. LIMITED • NOTTING HILL, VIC.

T.3516

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975597

if you are overweight and want to reduce

En·a·vite starch reduced rolls can help you

Today, most people put on weight because the food they eat generates more energy than they use up. The body cannot consume this excess energy so it stores it — as fat.

There are two ways to reduce fat. One is to exercise more often and so burn up the energy surplus.

The second is to reduce the quantity of the food you eat.

The main sources of energy in food are protein, fat and starch. A reduction in your intake of any one of these will result in a reduction of weight.

But protein and fat are needed to replace tired, worn body tissues and to satisfy your appetite. A reduction in these vital food elements can jeopardise your health and cause hunger, discomfort and irritability.

This leaves us with starch. Starch is the one food element people who are overweight can reduce significantly with safety. By decreasing your intake of starch you can reduce your weight — without the undesirable side effects of protein-loss and fat-loss.

May we suggest that you reduce your starch intake by replacing starchy bread, potatoes, biscuits, cakes, with En-a-vite starch reduced rolls.

These light and fluffy golden rolls are significantly starch reduced. And because they are high in valuable protein, they nourish you as you reduce. There are a myriad ways to include them in your menu. You don't have to make any drastic changes. You don't have to starve yourself.

En-a-vite starch reduced rolls have proved their worth already.

Why not start in to tackle your weight problem this very day?

Just look for the big yellow cartons at your food store now.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975598

still over a barrel?
still half cleaning?
the hard hard way?

Here are 5 good reasons why Hoover Constellation is your answer

HOOVER CONSTELLATION HAS 5 EXTRA FEATURES YOU GET WITH NO OTHER CLEANER—FEATURES TO MAKE CLEANING EASIER AND BETTER

EXCLUSIVE "WALK ON AIR." Only Constellation "glides" on its own air stream a fraction above the floor. With a Constellation there's no tugging, no dragging, no tipping over. No other cleaner moves so smoothly, so easily.

REVOLUTIONARY CLEANING HEAD. Exclusive to Hoover. Adjustable brush and carpet combs clean all floor surfaces—no need to change when you move from carpet to wood to linoleum. Glides easily on built-in nylon coasters.

EXCLUSIVE DOUBLE-STRETCH HOSE. Adds yards to your reach by stretching to twice the length of a normal hose. Lets you clean right up to the ceiling and on stairs without tugging or lifting. More flexible, too—easier to manage.

BIG CAPACITY THROW-AWAY DUST BAG. No other cleaner makes dust disposal so easy! Just flip open the lid, lift out the dust bag, and throw it away—or empty and use again. Larger capacity means less frequent emptying.

TELESCOPIC EXTENSION WAND. No extra tubes to fit together — Constellation has one lightweight telescopic wand. No separate tubes to fall apart—it simply snaps in or out, and nothing's out of reach.

HOOVER Constellation CLEANER

FOR EFFORTLESS CLEANING FROM FLOOR TO CEILING

HC1/06WWHPM

THE BATTLE OF THE VILLA FIORITA

Continued from page 76

He was there, sitting, watching, waiting. When he saw her he came quickly across the room to her, steering her between the tables to their own; in these last weeks it had become theirs, part of us, thought Fanny. He took her hat and gloves, undid her soaking coat, and gave them to the waiter, gave her her bag — "I found it in the flat" — and ordered brandy.

"Did you think I wasn't coming?" She tried to smile, but her voice was so cracked and dry it frightened her.

"I knew you couldn't not come now," said Rob. He did not ask any questions, only made her drink the brandy, and every now and then he took her hand and cradled it in his. "Don't talk. Don't think. Drink," he said. That was the first time I had ever drunk brandy, thought Fanny. With it and the food he made her eat, not asking her what she wanted but ordering for her, and with the slow warmth that was beginning to creep into her bones, tranquillity fell upon her.

"I have known joy," she could have said, "joy complete. Not many women can say that. Rob will go away. He must. It's in the nature of things. He has this new picture to make in Africa. I . . ." and here she flinched as she thought of Darrell. He, her husband, had turned into an intruder, almost into a thief. Poor Darrell. What had he done to deserve this? But she would not think of him now, not yet, thought Fanny. I don't know what I shall do, but I have had my joy. Nothing can take that away from me.

When the waiter had brought their coffee and they were left alone, Rob had put his hand in his pocket and brought out a case, twin to the one on the villa dressing-table. "I couldn't go to the meeting and I had to do something, so I went hunting," he said, and he opened it and held it out to her. On the white velvet she saw a deep sparkle—no, not a sparkle, a glow, the color of the sanctuary lamp, deep red, Rob's color, as it became for Fanny.

FANNY looked at him. "But, Rob, what is it?"

"Your ring. Men usually give a ring to the woman they are going to marry."

Chirico's panelled walls, its prints of travellers, the pink shaded lamps, the tables with their white cloths, carnations, plates, glasses, bottles, the black and white of waiters, the white coats of the boys, seemed to tilt together into a blur and run away from Fanny; their table tilted and blurred, there was a loud buzzing in her ears, then it steadied as once again Rob's hand came over hers. "It has to come to that," said Rob, "hasn't it?"

In this new bedroom at the Villa Fiorita Fanny had sat looking at the two rings in her hand until, "They are to wear," said Rob behind her.

He had come in so quietly that she had not heard him and, for once, not sensed him. "Put them on."

"You mean . . . because of Celestina?" said Fanny.

"Because of us." Rob had blazed at her so fiercely that she shrank. "I'm sorry," said Rob. He knelt down beside her. "But sometimes I think you will never understand. I have waited nearly a year," said Rob. "Each day was a year. This month was twenty, and then this interminable day."

"The day's nearly over." She tried to speak lightly. "Look, the sun is going down."

"I don't want it to go now," said Rob. "It's just beginning." He had his face against her hair. "Your hair smells like a child's, honey and satin."

"It's beginning to grey."

"Then it isn't a child's, thank heaven," and sensing her trouble he moved to look into her face. "What is the matter?"

"Rob, shouldn't we keep the wedding ring until . . ."

"Until?"

"We really are married." She knew he would say what she would say herself in strict reasoning. "Can some words that a little man will say over us make us any more married than we are?" They should not, but mysteriously they will, thought Fanny.

Rob was laughing at her, because he refuses to be disturbed, thought Fanny, and she freed herself from his arm. He stood up, taking out a cigarette. "It's a little late to be conventional, isn't it?" he said, but Fanny looked up at him in the mirror, still troubled.

To page 80

AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY, Week starting Oct. 30.

ARIES
MAR. 21—APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, red, blue. Lucky days, Sun., Tuesday.
★ An improving week, but make the most of things before the 7th. Influences favor the lottery—so invest with friends. Perhaps a friend might give you a ticket which could reap a windfall.

TAURUS
APR. 21—MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, pink, orange. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
★ If you have been contemplating expanding your career, to get yourself out of a rut of routine—make a determined bid. The stars also favor romance, and could bring a handsome stranger.

GEMINI
MAY 21—JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, black, red. Lucky days, Wed., Friday.
★ This could be called a lucky week, especially with love and lottery. Buy tickets with Gemini friends. Exciting things could happen, with never a dull moment—just the way you like it.

CANCER
JUNE 22—JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, orange, red. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
★ Happy emphasis on what sentimental Cancerians hold most dear—glamorous romance. But be on guard Monday. This week hard work and your inventive faculty could bring rewards.

LEO
JULY 23—AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gamb. colors, orange, black. Lucky days, Thur., Monday.
★ Financial matters are fortunately aspected, but the dominant note is romance. Joyful partygoing could bring you into contact with a fascinating personality, who could be vital to you.

VIRGO
AUG. 23—SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, red, tricolors. Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
★ Originality and inventiveness mark your efforts. Inspired thinking could solve that stubborn problem. Work conditions could improve, and you could reap a reward.

LIBRA
SEPT. 24—OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, pink, green. Lucky days, Sun., Monday.
★ A short unscheduled trip could bring pleasure and success. You are on the social merry-go-round and more than relishing it. A brainwave could lead to material gain.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24—NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, grey, red. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
★ Personal affairs and prestige could prosper from an unexpected assist, which also benefits the home-front, real estate, and family life. Romance blossoms, except on Nov. 1.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23—DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, orange, rose. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
★ Apart from Monday evening, a successful week, spiced with glamor. Mainly a time to push new plans and projects. You could be inspired to great heights, so act vigorously.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 21—JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, red, grey. Lucky days, Sun., Tuesday.
★ Not a spectacular week, but one to make the most of, since there is an adverse confrontation of stars around the corner. A good time to begin long-range business deals.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 20—FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, red, green. Lucky days, Sun., Monday.
★ Definitely a week tailored to your measure. Cherished hopes could be realised unexpectedly beyond your imaginings. Your friends help, but the accent is on a new life, new plans.

PISCES
FEB. 20—MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, red, blue. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
★ All that could withhold success from you is your own diffidence. Pisces people tend to soft-pedal unduly their abilities. A good week for career, status, improving your place in the sun.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

Big chief was a bad boy yesterday!

But today he's
HAPPY AND WELL THE LAXETTE WAY

When your child is crabby, naughty or nervy, it may be constipation that's upset his normal happy nature. Aren't you glad you can make him happy and well overnight — the Laxette way? Get Laxettes today; tiny squares of nice-to-take milk chocolate — each containing a gentle, tasteless laxative. Made specially for children.

3/3

L.A.-47

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975599

open! scoop! dab!

The English mustard you scoop from Keen's new table pots needs no fixing.
We've pre-mixed it ready for dabbing. Your taste buds pay no penalty for all this convenience.
It's stung through with the unmistakable English character of the dry Keen's you mix yourself.
Keen's Ready-mixed is lusty, bitey, smooth-spun, creamy and pot-fresh - to the last scoop!
So why mix, stir, wait - when you can open, scoop, dab!
Come on. Do it easy. With Keen's new Ready-mixed English mustard.

Keens ready-mixed English mustard

WE'VE 2 OTHER FLAVOURS:
A new *green-label French* with a mellow mildness and subtle continental flavour. And a *yellow-label American* with a flavour between French and English - not too strong, not too mild.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975600

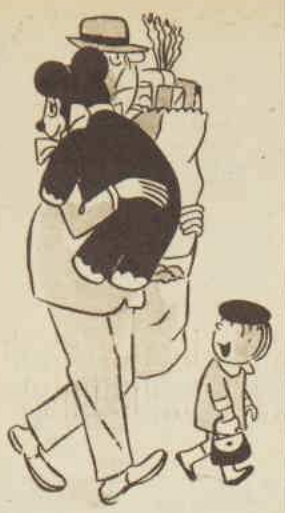
MUST FOR SURFERS

● Going surfing this weekend? Before you set out for the beach, take a look at the big surfing section in the "Sunday Telegraph."

Every week in the "Sunday Telegraph" you'll find bright, newsy features written by experts like Bob Evans and Jack "Bluey" Mayes covering every aspect of this wonderful sport.

Read "How to ride a board," "How to choose a new board" — stories about surfing spots, records, personalities.

Keep up with the scene here and overseas. Read SURFING every week in the "Sunday Telegraph."



"He's getting a big kick out of this, Daddy."

Continued from page 78

THE BATTLE OF THE VILLA FIORITA

"Wouldn't it be more honest?"

"No." The laughter had gone, leaving his face and eyes purposely expressionless, a mask that she had seen him put on for other people. "Honest?" he asked smoothly —and when Rob was smooth it meant he was angry. "If you are thinking on those lines, honesty has gone."

"How gone?"

"If a public promise, before witnesses, to put it at its least, makes all that difference to you, I have to remind you you have already given that promise to Darrell."

. . . . .

Fanny and Rob were on the verandah of the hotel at San Vigilio, finishing their dinner. The verandah was dimly lit, its orange-red walls seemed to glow; they made Fanny's skin, so much browner now, look warm, her hair a deeper bronze. She had a flush on her cheeks. Rob had never seen her look prettier.

"What was Mother like?" In the flat, Caddie, wrinkling up her forehead to try and remember, had asked that. None of them were sure, though Philippa began to embroider. "Her hair is nut-brown," she had said.

"Nuts can be all kinds of brown," said Hugh.

"I mean red-brown. Her eyes are the color of sherry."

"Sherry can be anything from a dark brown to pale gold."

"Her eyes are not pale gold," said Caddie. Only Topaz's eyes were gold.

"She has dimples." Philippa was developing a new admiration for her mother.

"She's big and soft," said Caddie.

"You make her sound like a sofa or a pillow," but Fanny was soft, soft to lean against, and Caddie's eyes had stung so that she had to trace out the pattern of the chintz on the armchair to stop tears spilling over. "Caddie is always brimming," said Hugh.

Fanny had thought she knew what she was like—like any of the others who live in Whitcross, she would have said. It seemed to her now that they had been almost identical, "peas in a pod," she told Rob. "I, or Anthea, or Margot, or Molly Ferguson, Pam Winter, or Charmian. We dressed the same, in tweeds, a cardigan or jersey jacket, a string of pearls, cultured or very small —except Anthea's; we wore good stockings, a little thick, and flat shoes.

"We lived the same, in houses a little shabby but gracious. Our children went to much the same boarding schools, the younger ones to the same private day-school. We drove them there and back, and those of us who hadn't two cars drove our husbands to and from the station; in fact we were perpetual chauffeurs. We all had dogs, most of our children had ponies. We gave the same parties, mostly children's or for drinks, but Anthea's and Margot's were more ambitious; for instance I should never have thought of asking you to dinner," Fanny told Rob.

SHE went on remembering. "In the holidays we were so busy we scarcely had time to exchange a word and the driving was really hard work. Children are supposed to keep you young," said Fanny. "I know often at the end of the holidays I felt old, almost worn out. We were critical of each other, especially behind each other's backs, but if any of us were ill or in trouble we all helped as a matter of course. We were almost sisters, which is why . . ." and Fanny broke off. Then, "Anthea was the most important," she said. "You saw that when you were shooting in the Big House park." They always called Whitcross Park the Big House.

"I was separate, even then," said Fanny slowly. "Quieter. Perhaps it was that I had to do things by myself, with Darrell so much away. I was usually odd woman out. Besides, I wasn't interesting. Everyone knew everything about me and I suppose I didn't think much about myself. That's not being virtuous," she told Rob. "It's just that there was nothing to think about until . . ."

She had lost that unconsciousness. Nowadays she was always looking at herself in the mirror, but perhaps not as much with vanity as with questioning wonder. "I am forty-three. I have had three children, one almost grown up. My waist will never be truly slim again. I have wrinkles at the corner of my eyes"—she could have called them crinkles, but "wrinkles," said Fanny firmly, nipping off all illusions.

"My eyes still look like Caddie's and my nose is straight, and I have kept my skin, that's from what Margot would call innocent living; but I am large, my mouth is too wide and my forehead is wide, too, rather than high which is supposed to be unintelligent — Lady Candida often said that—and I haven't any presence," but, "I saw you in your village shop," said Rob, "and I thought you were sweet. That's the kind of wife I want," said Rob.

"But you could have had someone exciting."

"My work is exciting," said Rob, "I need rest."

He loved to dine with her like this, to look at her across the table, but tonight there was a change. She was not alone with him, absorbed, content, as she had always been. There had always been other people in the room, of course, people round them, beside them—but not between us, thought Rob. I suppose it was too much to hope that this could last.

"It hurts that they had to do it at all," but Fanny did not sound hurt, she sounded happy and gratified. "Darrell can never say again that Hugh hasn't spunk. For a boy just fourteen to plan and face all that."

"He had Caddie with him," Rob pointed out, but Fanny was intent on Hugh. "He always took my side," she said.

"Did you take sides?" asked Rob. "That strikes me as disloyal."

"Darrell didn't understand Hugh," and Rob remembered how her eyes had shone with pride and love as she had turned Hugh toward him on the terrace. "I knew Hugh wouldn't stay with him. I knew it," said Fanny.

"He has to stay with him," said Rob. "It would be wrong to encourage Hugh to think anything else."

"Encourage him?" There was distinct bristling in Fanny's voice. "How encourage him?"

"Making them feel too welcome. I know it's hard but . . ."

"Is that why you rubbed it in about not being expected?" The bristling was unmistakable now. "I thought that was unkind."

"Not unkind, sense."

"But of course I welcomed them," said Fanny. "Children are always welcome where their mother is. Always."

"At any time?" asked Rob.

"At any time." Fanny lifted her chin at him in a way he was beginning to know. "Does that sound wrong to you?"

"It sounds false," said Rob. "No one, however near and dear, is welcome at any time," and he said roughly, "Be yourself, Fanny. You know, dear, no matter what your feelings are, they must go back. We must telegraph Darrell. It's only fair. We can call in at Malcesine. We have to, Fanny dear."

When the Nettuno turned into the small walled harbor, Fanny stayed in the boat watching the waterfront lights while Rob went to send the telegram from the little cafe that was the town's public call office. When he came back he looked at her as if he thought she might hold this against him, even by sulking, but, as he sat down next to Salvadore, the young boatman who owned and drove the Nettuno, she moved closer and slid her hand inside Rob's arm. The children are not to turn into an argument between us, they are not to, thought Fanny.

The lake had never been more beautiful; it was still as a pool, its mountains dark against the sky; only their snow glimmered, as the foam glimmered in the wash behind the Nettuno. She was feeling blessed more than she

To page 81

Printed by Conpress Printing Limited for the publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Modess *because*

a soft, soft cover . . . a full-length safety shield
an undetectable deodorant

MODESS WITH MASSLINN* OR GAUZE COVER, MODESS 'SUPER' AND VEE-FORM BY MODESS Products of Johnson & Johnson

*Registered Trade Marks

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975601

Continued from page 80

THE BATTLE OF THE VILLA FIORITA

deserved; to have Rob and his warm triumph in her heart: "They ran away. They ran away to me."

The Nettuno circled in a sweep to the jetty; the engine died and in the sudden lull Salvadore sent the rope flying; it fell neatly round the post and they came alongside. They were back at the sleeping villa.

It was not Rob's villa, nor was the Nettuno his. "Great Jehoshaphat, I'm not as rich as that," he would have said, though for Hugh and Caddie he remained immensely rich as ever. The villa belonged to Madame Mengini, Renato Mengini's aunt.

The Menginis were, it appeared, an even bigger clan than Celestina's, whose relations peopled the village, let the camping sites, ran the kitchen of the Hotel Lydia, owned the trattoria and many of the farms up the mountain. Celestina's cousins and uncles and aunts were in almost every shop in Malcesine, "Every shop with which we deal," said Rob, but "We are a cadet branch of the famous Mengini," Madame Mengini liked to say. "They have a palace in Riva."

Renato Mengini had been the producer of the last three pictures Rob had done. "Think of it, he came to Whitcross," said Fanny. One of Renato's uncles and his grandmother had helped to finance "Haysel to Harvest," and in this crisis Rob, between pictures, had asked Renato if he could find a house somewhere in Italy where he and Fanny could go. "We are better out of England for the next three months."

Renato had immediately delved among his relations and come up with this aunt. "She is French-English," he said, which, now she was a widow, was why she liked to be called Madame Mengini, not Signora Mengini.

"But . . . turn her out of her house?" Fanny had said.

"She has three," said Renato gently. "One on Garda, one in Genoa, one in Milan." He had driven out from Milan to see that everything was in order and to greet Rob and Fanny. His bright brown eyes slid away from Fanny and looked at her again in a way he could not help, but which embarrassed them both. "She often lets one or other of her houses," he explained.

The Villa Fiorita was her holiday home and was two kilometres above Malcesine, one of the smaller towns, almost a fishing village, topped by an old red stone castle that went back to the thirteenth century. The castle was deserted now, Malcesine had grown, but it had kept its small harbor and its steep cobbled streets. They were so narrow that the house roofs almost met overhead, with hardly room to hang a line of washing across or a string of peppers or put out a birdcage. Firewood and the wicker damigiana of wine, loads of vegetables and groceries had to be taken up or down on wooden runnered sleighs drawn by donkeys.

All the streets ran down to the lake; its blue could be seen at every turn and they teemed with life. Every ferryboat brought crowds; the cafe tables under the oleanders were always crowded. Every half hour a speedboat backed out of the little harbor, where the fishing boats knocked against the old stone walls, and took a load of tourists out on to the lake. Though they paid several million lire for their boats Salvadore and his friends made a golden harvest.

To the tourists the great blue lake probably seemed a place to be looked at rather than lived in; the villa, if they passed it on the lake, seemed a facade with its yellow walls, painted eaves, and tumbling roses. Fiorita would have been a usual name on Como or Maggiore, where azalea and camellia bushes grew as large as trees, where every flower was lush; here, in the Garda winds, it was a struggle to grow flowers at all, but Madame Mengini, with her English strain, had been a gardener; she had sent down as far as Naples for rare bushes and flowering trees, to England and to Paris.

Now creepers and blossom trees were unpruned, roses had grown into tangles, bushes been choked, and Celestina's chickens had scratched up the beds. "But it is still Fiorita," said Fanny. "Flowering peace and stillness."

It was strange that it should have felt so still, because the first few days were cold and stormy. Fanny had always thought of Italy as sun-drenched, warm, hot, lazy, but now rain and wind hurled themselves across the lake, the vento blowing all day long. Yet under the waves the water still kept its blue, as mysteriously intrinsic as if the lake were a jewel that held its own color. How when the sky was grey?

"That is Garda fame," Celestina told Fanny. Celestina had once spent a year in England. "When me young," said Celestina. "Come Giulietta. Very good England. Molto bella l'Inghilterra Oxforrd Street. Peecadilly." She spoke a little English, but often German words crept in and she did not know which was which. Celestina was, she said, shamed by the weather. "April, Mai, bestest munths. Schon. Schon," she said regretfully, but, to Fanny, the tempest outside only shut the villa further into peace.

Rob, Celestina, and Giulietta were united in worrying in case she was uncomfortable, cold, depressed. Here Fanny was first and for years she had always been last; the last to be served—"Because I did the serving"—the last to go to bed, unless Darrell were at home, but first to get up in the morning, she thought wryly. She was last

To page 83

JUST RIGHT FOR NURSING MOTHERS

Ford Pills are the recommended laxative for nursing mothers as Ford Pills will not cause spasm or pain, flavour natural milk, nor will they upset your baby. Ford Pills are so safe, so sure, so gentle, they are now recommended by those that know, when systems disturbed by pregnancy need a gentle nudge back to regularity. If having a baby has added extra poundage to your weight, follow the Ford Pill Diet Chart to help regain your former slimmer figure.

GET FORD PILLS

in red and gold plastic tubes, 6/- and 3/6 everywhere.

FORD PILLS

Fashion FROCKS

• Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"BRENDA". — Attractive check cotton frock is available in lemon, pink, apple - green, blue, or beige with white. Rick-rack braid trim. **Ready to Wear:** Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £5/3/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £5/8/6. **Cut Out Only:** Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £3/13/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £3/16/6. Registered postage 6/-.

NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address given on page 86. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays and from 9 a.m. to 11.30 a.m. on Saturdays. They are available for six weeks after publication date. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975602

21 PRIZES

WIN A FABULOUS PRIZE IN THE

ZIPPY WONDER WORDS CONTEST!

Words, wonderful words about wonderful products, can win you one of 21 fabulous prizes in the Zippy contest. All you have to do is complete these lines on the entry form:—

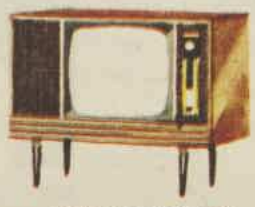
"I like Zippy because . . ." A dozen words is all it takes. Write about both Zippy Window Cleaner and Zippy Starch.

Use Zippy Window Cleaner in the new, convenient squeeze pack that sprays on evenly — wipes off fast. See how quickly it banishes dirt and film that accumulate all year round. (And here's a tip that makes Zippy work even better — make the last rub-over with newspaper or tissue.)

Zippy Starch offers wonderful inspiration for words too. Zippy, the Starch you just pour is easy to use, turns out perfect every time.

Entries close December 14. So buy your Zippy Window Cleaner and Starch now, fill in your entry, send along a label of either Zippy Starch or Zippy Window Cleaner, and you could be soon enjoying a wonderful prize.

1st. prize A General Electric 15 cubic feet 'Americana' Refrigerator or a 23" General Electric 'Belvedere' TV or General Electric fully automatic Washing Machine.



20 OTHER PRIZES — you take your pick of a General Electric "Walk and Talk" Hair Dryer or General Electric Portable Electric Mixer or a General Electric Steam Iron.

'AMERICANA' 15 CU. FT. REFRIGERATOR: Features the trend setting swing out shelves and lift-out containers for greater ease and convenience.

AUTOMATIC WASHER: Fabulous fully automatic 2-speed washer with the exclusive rotary Fabric Selector.

23" 'BELVEDERE' TV: The last word in TV design and performance that personifies the General Electric reputation for quality.

PORTABLE APPLIANCES: Take your pick of any of these beautiful General Electric appliances that have set the standard for design and reliability.

ENTRY FORMS AVAILABLE FROM YOUR ZIPPY RETAILER

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975603

Continued from page 81

THE BATTLE OF THE VILLA FIORITA

on every list and automatically the one to give up everything, to stay behind, to go without. "Well, mothers are like that," she would have said. "Some mothers," said Rob.

Now Rob made her stay in bed for breakfast and Celestina panted up the stairs with relays of coffee, while Giulietta, strong and nimble as a goat, carried up the breakfast table so that Rob could eat with Fanny. In the sitting-room Giulietta built a big fire of olive wood that gave out its warm incense: Rob and Fanny sat by it, reading, talking — or dreaming, thought Fanny, and idling. "I'm not going to do any work for three months," Rob had said.

After lunch Fanny rested, Rob wrote letters, and then, in raincoats, scarves, thick shoes, they would walk down to Malcesine to buy stamps and get English papers, or up the mountains into the storm, past dripping terraces of olives and vines and steep peach orchards where the pink blossom shone in the rain. Fanny and Rob came in soaked, battered, but glowing, and Fanny made tea; there was no kettle in the villa, but she went into the kitchen and used a strange little electric pan of Celestina's that held only a cupful of hot water at a time. Rob, she discovered, was fussy about tea.

At teatime the post came and this was a dangerous moment; there was scarcely ever a letter for her, but Rob read his aloud. "You must begin to understand," he said. Now, too, they read the papers. "From a far-off world," said Fanny. Then Fanny went up for a bath; the hot water trickled so that she had to allow half an hour for it to run in, but she would fill the tub, add the pine and balsam essence Rob had bought for her and lay soaking. She would dress leisurely and come down to find the fire heaped up, drinks ready on a trolley, and she and Rob would talk again until Giulietta, who was as sudden as Celestina, would burst open the glass doors and call, "A tavola," and they would dine at the round table, with its bowl of stocks, "and eat far too much," said Fanny.

The villa had no radio, television, or telephone. "You will have absolute quiet and peace," Renato had said, and after dinner Rob read aloud. He had bought a case of new novels and biographies, but now he read Fanny a fifteenth century manuscript he was bewitched with, a story of Saladin that he hoped one day to make into a picture. "I see it as a film opera," he said. "I have been trying to get backing, and so has Renato, for three years."

The dark came early and they went early to bed, leaving the fire burning. Its warm smell would drift up the stairs, seeming to warm the bedroom if they left the bro-cade door open. In the night the wind and rain, battering and shaking outside, only lulled the house further into sleep.

The Villa Fiorita had opened a new world to Fanny with its chosen antique furniture, the tapestries and brocades hung on the walls. "I didn't know everyday houses had them," Fanny said as Caddie might have done. There were endless bibelots; glass bowls, goblets, and tear bottles; snuff-boxes, family portraits, two especially that Fanny loved, a man and woman, Huguenot in their primness, with dark clothes and ruffs. There was the pair of angels that were to impress Caddie.

Fanny's bedroom, with the gilt and brocade bed, the pink and cream furniture, was for someone feminine, loved, thought Fanny, and precious. She had never thought of herself as precious before. It was as if the frontiers of her old world had been opened, giving a bigger view of a wider world, at the same time more cultivated and more careless.

There was a rich abundance of books as there was of flowers: pot plants of begonias, crimson, salmon, lemon yellow, white; begonias by the dozen, azaleas, hydrangeas. But though the villa was a revelation, Fanny was still Fanny and a subtle change began to come over it. Fanny would pick up the cushions and throw them back in the chairs after Giulietta had set them in careful triangles. Papers and books were left undisturbed and the flowers were grouped, not set in rows. It was as if Fanny had shaken the villa into comfortable living, and Rob looked round and said, "I don't know what you have done, but it's different — as I am."

That was true. How could such a difference come in so short a time? But it had. Rob looked as if he had been . . . crowned, thought Fanny.

"Well, this is the first time I have ever had a woman of my own," said Rob.

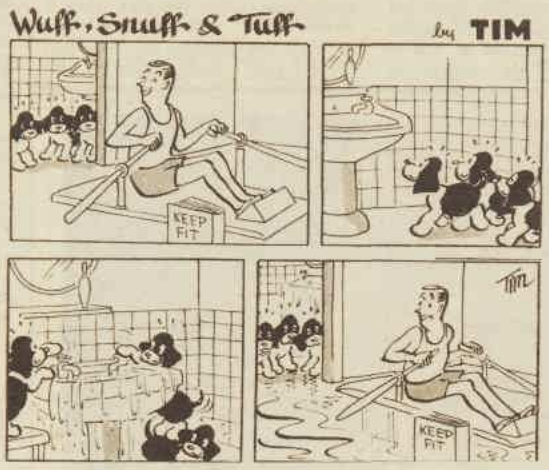
"You had Lucia," Fanny said, remembering that far-off girl wife, whom Rob had only talked about once, and briefly.

"Lucia was a child. She made me feel guilty." The moodiness came back, the look that had made Philippa say Rob looked melancholy and Margot declare he was unhappy, a hollow look. Then his face cleared. "I ought to feel guilty about you, but I don't. I can't." The hollowness had gone; he looked fulfilled; his eyes had a spark, not only of amusement, but of a happiness that spilled over. And I have done that, thought Fanny.

To be continued

Copyright (c) Rumer Godden, 1963. The novel "The Battle of The Villa Fiorita" is published by Macmillan & Co. Ltd.

FOR THE CHILDREN



SYLKARE
by Napro

. . . the luxurious instant rinse—adds glowing sheen, gives body to every strand of your hair. Leaves it easier to control—sets and perms last longer, too. Sylkare prevents and removes dandruff . . . looks after your hair, naturally.

Napro

She's gone modern—
(like I told her to!)
now those fabulous
FAB
suds do all the hard work!
(not like those old soap powders I used to use!)

FABULOUS FAB SUDS KEEP ON WASHING, WORKING WHEN OTHER SUDS ARE DEAD AND GONE

THE CLEANEST CLEAN UNDER THE SUN IS FAB CLEAN

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975604

Continued from page 23

THE WALL

There was a steep drop into a gully beyond the new house, so that you looked across a valley with green, unspoilt bush to where the hills rose, blue and misty. Outlined against them were several big gums, straight, slim, and white-limbed as wood-nymphs. Very pretty, Mrs. Rudd thought it all was. For nearly thirty years she had been able to look out beyond her everyday work and world to the beckoning beauty of the hills. They gave her a sense of freedom and adventure without leaving her own garden.

Once she had been able to see them from the kitchen sink, but the new house had stopped that. But she could still sit under the plum tree with a cup of tea and admire them, or stand up from her gardening to rest her aching back and be renewed by the scene, and wonder who owned those holiday homes far away with the windows that winked so brightly at her in the morning sun.

She would not have that once the wall was there. Thinking of it she gave a grunt of displeasure, then, bending down, started to pull out weeds in a fury of activity. The policeman who had found her in the garden twenty years ago, when he had come to tell her that this time Abel Rudd's absence from home would be permanent, would have recognised the gesture. While the unhappy young constable was telling her of the manner of Abel's passing—he had slipped in his army boots on a city pavement while on leave and fractured his skull—Mrs. Rudd had said nothing.

Then slowly, as though he were no longer there, she had stooped and started pulling weeds—slowly at first and then in a positive fury of effort. The policeman had hovered uncertainly, then, dimly recognising that this effort was some sort of anesthetic to the new widow, had slipped quietly away.

Helen Parker in her new house saw the familiar figure in the garden and curled her lip. She had felt in a lip-curling frame of mind all day. It had begun at breakfast when her husband, John, had started fussing like an old hen because he had to go on a trip into the country for his firm and would not be back until the following day.

"You can't stay on your own," he persisted. "Get your sister Mary to come over and stay the night."

"Don't be silly," she scoffed. "It's three weeks before the baby's due yet. I have the phone. I'll be perfectly all right. It's only one night—and I'll just sit and look at television all the time—promise!"

But John had continued to object until she had snapped, "Look, if you are so concerned over my precious health, why don't you get the builders going with that wall! If I have to look at that mess next door much longer I'll go crazy!"

"The old duck didn't seem awfully enthusiastic about the idea when I mentioned it," ventured John.

"Well, she ought to be. You told her she didn't have to pay for any of it, didn't you? Anyway, I can't get over that Land Development crowd telling us that she was going to be bought out. We've spent more money than we could afford to buy the block we really wanted, and now we're going to have to live cheek by jowl with something that looks as though it had been resurrected from 'On Our Selection.'"

"I suppose she's got as much right to live here as we have," ventured John, then, seeing the danger signals in Helen's blue eyes, added, "I won't have any time to see the builders today, darling. It will have to wait until I come back—I'll fix it then, I promise you."

Helen relented suddenly, getting up and coming to his side.

"I'm an old grizzle-pot, aren't I, darling? You'll have to blame my condition, but I'm afraid Mrs. Rudd and her place give me the horrors."

"I hope our garden thrives as well, anyway." John drew his wife against him, beaming fondly.

Helen changed the subject. "I'll be quite all right on my own, honestly, darling. I'd much rather be, really. It's a chore having to see about extra meals and a bed. And listening to Mary babbling about her men sends me dotty. I wish she'd hurry up and get married herself."

"Promise you'll be careful!"

Helen promised — and stuck to her promise to a reasonable extent. She unpacked some of their wedding presents which had been awaiting the completion of the house, rested, washed her best cardigan and laid it out on towels outside to dry. Walked in the cool of the evening for exercise, and then undid it all by enjoying a thoroughly starchy evening meal that would have horrified her doctor. Afterward she settled down to television. By ten she was ready for bed, so switched off the set and went to lock up. It was then that she noticed there was a drizzle of rain and remembered her beautiful cardigan still outside.

LIGHTLY, despite her increased bulk, she ran down the back steps to disaster.

Seconds later she was lying with her leg doubled up under her and the wind knocked out of her, wondering dimly how her feet had failed her on the rain-wet steps. Then she tried to rise, and sank back again with a groan as her broken leg protested in agony.

She thought, "I must keep calm. I'll call — someone must hear me." But when she did her voice sounded shockingly small in the still night. Televised voices and gunfire came from the adjacent houses, and with a sudden twinge of fear she realised that families snug beside their sets were most unlikely to hear her.

There was no traffic in the quiet street, and after she had called for help until she was breathless she stopped, and in the weeping dark felt lonelier than she had ever been in her whole life.

She attempted to crawl up the steps, but her leg and weight defeated her. So she lay back on the path sick with pain, and the rain continued to fall softly on her until she felt the clamminess of her clothes against her skin and the moisture that trickled as a mixture of rain and perspiration down her face.

"John," she moaned. "Oh, John."

Then she took a firm hold on herself again and lay very still. Sooner or later someone must hear her when TV closed down for the night, she thought. She must be patient and wait. Soon the rain stopped and she saw stars glimmer above her. The frogs down in the creek broke into a hysteria of croaking. She seemed to have been there for hours in a maze of pain and half-consciousness before she realised that at last the houses were silent.

She screamed over and over again until her throat was dry and sore, but nothing happened. Nothing! She choked on tears and fragments of prayer—and the lights went out in the house behind—and then next

To page 85

Husband's Choice

Father knows best (mechanically speaking) and, with the little woman in mind, will choose a washer that knows what it's doing! An automatic washer without problems. Something you can rely on. Of course *you'll* love the way it takes work off your mind, too! The Westinghouse automatically guards all kinds of clothes with a mother's kind of care (gentle yet thorough). Tumbling action lifts clothes clear of the water; sends suds surging through them as they tumble back; sieves out the freed dirt through special escape-holes (only this total rinse can give a totally clean wash!). It's a lot of washer, this Westinghouse Fully Automatic. A big *functional* washer; simple to use; good-looking and free of gadgetry. There are two Westinghouse Automatics: the Heater model for 219 gns. and the Non-Heat for 209 gns. Your Westinghouse retailer's trade-in offer can make either one easy to own. Superb after-sales service too (though you'll probably never need it).

Illustrated is the Westinghouse non-heat model fully automatic washer.

And washer prices start way down low (below 150 gns.)

Semi-Automatics	
Non-heat model	149 gns.
Heater model	159 gns.
Fully Automatics	
Non-heat model	209 gns.
Heater model	219 gns.

Prices slightly higher in some areas.

EMAIL Westinghouse — AUSTRALIAN MADE

YOU CAN BE SURE..IF IT'S **Westinghouse**

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975605

door. And Mrs. Rudd was more than a little deaf, she remembered bitterly. No one would hear her now, no one! She would lie here all night in pain and the rain, and no one would know until the morning. Already she had started to feel cold. She could not bear it — she could not. Then she thought, "I must!" The night could not last for ever. She MUST stand it. Again she drifted off into half-consciousness and was brought back by a dim flicker of what she thought at first was lightning. Oh, no! Not a thunderstorm, too!

The flicker of light came again, so faint she thought she must have imagined it. With difficulty she turned her head and saw a dim light moving like a Will-o'-the-Wisp at the bottom of Mrs. Rudd's garden.

"Help!" she screamed. "Mrs. Rudd! Mrs. Rudd! Help!"

The flickering light paused uncertainly.

"Over here. Oh, Mrs. Rudd, please—help me—quickly!"

With overwhelming relief she saw the light start moving in her direction. She kept calling until, pausing, she was able to hear heavy footsteps and heavier breathing. Then in the light of a hurricane lantern the round face of Mrs. Rudd shone above her.

"You poor kid!" said Mrs. Rudd.

She put down the lantern and knelt beside the girl, and without realising how she got there Helen suddenly found her face buried against the floral-covered cushion of Mrs. Rudd's bosom, crying her heart out with pain and relief.

"There, there," said Mrs. Rudd, patting her shoulder. "You'll have to let me go and phone the Doc."

"In the house there's a phone," whispered Helen. "And can you find me a rug? I'm s-so cold."

MRS. RUDD ambled up the steps and out of sight, Helen watching her as though she could not bear the ample body out of her sight. After what seemed hours she made her appearance again, carrying a rug and a glass.

"They're sending an ambulance right away," she said, putting down the glass. She wrapped the shivering girl in the rug, then took up the glass again.

"Here, have some of this, dear. I pinched some of your old man's whisky."

"Thank you." Helen felt the warmth run through her as she drank. She looked up gratefully. "Thank you, Mrs. Rudd. How on earth did you know I was there? Did you hear me calling?"

"I didn't hear a thing. Snails—that's what brought me out. In the dark after a shower you can always pick off a whole lot of the little so-and-so's. You can thank them snails."

"If the wall—if the wall had been there," whispered Helen, "I would not have seen your lantern. You would not have known I was here."

"No," said Mrs. Rudd with surprising bitterness. "You can't see a thing through a blooming wall."

Helen was silent, then, busy with a new thought, said hesitantly, "John—that's my husband—thought you didn't seem very keen about our dividing wall."

"I'll get used to it, I s'pose," said Mrs. Rudd. "But I kind of liked the view. The hills and everything—they're pretty nice—" she trailed off as though ashamed of her admission. Helen had just time to register some sense of the depths that lurked under the rather peculiar exterior of Mrs. Rudd when a new and tentative pain clutched briefly at her own middle.

Then with a glare of lights and screech of brakes the ambulance arrived.

Some weeks later Mrs. Rudd, welcoming Cammie at the front gate, looked with satisfaction on a pleasant sight. Next door Helen Parker lay on a lounge in the sunshine, pretty in a pale blue dressing-gown despite a leg heavy with plaster. From time to time she

Continued from page 84

THE WALL

poked an exploratory finger into the pram which held her son. Over the two of them hovered Mr. Parker with the brooding intensity of an anxious father bird. Seeing Mrs. Rudd, Helen stirred from her preoccupation with her baby long enough to smile and raise a lazy hand.

Mrs. Rudd beamed in return.

"Doesn't look to be much wrong with her," said Cammie with the envy borne of cumbersome pregnancy confronted with new, flat-stomached motherhood—radiant in spite of a leg in plaster.

"She's all right now," said Mrs. Rudd.

In her brief irritation Cammie's glance swept contemptuously along the low stone fence between the two houses.

"Is that all they're going to have," she asked. "I thought they were going to build a proper wall."

"Not when they found I didn't want it."

"Didn't want it!" Cammie stared at her mother, appalled. "But it wasn't going to cost you a penny!"

"I know," said her mother.

"But your flowers. All those winds you've been grizzling about all these years—"

"The flowers get on all right," said Mrs. Rudd. "It's just that I like to have a bit of a view."

(Copyright)

TRUDY

"You should have been in bed three commercials ago!"

duck a l'orange

THIS kind of cooking takes more than plump ducks and a cookbook: the bird so tender under the glistening brown of its crisp skin, orange-slices gleaming, bright and juicy; compliments moving quickly around the table. A delightful dish that suggests time and care and personal skill . . . and from the moment you finger-tipped the handsome controls of your Westinghouse, you've felt so good!

Right away this Fully-Automatic Range takes over your cookery's bothersome problems. Leaves *you* free for the pretty planning: dress the house; arrange the table; even catch up with the shopping. The Westinghouse Automatic Range quietly attends to the tasks you've set it: *switches itself on at the time you've pre-selected; cooks at the temperature you've set, until the time you've selected for it to turn itself off.*

Simply dial for dinner at 7.15 and on the dot it's done. Now you serve it. With a flourish. It remains merely to open the wine.

Quite a friend, this Westinghouse, the range with all the features most wanted in modern cooking.

And surprise! Your Westinghouse retailer's trade-in offer makes Westinghouse easy to own. There's superb after-sales service, too (though you'll probably never need it).

Illustrated is the Westinghouse fully automatic model PAC224.

And Westinghouse prices start way down low.

Standard Automatics		Fully Automatics	
Model 331T	95 gns.	Model 311A	112 gns.
Model 358GW *(elevated)*	£126.0.0	Model PAC223	125 gns.
Built-in oven	£72.10.0	Model PAC224	139 gns.
Built-in hotplate	£47.10.0	Model 359GW *(elevated)*	139 gns.

Prices slightly higher in some areas

EMAIL Westinghouse — AUSTRALIAN MADE

YOU CAN BE SURE..IF IT'S Westinghouse

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975606

TEAS THAT PLEASE ARE CEYLONESE

BUY A BRAND OF QUALITY CEYLON TEA

— and taste what you've been missing!

Brands of Quality Ceylon Tea are served in rotation at the Ceylon Tea Centres, Sydney and Melbourne. For lists of brands and where to buy them write to The Tea Bureau, BOAC House, 64 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

T215

A2

Someone isn't using Amplex

ARE YOU?

Made by Ashe Laboratories Ltd. England

The Bulletin

THE MAGAZINE FOR INTERESTING PEOPLE!

KIDNEY AID FOR RHEUMATISM

If your back aches like sin and Rheumatism kills your work and fun, take New Improved CYS-TEX to wash away the acids and pain. Feel young and fit again. Get Scientific Laboratory-tested and Certified CYS-TEX from your chemist for fast help. Only 6/6.

Continued from page 21

ONE MORE CHANCE

"Gag him!" shouted somebody. "He can go on like that for hours!"

Molly felt a rush of gratitude to the clown who had saved the day and the guests began laughing in relief and natural high spirits.

Jocelyn lit a fire in the sitting-room; someone put a record on the radiogram. Molly appointed herself chief chef and spent the next hour over the stove, turning steaks and breaking eggs.

Finally, when they had all subsided with cigarettes and coffee, she sat down among the dirty dishes to eat a steak herself. He appeared in the doorway, saying: "I've come to assist with mopping-up operations." Molly smiled and shook her head. "No, no. Your talents can be put to better use keeping the party alive."

He inclined his head toward the passage and held up a silencing hand. From the sitting-room came a buzz of comfortable chatter and an occasional crescendo of mirth. He picked up a dishmop, and using it like a conductor's baton, chanted rhythmically: "I've come to assist with the mopping-up! I've come to assist with the mopping-up!"

Obstinate, thought Molly. Sure of himself. But nice . . . She turned on the hot tap.

"Jocelyn sent me to save you from the gloom of solitary confinement. She tells me that you are always to be found behind the scenes, quietly and efficiently performing chores; that parties would come to a standstill without you; that you are an angel in girl's clothing; and that your name is Molly. Mine is Duncan Riddell."

Their love began over a kitchen sink, with rain beating down outside the window and a warm blur of voices and music from somewhere on the edge of the world. It ended in the Red Candle Restaurant, with the rain pattering behind damask curtains and a honky-tonk piano making "These Foolish Things" into the most melancholy tune ever created.

They had a year of heaven, progressing from the excitement of discovery to the comfort of shared interests and the glorious security of mutual love. They did everything that people do in London who have only a little money and a lot of resourcefulness.

Duncan spread new kingdoms before Molly's eyes. They went from sales of beat-up furniture to shows of off-beat art; from a beer garden at Kew to the cocktail lounge of the Savoy; from dark jazz cellars to the Festival Hall.

Whatever Duncan wanted Molly wanted, too. If he expressed a taste for a certain dish, she learned to cook it; if he named a favorite symphony, she did without lunch for two weeks and bought him the recording. And she had never been so happy in all her life.

And then it was finished, as swiftly as it had begun. Over coffee in their favorite restaurant. "Molly, there are a thousand ways to say this and none of them bearable, so I shall choose the plainest way. Please forgive me. I'm not going to see you any more."

A hundred questions surged to Molly's lips and remained unsaid. It was meaningless. It was a joke. But no, people don't make that kind of joke. A mistake. A terrible idiotic mistake? Nor do people make that kind of mistake with such agonised deliberation. Then there must be a reason—some perfectly obvious thing that she could do or had omitted to do.

In the taxi she managed only one word: "Why?"

"Goodnight, Molly. Believe me, it was wonderful. For a while." Her numbed brain refused to interpret the words. For a while. It should mean something. But her memory provided no clue.

It had been a wonderful year, but the year that followed wiped out all the wonder and replaced it with unutterable bitterness.

And then she had met Ashley Wingate, and seemed to have been given one more chance of happiness. Until last night. Her mouth went dry as she remembered his bewildering phone call last night . . .

"Molly, I can't see you for a while . . ."

To page 90

AMAROO

My sister said—"Look up a train,
I've got to go to Parkes again."
"O.K.," I said, "give me the guide."
I opened it and looked inside.
"You know," I said, "you really ought
to fly" . . . and then my eye was caught
by . . . Mandagery, Monomie,
Wee Elwah and Daroobalgie,
and further down the page I saw
Nelungaloo and Borenore,
Manildra and Kiacatoo,
Euabalong and Amaroo.
"I wouldn't go to Parkes," I said,
"I'd go to Micabil instead,
Or lovely Meramburn, and who
could miss the charm of Amaroo,
It sounds like gently falling rain
Upon a parched and withered plain."
"The train, the train!" my sister cried.
My dream was shattered and I sighed,
"The eight o'clock to Parkes for you,
For me . . . a dream of Amaroo."

—HELEN TUCKER

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

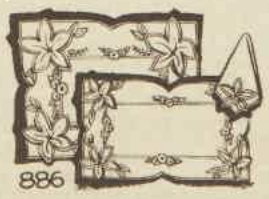
• Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Fashion House, 144/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

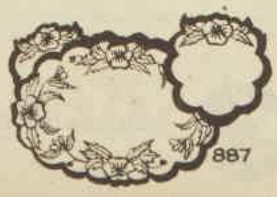
No. 885.—BEACH SHIFT
Attractive beach shift is cut out to make in white poplin spotted in red, navy, pink, or aqua; or with turquoise/blue spots, dark grey/light grey spots, tan/honey spots. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 26/-; 36 and 38in. bust, 27/6. Postage 3/- extra.

No. 886.—LUNCHEON SET
Attractive floral-design luncheon set cut out to embroider on cream or white Irish linen. Centre mat, 3/9; place mat, 3/6; serviettes, 2/-. Postage 6d for each.

No. 887.—DUCHESSE SET
Attractive three-piece set featuring pansy design is cut out to embroider on cream and white Irish linen. Price is 9/11, plus 1/3 postage.

No. 888.—BEACH JACKET
Ideal beach jacket cut out to make in faille poplin in glamor-pink, mintleaf, red, spruce-green, or aqua. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 29/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 30/6. Postage 2/6 extra.





ETA

Lemon Spread RECIPES

LEMON STREUSEL CAKE

4 oz. Marville Margarine
½ cup Castor sugar
2 eggs
1½ cups S.R. Flour
½ cup milk
3 tablespoons ETA Lemon Spread

STREUSEL
1 tablespoon Marville Margarine, melted
½ cup chopped nuts
2 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons sugar

METHOD
Cream Marville and sugar, add eggs one at a time and beat well. Add sifted flour alternately with milk, blend thoroughly. Pour into greased 8" tin, cover with Lemon Spread. Mix Streusel ingredients together and sprinkle over. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes.

LEMON MERINGUE PIE

PASTRY
2 oz. Marville Margarine
½ cup plain flour
½ cup S.R. Flour
1 tablespoon Icing Sugar
1 egg yolk
8 tablespoons ETA Lemon Spread

MERINGUE
1 egg white
2 tablespoons sugar

METHOD
Rub Marville into sifted flour and icing sugar, add beaten egg yolk and if necessary a little water to blend to short dough. Knead and roll to fit 7" pie plate. Flute edges and prick base with fork. Bake in hot oven 12 minutes. Cool. Fill with ETA Lemon spread.
Beat egg white until stiff, beat sugar in gradually. Spoon onto pie.
Place in moderate oven until set and light golden in colour. Serve cold.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975607

they all want NEW **ETA**

Lemon Spread

in the unique **ETA** goblet . . . *with the taste-tingling flavour of real lemons!*

Tempting on the table . . . in the unique ETA goblet, and very, very, tasty! New ETA Lemon Spread has real lemon flavour-freshness. Ready to use . . . smooth . . . easy to spread. Delicious on toast, on biscuits or bread, great in cake, terrific in tarts. And a dream in Lemon Meringue Pie. Try ETA Lemon Spread — the latest ETA flavour-favourite.

It's New! It's Nicer! It's **ETA!**

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975608

He wants Jockey BRAND

COTTON INTERLOCK **9/11**
*

COTTON INTERLOCK **9/11**
*

COTTON INTERLOCK **12/11**
*

IN PLAIN AND PRINTED COTTON **12/6**

STRETCH NYLON **14/11**

COTTON INTERLOCK **12/6**

COTTON INTERLOCK **6/11**

LONGER LASTING—EASIER WASHING Jockey BRAND

When your man wants underwear he really means "Jockey" Brand underwear. There's a "Jockey" Brand garment for every boy in your house. Full grown (like Dad) or just growing (like Junior). Above is the complete "Jockey" range including the Junior Brief especially made for the rough and tumble world of growing boys. When wash days roll round, you'll appreciate the way "Jockey" Brand washes new-clean, dries healthy-white time after time, and keeps on fitting perfectly. When new underwear is needed, "Jockey" Brand is wanted! (Great idea for gifts too!) Be sure to ask for "Jockey" Brand. Accept no substitute – look for the "Jockey" man to be sure.

**These garments also available in "Sportaire" mesh for only one shilling more.*

(Every garment carries an unconditional replacement guarantee against any manufacturing fault).

LOOK FOR THE JOCKEY . . . ON EVERY PACK OF Jockey BRAND UNDERWEAR

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING BRAND OF BETTER UNDERWEAR.

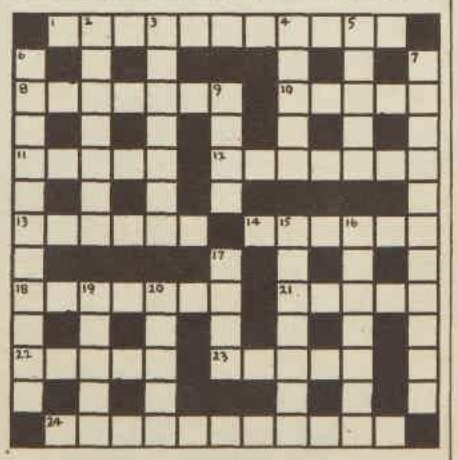
MADE IN AUSTRALIA UNDER LICENCE BY SPEEDO.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975609

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

JOAN'S "ghost lover" is sentenced to orbit in suspended animation for 100 years as punishment for allowing Joan to see him. Magnon tries to stop the flight but is too late. NOW READ ON . . .

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Fly around changing unsteadily (11).
8. Was she rude when shown in? (7).
10. The jolly one is a flag (5).
11. A boy is in the middle of this open space in a wood (5).
12. Indispensable for tailors and pine-trees (7).
13. Fixes again, mostly in rests (6).
14. E. Indian anthropoid ape (6).
18. Conduits, the end of which talks (7).
21. Succeed with the broken sun in ease (5).
22. In her there is a German river (5).
23. Reservation made by a discharge of guns (5).
24. Plant with fragrant white flowers common in moist meadows (6-5).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

2. Square-hewn stones made of a forest tree covering white-handed gibbon (7).
3. Irritate human beings in wrong (7).
4. The language of ancient Scandinavia (5).
5. Lawful not quite all on a limb (5).
6. These birds can move their heads (11).
7. Those who occupy these places live there by conviction (6, 5).
9. Blow with a noisy start (4).
15. Apparatus for lifting blocks of frozen water (3-4).
16. A bookie is all right in a bee when ordered beforehand (7).
17. Is twice a goddess (4).
19. Ceremony after tea is stale (5).
20. Correct, putting the finish where it belongs (5).

Solution of last week's crossword.

nothing equals the gleaming radiance of silver... so inexpensive too!

it's new!

CHRISTINE'S slim flawless symmetry adds elegance to any table and will win the admiration of your friends. It is an entirely new design and a 44-piece suite (6 of each) costs you only £15/19/6 with xylonite handle knives, £17/4/- with pearlex handle knives or £22/15/- in silver plate.

Grosvenor

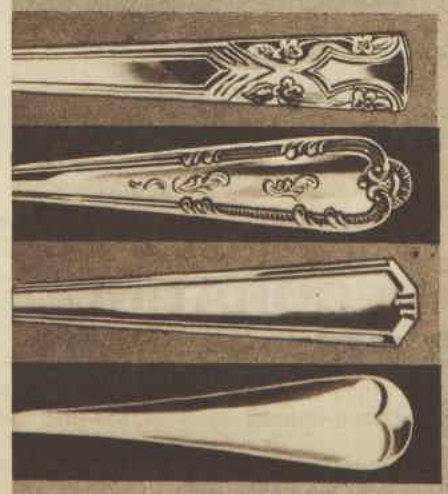
The ultimate in Cutlery Refinement

A Product of

MYTTON'S LTD., MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA

Makers of A1 Quality Table Silverware.

All Grosvenor patterns are available in a wide range from complete 44, 58 and 60 piece canteens down to single pieces — all at surprisingly low prices. Other beautiful Grosvenor patterns include . . .



GRETEL
A finely sculptured, graceful design at very moderate cost. 44-piece suite (6 of each) priced from £14/14/-.

DIANE
A dainty, tasteful design that blends with any setting. 44-piece suite (6 of each) priced from £14/14/-.

DELPHIC
The perfect combination of modern and classical styling. 44-piece suite (6 of each) priced from £17/4/-.

OLD ENGLISH
The ageless favourite for high quality at low cost. 44-piece suite (6 of each) priced from £14/-/-

What Australia Makes—Makes Australia.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975610

HAZEL . . . . . . by Ted Key

Hazel can be seen on Adelaide's Channel 7 at 7 p.m., Tuesdays; Launceston's Channel 9 at 7 p.m., Thursdays; and Perth's Channel 7 at 8 p.m., Thursdays.

Continued from page 86

ONE MORE CHANCE

At the recollection of it, desperation gave her courage. She had nothing to lose but her pride and everything in the world to gain. Decisively, she pressed the button beside Duncan's name, and the front door sprang open immediately.

She went on up the single flight of stairs to Duncan's flat feeling quite calm. He was standing at the door and his eyes widened in amazement.

"May I come in?" she asked.

"Of course. I was actually expecting someone else."

"I shan't stay long. I have something to ask you."

He pushed toward her the footstool on which she always used to perch and sat down on the divan. "Coffee? Tea? Gin and tonic?"

"Nothing, thank you, Duncan, except your undivided attention."

He was arrested in his busy selecting and lighting of a cigarette. "What is it, Molly?"

Her hands were clenched around her knees, the knuckles pale, but her voice was steady. "Why did you grow tired of me a year ago? What did I do wrong?"

Duncan's eyes filled with alarm. Molly could see that a dozen evasive answers were sliding through his mind. She watched unblinkingly, and at last he met her eyes.

"You did nothing wrong. Nothing. That was the trouble."

Her eyes were mystified; her voice a whisper. "Try to explain. I have to know because — it is happening again. In just the same way. With someone else. And you must tell me why, so that I can—can—"

She dropped her head, hiding tears. Duncan leaned forward and took her hand. "Do you really love him?"

"Yes."

He stood up, towering above her. And suddenly his voice was harsh. "I was bored."

"Duncan! I—"

"Listen to me, Molly. You asked for the truth. It's not hard to love you, Molly. Your beauty and your sweetness . . . Yes, and intelligence, too. Your wonderful self-effacement and willingness to please . . ."

It was difficult to go on with her huge uncomprehending eyes fixed on his face. "I had been working hard. I was weary. Weary, too, of the brittle girls with their sharp little psyches jutting out all over . . . It was wonderfully refreshing. For a while . . ."

Those words again. Molly straightened her back and watched him butt his cigarette and absently light another. "But I'm human, Molly. Not many humans want to be worshipped. You must have a will of your own; opinions of your own. Why do you stifle them? I wanted to be contradicted sometimes and perhaps abused. But you always deferred to my wishes. I suggested; you agreed. I ran; you followed. Do you know the difference between a planet and a satellite?"

HER clear eyes had darkened. She nodded, but made no sound. He stooped to her with quick compassion. "Am I helping or just hurting?"

"Both. Go on."

"How could I try to tell you what I wanted? It would have been like wounding a faithful dog." She flinched slightly. "You were lovely to look at; perfectly correct in all you did. And you seemed to think that was enough . . . But, after a year of it, I knew I needed something more. Do you remember the time you made that dessert, zabaglione?"

"I remember."

"The recipe said: A pinch of salt. But you left it out because it seemed wrong in a dessert. The salt would have made it. Do you understand? Our relationship—

"—had no salt." Her eyes were full of comprehension at last. She smiled wryly. "Now I'll have that cup of coffee—if you still have the time." The smile became suddenly impish. "No, I'll have it whether you have the time or not. She can wait on the landing, that Someone Else!"

Duncan stood at his window and watched her go—a slender little figure with a buoyant step. At the corner phone box she stopped suddenly and darted inside. He stood for a long time in thought. It was all true, what he had told her, and it seemed after all that she was strong enough to accept the truth and act on it. But there were other things he had not told her.

He had not told her how his heart had leapt when he saw her climbing the stairs. She would not have believed how bitter it was for him to tell her those things, when he knew that, in coming to see him again, she had already taken the first step toward the remaking of herself in the likeness of his ideal. She had already begun to break that old mould and to fashion a new one for herself.

As he watched her emerge from the phone box and race for a bus, without any of her usual decorum, he knew something else—that he had never loved her more.

Too late to tell her now. The happiness of loving her belonged to someone else. Duncan moved the stool into its usual place and carried the coffee cups to the kitchen.

(Copyright)

FREE! This week's SCENIC VIEW from CALTEX STATIONS

Queensland Coast, North of Cairns

Actual Size 11¼" x 14"

This is one of nine superb views. Collect them all—a new one every week at Caltex Service Stations.

FREE DECORATING IDEAS FOLDER

Collect this handy folder when you call for your free View. It illustrates exciting do-it-yourself ways to use the Views to brighten your home.
Collect this week's free Scenic View and your free decorating folder now. Drive in at the Caltex star.

CALTEX

CALTEX TAKES BETTER CARE OF YOUR CAR.

CA862

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975611

MASQUERADE COSTUMES

6248. — (A) Penguin. (B) Kitten. (C) Monkey. (D) Devil. Sizes 22, 26, 30, 34, 36, 38in. chest. Butterick Pattern 6248. Price 5/- includes postage.

8381. — (A) Blouse and tights for dance class. (B) Blouse with cheer-leader skirt and tights. (C) Drum majorette. (D) Skating costume. (E) Snow-queen costume for tap dancing. Sizes, Children 23 to 32in. chest; Teens 30, 32, 34in. bust. Butterick Pattern 8381. Price 4/6 includes postage.

6756. — (A) Rabbit. (B) Leopard. (C) Lion. (D) Space suit. (E) Panda. Sizes 22, 26, 30, 34in. chest. Butterick Pattern 6756. Price 4/6 includes postage.

6758. — (A) Miss Liberty. (B) Grecian lady. (C) Clown. (D) Persian warrior. Sizes 22, 26, 30, 34, 38, 40in. chest. Butterick Pattern 6758. Price 4/6 includes postage.

9584. — Period costumes. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40in. bust. Butterick Pattern 9584. Price 5/3 includes postage.

6246. — (A) Santa Claus. (B) Doctor's uniform. (C) Artist. (D) Chinese costume. Sizes 26, 30, 34, 38, 42, 46in. chest. Butterick Pattern 6246. Price 5/- includes postage.

9094 — above, right — (A) Cowgirl. (B) Cowboy. (C) Masked rider. (D) Doctor. (E) Nurse. Sizes, Small (21 to 23in. chest); Medium (24 to 26in. chest); Large (28 to 30in. chest). Butterick Pattern 9094. Price 5/- includes postage.

Butterick PATTERNS

Send your order and postal note to PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. (N.Z. readers, P.O. Box 11-039, Ellerslie, SE.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE REQUIRED.

8380 — above, left — (A) Short leotards. (B) Leotard with practice skirt. (C) Ballerina-length ballet costume. (D) Classical ballet costume. (E) Petal-decorated tutu. Sizes 21 to 30in. chest. Butterick Pattern 8380. Price 5/- includes postage.

6342. — (A) Gay 'Nineties costume. (B) Bathing belle. (C) Bo Peep. Sizes 26, 30, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Butterick Pattern 6342. Price 5/- includes postage.

6551. — (A) Colonial costume. (B) Puritan girl. (C) Mammy. (D) Dutch girl. (E) Latin dancer. (E1) Spanish costume. Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Butterick Pattern 6551. Price 4/6 includes postage.

6596. — (A) Angel costume with wings. (B) Short choir robe with scooped yoke. (C) Robe with square yoke. (D) Pierrot or clown costume. Sizes 26, 30, 34, 38in. chest. Butterick Pattern 6596. Price 4/6 includes postage.

6343. — (A) Witch costume. (B) Sheik. (C) Japanese robe with obi. Sizes 26, 30, 32, 34, 36in. chest. Butterick Pattern 6343. Price 5/- includes postage.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975612

Sharing a good idea . . .

Arnott's
FAMOUS
SCOTCH FINGER
Biscuits

There is no Substitute for Quality

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975613

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

Teenagers' WEEKLY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly
Not to be sold separately
November 6, 1963

A NEW SOUND

● The De Kroo Brothers, Doug (left) and Leo, whose recent release "And Her Name Is Scarlet" is rapidly climbing the charts. The disc features a brand - new sound combining a French horn and a genuine auto harp, which the boys found in a pawnshop for £5. They dusted it, replaced the strings, and used it to record their biggest single ever.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975614

LETTERS

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Learning can be a heavy load

AT last I have discovered why gloves are part of the schoolgirls' uniform — they are worn to prevent calluses caused by carrying heavy briefcases to and from school.

The other day, as I was dragging my overloaded briefcase home, my arm started aching. It was no wonder, as my case was filled with heavy text-books which I had to use at home that night.

Why cannot publishers put out lighter text-books? It would be much appreciated by many students who are tired of carrying home such heavy loads every night.—*Wietske Hemmes, Mitchell Park, S.A.*

Australia first

NOT enough Australians know about our colorful early history—the convicts at Botany Bay, conflicts with the aborigines, the squatters, the gold rush, the daring robberies that followed the new wealth, the bushrangers, the Eureka Stockade. This exciting list is endless.

Australian film companies should see the great entertainment potential in this and make more films about our early history.

Australian songwriters and singers, too, could do much more than they do now in promoting songs with a distinctive Australian flavor.

Australia then would emerge as an identity in her own right — not just a country that has borrowed customs and histories from other countries. — *"Pro Australia," East Malvern, Vic.*

Child endowment

I AM in my fourth year at school and my mother is having difficulty keeping me there till I do my Leaving Certificate because of finances.

When I turned 16 my mother's endowment for me ceased. This has been a drain on her because the expenses for school items are great, and it will be more so in fifth year.

The age when child endowment ceases should now be 17, because many teenagers of that age are still at school and dependent on their parents. — *Mary Swayer, Taree, N.S.W.*

Next week

• Johnny Hallyday is the young pop singer who is causing riots among French teenagers. Next week we have his pin-up and the story of his success. Also — six new Butterick patterns for teenagers, for quick and easy sewing on a budget.

Grateful nurse

AS a third-year student nurse and very proud of my work, I always get a warm feeling when nursing is praised and when people fight to get us higher salaries.

But we nurses can't accept all the credit. We would never learn our job without the patient's co-operation.

There is, for example, the kind of patient who is uncomplaining and understanding with a young nurse learning to give an injection; there are the cheerful patients who make our work much easier.

And even the ones who suffer pain teach us something, too —to be gentle and considerate with other people and grateful for our own good health.

If you have ever been a patient in hospital, maybe your attitude has helped a nurse. — *"Grateful Nurse," Broken Hill, N.S.W.*

Hallowe'en fan

WHY don't more Australians celebrate Hallowe'en? Originally, it was a Scottish custom which was celebrated an All-Hallows Eve, October 31, with bonfires and ghoulish masquerades.

Although superstitious it is a time when young men and girls are said to have their future wives and husbands disclosed to them. The Americans have elaborated on this, and for them it is a national festivity.

It is surprising that many Australians don't even know about it. A few years ago I held a Hallowe'en party, and it was very successful. Now Hallowe'en is rather popular in our district.

Australians are a fun-loving nation, and I think we could get a great kick out of Hallowe'en celebrations.—*"Rhimmy," Hunters Hill, N.S.W.*

Home or job?

SINCE I left school last year I have been living at home, helping my mother. Now my father has told me he wants me to do a secretarial course in Sydney next year, but my mother has been ill and says she needs my help in the house.

I have my Leaving Certificate, but Dad says I am wasting it by staying home. What do others readers think I should do?—*H.D., Ayen, N.S.W.*

Sewing bee

RECENTLY, some of my friends were complaining about the state of their summer wardrobe, so I suggested that we get together for a sewing bee on Sunday afternoon. A few of the girls brought along old clothes and remodelled them, while the rest of us used material we had bought at a remnant sale.

The afternoon passed pleasantly, and by five o'clock we were all thrilled with our creations, so decided to meet again.

Now, four weeks later, we have up-to-date wardrobes ready for every occasion, and achieved at a minimum cost.—*"Clothes Conscious," Killara, N.S.W.*

BEATNIK

"No, no, Miss Bell—the rose, just the rose."

A JOB FOR YOU

BEGINNERS, PLEASE! (3)

By Sheila Sibley

• This week I am asking Beginners for help in a very important job for which they are specially equipped.

ON the young, idealistic, and unprejudiced depends the future happiness of this country.

It is the teenagers who will decide whether we will absorb into the nation the strangers within our midst, or force them into hostile groups to whom Australia will always be a cruel and alien land.

Don't think this is a problem for the adults. It is at your age level that group absorption really begins, when you're swinging into the mainstream of your life, discovering who you really are, what you really think, and where your true interests lie.

If you, at this point, exclude Italians, Greeks, Poles, Dutch, or any other new Australian from your activities we might as well not have an immigration policy. Because if you refuse to let these young people grow to a shared maturity alongside you, they will never become Australians.

You may say there are no barriers. You may point to the Konrads and Verstaks who graduated as Australians with flying colors. But what about the thousands of New Australians who have never been invited inside an Australian home?

At university level assimilation is easy and complete, but not everyone goes to university. What is more important to the Australia of the future is what goes on at the local dance halls *now*.

I once asked a Melbourne teenager why she no longer went to a certain public dance. "Too many Italian boys there," she said laconically. Cross-examined, she could find nothing against Italian boys other than "They're too familiar."

She indignantly denied she was encouraging this familiarity; what she did not know was that she was encouraging familiarity simply by being there unescorted.

A well-brought-up Italian girl, watched and guarded by her father and brothers, would never be allowed to go out dancing alone. To the average Italian, or any Mediterranean male, the Australian girls' free and easy manners indicate, by strict Mediterranean standards, free and easy morals.

So both Italian boy and Australian girl are off on the wrong foot right from the start. At home, if he admired a girl, he would have to approach her parents before he would be allowed to take her anywhere.

The average Italian has a great regard for women and a great respect for the family as an institution; the more heavily chaperoned a girl appears to be, the more he respects her.

It would make for better understanding between Italians and Australians if a girl, on first meeting, very firmly brought her new friend home to meet her family.

When he takes you home to meet *his* family, you're as good as engaged.

We, as a race, lack courtesy to strangers. I think it's because we have never been foreigners ourselves. Those of us who have lived abroad learn, for the first time, how hard and difficult it is to be a foreigner, and come back with compassion for the stranger.

Imagine being unable to say what you think, not even simple friendly things, knowing that every time you open your mouth you sound like the village idiot. You see the impatience in other people's eyes, and it takes a pretty stout heart to keep on trying.

Even the simplest things, like buying socks or ordering a meal, become insurmountable difficulties. And think of the terror of going to a doctor when you are unable to tell him your symptoms clearly, or understand what he tells you to do.

In situation after situation you find yourself having to depend for your livelihood, and even your life, on other people's goodwill, and when that goodwill isn't there, it scares you badly.

So if you are a pretty girl of 16 or 17, and at your next dance a dark-eyed, olive-skinned, lonely-looking boy walks up to you and, obviously speaking a language that is foreign to him, asks you to dance, don't reject him.

Remember he has special problems, and remember, too, that you have a great responsibility. Your answer, multiplied a million times, is going to make a great deal of difference to the future of this country.

"Yes," will ensure that he and his kind will willingly give all their strength and skill to their new country, *their* Australia, too.

"No," magnified a million times, means that the lonely young men will fall back resentfully on their own company, and may even form gangs united in their hostility to all things Australian.

Your "no" might one day result in racial clashes on the American pattern, with blood spilt in every city. Yours is a great responsibility indeed.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975615

Her career is to look after babies

By Carol Henty

● Three or four babies are usually a lifetime's job for most women. Pretty Sally Glasson, 19, of Molong, N.S.W., "mothers" as many as that in one week.

AT the Karitane Mothercraft Home in Woollahra, Sydney, she baths, feeds, dresses, changes, and comforts all sorts and sizes of babies as part of her training as a Karitane nurse.

Karitane — pronounced karitarny — was the name of the home of Sir Truby King, a New Zealander who pioneered a system of modern scientific mothercraft.

Monotonous drudgery? "Oh, no," said Sally. "Not when they are so tiny, helpless, and dependent on you. I really like babies, and that makes all the difference."

Training takes 16 months

Liking babies is perhaps the main requirement in Sally's career. When she has finished her 16 months' training course and graduated with her certificate as a Karitane nurse, she will go wherever there is a baby in the house.

With each new case—which may last any time from a week to a few months—she will live in with the family which employs her. Her job will be to offer advice on baby care to the new mother, cope with toddlers, if any, and generally help keep the house running smoothly at a time when it could run into chaos.

This sort of work calls for the patience of Job and the tact of a diplomat, as well as basic scientific knowledge of mothercraft.

"That is why girls have to be quite mature before they start the training," said Matron E. C. Williams, who is in charge of the Home and the trainees.

"They can enrol for the course at 17 years or over, but as we can accommodate only 21 new girls each year, and it is such a popular career, we have a waiting list of nearly two years.

"This means that most girls are about 19 by the time they start."

Before starting, Sally had to have either her Intermediate Certificate, with passes in English and maths, or else pass the standard Nurses' Entrance Exam, which comprises English and arithmetic.

What has arithmetic to do with babies?

"You have to learn something of the principles of infant feeding," said Sally. "Arithmetic comes in when you are making up the different formulas for milk."

Many of the babies are in the Home purely because they have feeding problems which must be put right before they can go home to their mothers, so Sally has no shortage of tiny subjects on which to practise.

In fact, any problem with mothers, babies, or toddlers she may encounter when she has qualified is fully covered during Sally's training period in the Home.

For the Home has a section of "problem" babies temporarily without their mothers; another section for mothers living in with their babies to learn mothercraft; and a section for toddlers up to the age of three who board there for one reason or another.

Sally deals with all three sections during her training.

"But I think I like the new babies best," she said, "though I was terrified of handling them at first. They seem to need you so much and they are less complicated than older babies. If they cry it's usually because they're hungry or they need changing. It's as simple as that.

"The toddlers are a little more boisterous. One of them turned off the fridge—all the milk was in it—one day when no one was looking. Others climb up on to the birdbath in the garden trying to be birds flying off."

Study as well as practice

When she is not directly employed with the babies and toddlers there's still lots for Sally to do. There are reports of each eight-hour duty to write—each baby has its own report book in which all details of its day-to-day existence are noted.

Or there are baby clothes to wash by hand and to iron and fold.

She may do some sewing—a complete layette must be made by each trainee during the course—or do some swotting for one of the two exams trainees must pass.

For there is theory as well as practical work in the course. Once or twice a week doctors come to the home to lecture trainees on medical and nutritional problems, first-aid, and basic child health.

"It's not the Karitane's job to take the place of a doctor," said Sally, "but she must be able to tell the difference between a sick baby who needs medical treatment and a naughty or upset baby."

For the first 12 months of the course Sally lives in at the Home with the other trainees.

"I've been to boarding-school," she said, "so there was no strangeness in leaving home in the country and coming here. Oddly enough, I've met girls here doing the course that I went to school with, so there was no problem of finding friends.

"The only problem with living here is that the food's too good and I've put on weight."

Off-duty hours are Sally's own, and she is as free to come and go from the huge, old one-time mansion as she likes.

If she doesn't want to go out, her own cheerful bedroom in the Home is pleasant enough to use as a base for reading or letter-writing. And the garden is a good spot for sunbathing.

SALLY GLASSON feeds one of her charges during training, as a Karitane nurse, in modern, scientific mothercraft.

At nights when she is not on duty, 10.30 p.m. is the curfew hour, although each girl is allowed two "late" passes each week.

For one month during the first year she has a rest from duties at the Home and goes out to one of the city kindergartens to observe the routine.

Sally's parents pay a fee of £235 for the training course at the Karitane Home.

But after the first year, although Sally will still not be qualified, she will earn a student rate of £7/7/- a week when she goes out "casing" for four months.

Mothers who employ her during this trial four months will write reports on her efficiency and capability for Matron Williams.

£11/11/- a week —and travel

If the reports are satisfactory, Sally is presented with her Karitane Nurses' Certificate and is on her way in her career.

Qualified, she can ask for the Home's recommended fees of £11/11/- a week, plus her board and lodging, and added fees for extra duties.

But Sally needn't spend all her time on private cases. Her certificate qualifies her for work in the nurseries of obstetric hospitals or in day nurseries.

As the Truby King system is recognised and accepted in England, New Zealand, South Africa, Palestine, and Canada, Sally will be able to travel and find secure work overseas.

There is ample opportunity for travel within Australia, too. There are relatively few Karitanes to fill the demand for them, so that a qualified girl can pick and choose her "cases" and see the country at the same time.

This was one of the reasons Sally chose the career. Being a country girl, she prefers to work out of the cities.

One obvious reason why there is a dearth of Karitanes is that the nature of their training and work equips them admirably as wives and mothers themselves—so that most of them get married.

Aren't there ANY drawbacks to the career?

"I don't know if you'd call it a drawback," said Sally, peeping into a bassinet, "but I get so fond of some babies that it's terrible when the mothers take them away."

Courses in mothercraft, similar to that taken by Sally, are conducted in all States. Inquiries can be made at the various State Health Departments.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975616

FEMININE LOOK IN HANDKNITS

● *It's the fragile, feminine look this spring — in delicate pastel handknits which are far more practical than you might think. Knitted in a new synthetic, drip-dry yarn, they wash like crazy and dry in a jiffy. Full directions for all three designs illustrated — jacket, sweater, and cardigan — are given below.*

JACKET

● **Hip-line jacket is pretty enough to wear to a party or out on a dinner-and-theatre date. Note the interesting collarbone neckline and below-elbow sleeves.**

Materials: 13 (14, 15, 16) balls "Panda" 5-ply Drip-Dri; 1 pr. each 12in. Nos. 10 and 12 needles; 2 large buttons; hook and eye.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36, 38) in. bust—actual measurement will be 2in. larger for an easy fit; length from top of shoulder, 18¼ (18½, 18¾, 19½) in.; length of sleeve seam, 8½ (9, 9, 9) in.

Tension: 6¾ sts to 1in.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 116 (122, 128, 136) sts. Work in st-st. for 3in. Make hem as follows: Using spare needle, pick up cast-on sts., then, holding both needles together, knit together 1 st. from each needle to end of row. Change to No. 10 needles, p 1 row, cont. in st-st. When work measures 11 (11, 11, 11½) in. or required length, shape armholes by casting off 6 (6, 6, 7) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of next 3 (3, 3, 4) rows. When armholes measure 7¼ (7½, 7¾, 8) in., shape shoulders by casting off 8 (9, 9, 10) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off 8 (8, 9, 9) sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off loosely.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 58 (61, 64, 68) sts. Work in st-st. for 1½in.

Next Row: K to end, turn, cast on 20 sts. (all sizes), p to end of row. Cont. in st-st. until work measures 3in. measured from commencement. Make hem as for back to last 20 sts., k 20 sts. Change to No. 10 needles, p 1 row, cont. in st-st. When work measures 11 (11, 11, 11½) in. or required length, shape armhole by casting off 6 (6, 6, 7) sts. at armhole edge of next row, k 2 tog. at armhole edge of next 3 (3, 3, 4) rows. When armhole measures 5½ (5¾, 6, 6½) in. shape neck by casting off 35 (37, 38, 39) sts. at neck edge of next row. Dec. 1 st. at neck edge every row until dec. to 24 (25, 27, 28) sts. When armhole measures 7¼ (7½, 7¾, 8) in. shape shoulder by casting off 8 (9, 9, 10) sts. at armhole edge of next row. Cast off 8 (8, 9, 9) sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row twice.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, working shaping and border at opposite ends. Make buttonholes as follows, 1st 5½ (5½, 5½, 6) in. from lower edge and 2nd evenly spaced about 5½in. above 1st.

BUTTONHOLES

1st Row: K 2, cast off 6 sts. loosely, k 8, cast off 6 sts. loosely, k to end.

2nd Row: P to last 10 sts., cast on 6 sts. loosely, p 8, cast on 6 sts. loosely, p 2.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 76 (78, 80, 82) sts. Work in st-st. for 2in. Make hem as for back. Change to No. 10 needles, p 1 row, cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of next and every following 6th row until inc. to 92 (94, 96, 98) sts. When sleeve seam measures 8½ (9, 9, 9) in. or required length, shape top by dec. 1 st. each end every 2nd row until dec. to 70 sts. (all sizes), then every row until dec. to 40 sts. (all sizes). Cast off.

NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams. With right side facing using No. 12 needles, pick up and k about 142 (144, 146, 148) sts. around neck, commencing and ending 20 sts. (all sizes) in from outside edges. P 1 row, work in st-st. for 1¾in. Cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth on wrong side. Stitch sleeves round armholes. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Stitch facing across top of neck neatly, turn 12 facing stitches back on to wrong side and slip-stitch into position down fronts. Fold neckband in half, back on to wrong side, and slip-stitch into position. Sew on buttons and hook and eye at neck edge.

SWEATER

● **Wear this sugar-and-spice sweater to bring out his best protective instincts. It's bound at the neck with grosgrain ribbon; directions are given for three-quarter or elbow-length sleeves.**

Materials: Three-quarter Sleeves—11 (12, 13, 14) balls "Panda" 5-ply Drip-Dri; Elbow-length Sleeves—10 (11, 12, 13) balls "Panda" 5-ply Drip-Dri; 1 pr. each 12in. Nos. 10 and 12 needles; 1yd. ¾in.-wide ribbon.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36, 38) in. bust—actual measurement will be 2in. larger to provide an easy fit; length from top of shoulder, 18¾ (19½, 19¾, 20½) in.; length of ¾ sleeves, 11 (11½, 11½, 11½) in.; elbow-length sleeves, 8½ (9, 9, 9) in.

Tension: 6¾ sts. to 1in.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 112 (118, 124, 132) sts. Work in st-st. for 2in. Make hem as follows: Using spare needle, pick up cast-on sts., then, holding both needles together, knit tog. 1 st. from each needle to end of row. Change to No. 10 needles, p 1 row, cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end every 10th row until inc. to 116 (122, 128, 136) sts. When work measures 11½ (12, 12, 12½) in. or required length, shape armholes by casting off 5 (5, 6, 6) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of next 4 (4, 5, 5) rows. When armholes measure 7 (7¼, 7½, 7¾) in., shape neck and shoulders as follows:

Next Row: K 24 (26, 27, 30) sts., leave rem. sts. on a spare needle.

Cont. on these 24 (26, 27, 30) sts., casting off 3 sts. (all sizes) at neck edge of next and following alt. row. Cast off 6 (6, 7, 8) sts. at armhole edge on following row. Cast off 6 (7, 7, 8) sts. at armhole edge every alt. row twice. Join yarn at neck edge, cast off 50 (52, 52, 54) sts., k to end of row. Work to correspond with other side.

FRONT

Work as for back until armholes measure 5 (5¼, 5½, 5¾) in., shape neck as follows:

Next Row: K 31 (33, 34, 37) sts., leave rem. sts. on spare needle.

Cont. on these 31 (33, 34, 37) sts., casting off 3 sts. (all sizes) at neck edge of next and every alt. row 3 times in all, then k 2 tog. at neck edge every alt. row 4 times in all. When armhole measures 7¼ (7½, 7¾, 8) in., shape shoulder by casting off 6 (6, 7, 8) sts. at armhole edge of next row. Cast off 6 (7, 7, 8) sts. at armhole edge every alt. row twice. Join yarn at neck edge, cast off 36 (38, 38, 40) sts., k to end of row. Work to correspond with other side.

THREE-QUARTER SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 70 (72, 74, 76) sts. Work in st-st. for 1½in. Make hem as for back. Change to No. 10 needles, p 1 row, cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of next and every following 7th row until inc. to 92 (94, 96, 98) sts. When sleeve seam measures 11 (11½, 11½, 11½) in. or required length, shape top by dec. 1 st. each end every 2nd row until dec. to 70 sts. (all sizes), then every row until dec. to 40 sts. (all sizes). Cast off.

ELBOW-LENGTH SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 76 (78, 80, 80) sts. Work in st-st. for 1½in. Make hem as for back. Change to No. 10 needles, p 1 row, then cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of next and every following 6th row until inc. to 92 (94, 96, 98) sts. When sleeve seam measures 8½ (9, 9, 9) in., or required length, shape top as for three-quarter sleeves.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth on wrong side of work. Sew up shoulder seams. Stitch sleeves round armholes. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Stitch ribbon round neck on right side of work, join at back neatly — turn to wrong side, allowing half to show, and slip-stitch into position.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975617

Bobby Vee met bride-to-be at school dance

From BILL WILSON, in New York

● Karen Bergen is getting a new name for Christmas — Mrs. Bobby Vee.

ON December 20 she will marry the young American singing star at the Holy Rosary Church in the remote Minnesota town of Detroit Lakes, where she was born.

She was madly excited about the wedding when I talked with her by long-distance telephone.

"I've just been looking at wedding gowns for the umpteenth time, but I can't decide exactly what I want," she said. "All I know is that it will be white and floor-length."

Karen, who pronounces her surname "Berjen," had just returned from a trousseau-shopping trip to Fargo, North Dakota, the home town of her singing sweetheart.

"Detroit Lakes is a little town of about 7000 people," she said, "and we do our shopping in Fargo, which is 45 miles away."

Although Bobby was born (April 20, 1943) and grew up in Fargo, it was in Detroit Lakes that he met the lovely brown-eyed brunette.

"We were at a school dance here," Karen told me. "I had gone with another boy and Bobby was with another girl.

"When a girl-friend introduced me to Bobby, we shook hands, talked for a while, and took a liking to each other."

Love at first sight? "No," said Karen, "it wasn't that. But we started dating and we did fall in love very quickly."

That was three and a half years ago—which makes Karen one of Bobby Vee's earliest fans.

At that time Bobby was still using his own name, Bobby Velline. He had just started singing and appeared only at local clubs and school dances.

Bobby started making records soon after he met Karen, and one of his first, "Devil or Angel," which he wrote with his two brothers, sold 750,000 copies within a few weeks of its release.

To date his disc sales have brought in close to 11,000,000 dollars for Liberty Records.

Bobby has appeared in all of the leading television variety shows in the U.S. and made his film debut in the color movie "Swinging Along."

Between engagements he is at present taking instruction in the Roman Catholic faith, preparatory to his wedding. Karen is a devout Catholic.

Karen's mother, Mrs. Martha Bergen, is "very happy and thrilled" that Bobby and Karen are getting married.

"I've never known a nicer boy," she told me. "His success hasn't changed him in the least. He is the same polite boy he was before anybody heard of him."

Karen, an unaffectedly charming and low-keyed kind of girl, has 11 brothers and sisters. She is number four in the family, and celebrated her 20th birthday on September 22.

"When Bobby comes over to visit we all have a great time," Karen said. "The lake is only a few yards away and my father has a boat, so we all go down and water-ski."

Karen is looking forward to running her own house. "I like cooking," she said, "and I do some knitting and sewing, too. With a big family like ours everybody pitches in and you have to learn about keeping house."

One thing Karen doesn't do is sing. "I just can't carry a tune," she laughed. "The singing I leave to Bobby."

BELOW, Karen and Bobby on the day they announced their engagement.

ARDIGAN

...y-fit classic is an up-and-...g summer favorite to ... with shorts, skirts, or ... Its open V-neck has ...n interest right up to the ...lder.

...aterials: 10 (11, 12, 13) "Panda" 5-ply Drip-Dri; 1 ...ch "Panda" 12in. Nos. 10 ...2 needles; 10 small buttons.

...asurements: To fit 32 (34, 38) in. bust. — actual ...urement will be 2in. larger ...ovide an easy fit; length ...op of shoulder, 19½ (19¾, 20¼) in.; length of sleeve ...3 (3½, 3¾, 4) in.

...nsion: 6¾ sts. to 1in.

BACK

...ing No. 12 needles, cast on (122, 130, 136) sts. Work in ...k 1, p 1 for 1½in. Change ... 10 needles and work in ... When work measures 11 (11, 11½) in. or required ...h to armholes, cast off 2 (3, ...) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. ...e raglan by dec. 1 st. each ...f next and every following ...row until dec. to 34 (36, 38, ...) sts. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

...ing No. 12 needles, cast on (76, 80, 84) sts.

...st Row: * K 1, p 1, rep. ... * to last 16 sts., k 16.

...nd Row: P 16, * k 1, p 1, ... from * to end. Rep. these ...ows until work measures ... Change to No. 10 needles ... work in st-st. When work measures 11 (11, 11, 11½) in. or required length to armhole, cast off 2 (3, 5, 6) sts. at armhole edge of next row, k to last 18 sts., k 2 tog., k 16. P 1 row. Shape raglan by dec. 1 st. at armhole edge of next and every following alt. row, at same time k 2 tog. inside 16 border sts. every 4th row 17 (17, 18, 20) times in all. Cont. to dec. at armhole edge every alt. row until dec. to 16 border sts. Cont. in st-st. on these 16 sts. until long enough to go across top of sleeve and halfway across back of neck. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, working shapings at opposite end and commencing basque as follows:

Next Row: K 16, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end. When dec. inside the 16 border sts., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o. instead of k 2 tog. Make buttonholes as follows, first one ½in. from lower edge and 5 more evenly spaced about 1¾in. apart.

BUTTONHOLES

1st Row: K 2, cast off 3 sts. loosely, k 6, cast off 3 sts. loosely, work to end.

2nd Row: Work to last 8 sts., cast on 3 sts. loosely, p 6, cast on 3 sts. loosely, p 2.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 80 (82, 84, 86) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for ¾in. Change to No. 10 needles and work in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of every 2nd row until inc. to 88 (92, 98, 100) sts. When sleeve seam measures 3 (3½, 3¾, 4) in. or required length, cast off 2 (3, 5, 6) sts. at beginning of next 2 rows. Shape raglan as back until dec. to 6 (6, 6, 4) sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth on wrong side of work. Join sleeves to back and fronts. Join borders at back of neck and stitch into position. Turn back 8 facing stitches down fronts and across back of neck and slip-stitch neatly into position. Sew on 6 buttons to correspond with buttonholes, stitch rem. 4 buttons evenly spaced on shaped border from 6th button to end of raglan shaping. Stitch buttonholes on opposite side to correspond. Sew up side and sleeve seams.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975618

Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

Unsure of love

"I AM 19½ years old and for 18 months have been keeping company with a wonderful chap two and a half years my senior. As we live 130 miles apart, I don't see him very often — about once a month. He would like us to become engaged in the near future, but I am unsure of myself and explained this to him. Recently I talked to my mother about it and asked if I could go to his town to live. She said I could. Now I am uncertain if this would be the best thing to do. Should I go there, or make a break to another town where I could meet new people? I am worried as to what to do for the best."

"Up in the Air," N.S.W.

After about 18 dates — even a month apart — I'm pretty sure you'd know if you really loved this man.

You could move to the town in which he lives and still develop new interests (and meet people) IF you think you have sufficient independence not to lean too much on your friend during the first lonely months — and probably drift into marriage.

If you're afraid this might happen, go somewhere else. Maybe there's a suitable place close enough to his home-town to enable you to meet more often than you do now.

Love can, of course, grow slowly. But you should give yourself every chance to be sure of it before you marry.

Trouble afoot

"WE are three girls of 14 who feel our parents treat us unjustly. Wherever we go we are made to wear school shoes. Our mothers are very good friends and always agree about the same things, like school shoes. One night we decided to sneak out to a school dance wearing borrowed shoes and stockings (we usually wear socks). Afterwards we told our parents and now we are not even allowed to go down town. Do you think this is fair and do you think we should be made to wear school shoes? If not, how will we ever be able to convince our parents of this?"

"Shoelaces," N.S.W.

It's natural that you should hanker after pretty footwear for party occasions. But try to understand why your parents still say "no." Possibly they don't want you to start looking grown up too soon — or it could be for reasons of economy (school shoes generally outlast two pairs of light pump-soled shoes).

Why not ask them for some smart little-heeled shoes as your Christmas gift? I'm sure they'd agree to this — provided you don't put a foot wrong in the meantime.

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Painted doll

"MY girl-friend persists in putting on too much lipstick, make-up, and in cutting her hair extremely short. When I tell her that her face is naturally beautiful and doesn't need all that goo, she just ignores me. I've even offered to give up smoking if she'd cut down on all that paint. How can I impress on her the beauty of a fresh and youthful face and the ugliness of paint?"

"Scott," N.S.W.

You've got a tough job on your hands. Girls who wear too much make-up usually do so because (a) other girls do and they don't want to be outdone, and (b) they're grimly convinced that they look much more attractive that way. (They just don't believe it when their boy-friends tell them otherwise.)

You COULD try admiring girls who have achieved the desirable "natural look" with their make-up. Or offer to shout her a beauty course at one of the city salons where she'd at least learn how to use cosmetics properly.

Lots of girls have a glorious splurge when they first start putting on make-up, then gradually acquire taste in its use. Perhaps this will happen in your girl-friend's case, if you're patient.

Walking ticket

"I AM an 18-year-old girl. My boy-friend is 21 and we have been going steady for two years. But since Christmas there have been a few little upsets between his family and myself. I have written and tried to do many things to apologise to them, but they just don't seem to want to have anything to do with me. Recently I received an insulting letter from his father telling me to keep away from his son. The worst part is, we plan to become engaged soon. Please help me."

"Helpless," Vic.

If you've honestly done your best to put things right, it's now up to your boy-friend to take up the cudgels on your behalf with his family. He is, after all, of age. And he presumably has no intention of keeping away from you.

Have a frank talk with him. If you don't know already — try to find out the real reason for his family's antagonism toward you and his own feelings in the matter.

It would be best not to answer his father's letter. Just take the situation as quietly as you can. Don't press your boy-friend for dates. And think very seriously before announcing that engagement. What do your parents say?

You're still very young. At least wait for the stormy waters to subside before plunging into them.

Those butterflies

"I AM a 17-year-old boy attending college. I would like to know why it is that when I am with girls, or even grown-up women, I get very nervous and also get an awful feeling in the stomach. Would this be due to shyness?"

"Nervous," N.S.W.

Yes, but you'll gradually lose those butterflies when you start mixing more with the opposite sex.

Beauty in brief: FOOT COMFORT

THE first rule for happy and pretty feet in warm weather is to make sure that you wear well-fitting shoes and stockings so that feet are neither cramped nor compressed.

If calluses or ingrowing nails have been caused in this way, there'll never be a better time than now to visit a chiropodist or foot clinic for expert help.

Give your feet all the air and freedom possible; beach walking with toes gripping the sand is first rate, and you can always walk barefoot about your own bedroom.

Give them plenty of soap and water, too, and one of the best ways of stimulating easily tired feet is to hold them under the cold-water tap, night and morning.

The moment when you take off your shoes and stockings at night is a good time to relax your feet, to stretch and wiggle your toes. The best foot reviver I know is a simple one-two-three movement; it feels wonderful.

Stretch out your foot and point with your heel. Now arch the foot, pushing down the ball of your foot. Finally, spread all the toes as widely apart as possible, hold briefly and relax.

While we're on the subject, did you know that odd-moment leg stretches are a wonderful way to slim the fatted calf and whip the legs into good shape?

Sit down for this one on a chair or stool (hang on to its edge) and pull one knee up to your chest. As you do this, stretch the other leg out full length, resting heel on the floor. Lower the raised leg slowly, heel extended in the same way. Repeat with each leg.

— Carolyn Earle

A word from Debbie

LOOKING for a new party gimmick? Throw a Tom Thumb party.

Accent the "little" in all your plans. Write your invitations in tiny script on small notepaper or cards.

Or phone to say you are giving a Tom Thumb party.

When asked "What's that?" explain it's a "little" party. Ask each guest to bring a picture of himself or herself as a baby or tiny tot.

If your crowd like dressing up, tell them to come as a little boy or girl.

Collect all the pictures as they arrive. Label each with a number held in place by a paper-clip.

When everybody's present, pass the pictures around as you sit in a circle on the floor.

On paper provided, ask each guest to write the name of the person he thinks is in each baby picture. Give a prize to the one who names the most correctly.

Try a few "back-to-childhood" games, too — skip-tag, oranges and lemons, or any others your guests request — before you put the record-player on for dancing.

Guaranteed to stop the shy ones clinging to a corner all night.

Insulting "joker"

"I AM a 16-year-old schoolgirl and I have a boy-friend of the same age whom I see only at the weekends. I have known him for about four months. My problem is that he often insults me and my friends. They keep telling me to do something about it, but I am afraid to, as I might hurt his feelings or our friendship may break up. I ignore him when he insults me, because he is only joking. Even if he isn't he always apologises later. My friends think that I should not let him get away with these insults without some kind of punishment. I don't think that his insults are very serious as yet, but they may become so if nothing is done. Could you please advise me on the best thing to do without causing our friendship to break up?"

L.K., N.S.W.

Lots of people (particularly males) adopt a jocular, insulting manner with people they like. It's sometimes a cover for their real feelings (for instance, when they tell you that you look "a bit much" they secretly think you look wonderful).

If your boy-friend is this sort of "joker," don't chide him about it just because your friends urge you to. But ask him to ease up a little if he's upsetting YOU. (If he offends your friends, it's up to them to tell him so.)

However, if you feel that he is tending to become the smart-alec type who insults people for effect, regardless of causing hurt, you should make no bones about telling him that he is in danger of losing many friends—including you — unless he is kinder in his speech.

That might pull him up. Few people enjoy being unpopular.

sugar and spice. Bake in moderate

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975619

LISTEN HERE—*with Diane Roberts*

"Danny Boy" was key to singing career

● A comparative newcomer to the singing and television world is George Rich, who has sung on "Saturday Date" quite a few times and once on "Bandstand."

AS well as singing, George holds down a steady job as a salesman for a clothing manufacturer in Sydney.

"I've been working for this firm for a few years," he said, "and when I started singing professionally the boss was marvellous — he suggested I work hours that fitted in with any commitments I might have."

George often thought about a singing career, but until February last year he didn't do anything about it. Then one weekend he went to Wollongong and while sitting in a club they announced a talent quest. George's friends persuaded him to enter, and he won.

"That gave me confidence to start looking around for any possible breaks," said George.

The club that organised the quest offered George a job singing there three nights a week and weekends, and one night a man in the audience kept requesting him to sing "Danny Boy."

"After the fifth time I was about to refuse," said George, "but I'm glad I didn't. After the show he gave me the name of a producer at Channel 9 in Sydney.

"The producer arranged an audition, and I was signed to appear on 'Saturday Date' the following week."

George now intends to start training his voice.

"The more work I do the more faults I find with myself," he said.

"When you have to stand in one spot in front of a TV camera and sing, you start to wonder what to do with your hands and feet.

"When I have to move around I feel very self-conscious, and to overcome this I'm going to start dancing and deportment classes, too."

GEORGE RICH

George, at 23, is leading a very busy life. "When I'm not rehearsing or doing a show, or selling, I'm driving backwards and forwards to Wollongong for club work.

"Although I like working in front of an audience, I hope to concentrate on television work. It's a fabulous medium."

DR. BEN CASEY may be a better surgeon than **Dr. Kildare,** but he certainly is not as good a singer. On the Universal Record Club's album, "Sometimes I'm Happy, Sometimes I'm Blue," **Vince Edwards** sounds as surly as he looks as **Dr. Casey.**

His voice singing old favorites such as "You Stepped Out Of a Dream," "Say It Isn't So," and "Blue Prelude" doesn't sound at all like his speaking voice. But **Ben Casey** fans probably won't mind. After all, he does have an excellent profile.

TWO sophisticated numbers, "I've Got Your Number" and "On The Other Side Of The Tracks," from the Broadway musical "Little Me," are presented in a good old (pre-surfing sound) swinging style on an R.C.A. single.

The title number from "Little Me" sung by **Little Peggy March** is given a bouncy teenage treatment on another R.C.A. single, but she changes to a more serious vein on the flip when she sings the oldie "Pagan Love Song."

A lot of echo effects tend to spoil this single, which is below Little Peggy's usual standard.

STAN RUBIN'S orchestra is new to this country, but from the sound of a recently released single on Festival I hope we hear more. "Marnie," written by Stan Rubin, is a hauntingly pretty song, slightly reminiscent of "Stranger On The Shore." "Sing Sing Sing" on the flip is an up-tempo, big sound number that really belts along.

JOHNNY O'KEEFE'S follow-up to his smash hit, "Move Baby Move," comes off a poor second best. Titled "Shake Baby Shake" (Leedon), it doesn't have the power or quality of its predecessor. The flip, "Good Luck Charm," sounds like the J. O'K. of old, and lacks the polish he has acquired over the past few years.

A CHARMING and delightful release by Festival is **Shirley Temple's** "Little Miss Wonderful." The original sound tracks from her movies include "On The Good Ship Lollipop," "Polly Wolly Doodle," and "On Accounta I Love You."

Many teens may know **Shirley Temple** only through her recent TV series, so if you haven't heard her piping voice singing songs such as "Lollipop," listen to this album —I think you'll like it.

THE three **Bee Gees** move into a Sydney nightclub-restaurant for a month's season beginning Boxing Day. Although they have previously aimed at the teenage field, they have quite a sophisticated act lined up for their club opening.

It will include comedy numbers and new arrangements of numbers like "Alexander's Ragtime Band" and other oldies always popular with an adult audience.

CASHING in on the successful stomp sound, **Johnny Devlin** is out with a very stompable Festival single, "Stomp The Tumbarumba," his own composition.

He wrote the number after watching a swinging stomp session by some Tumbarumba teens when he visited the town on tour. It's backed with "I Beg Of You."

WORTH HEARING

BEETHOVEN: Piano sonatas

ONE of the last recordings made by the pianist Benno Moiseiwitsch before his death early this year links two of the best-known piano sonatas of Beethoven: the so-called "Moonlight" Sonata and the "Les Adieux" Sonata. This record has been released in Australia through the Universal Record Club.

Moiseiwitsch was one of the great pianists of the old school, and the performances on this disc are typical of his romantic, personal interpretations.

The romantic approach is appropriate to these two sonatas. Although the rather silly nickname "Moonlight" is not Beethoven's and suggests no more than a very superficial impression of the first movement, it is still true that in this sonata Beethoven broke right away from the formal classical tradition and seems to have been trying to express some non-musical idea.

"Les Adieux" — the Farewell — is even more obviously an example of musical romanticism, for here Beethoven attached his own descriptive titles to the three movements — "The Farewell," "The Absence," "The Return."

Two other shorter pieces filling out the two sides provide interesting comparisons: one is Beethoven's formal and "classical" "Andante Favori," the other a thoroughgoing piece of descriptive romanticism, Schumann's "Prophet Bird."

— *Martin Long*

HUE AND TRY!

"DON'T shoot till you see the whites of their eyes"—bold advice for battling soldiers.

Well, I've got a similarly stirring saying for blokes fighting the good fight of romance.

Don't steal a kiss till you see the color of the walls!

You see, I've just come across three experts' theories that surrounding colors have a lot to do with how romantic a lass is at a certain time.

These experts say that color affects physical and psychological functions.

And, they say, it makes a particularly powerful impression on women because fewer females than males are color-blind.

What colors put romance in the pink, you ask?

Briefly, redheads apparently are stimulated by green, brunettes by brown and yellow, blondes by blue.

(By the way, American Armed Services researchers find that many redheaded girls prefer to join the Marines, because the green uniform best shows them off.

Blondes often choose the Navy—they like the blue uniform. Many brunettes join the Army because the yellow insignia and khaki appeals to them.

Which just goes to show that all nice girls don't necessarily like a sailor-suit!)

There's only one problem, of course.

What happens if a bloke gets a blond-haired girl in a blue room—and she is, in fact, a dyed-in-the-wool brunette?

The safest thing might be to try to steal a kiss in surroundings to suit all girls—say a rural setting with blue sky, green trees, brown earth.

However, as any boy knows, a pretty girl should be kissed as the situation arises.

Just as long as she doesn't see red!

— Robin Adair

NEW LP'S RELEASED THIS WEEK

WORKS BY BACH & HANDEL — *Cantata No. 203:* "Amore Traditore" (Bach) and Italian Cantatas and others (Handel). H.M.V.: Mono-OALP.1804. Stereo-OASD.397. Price — 57/6.

"GREAT RECORDINGS OF THE CENTURY" SERIES — Trio No. 2 in E flat major, Op.100 (Schubert). H.M.V.: COLH.43. Price — 57/6.

BEETHOVEN SONATAS — No. 18 in E flat, Op. 31, No. 3 in C minor, Op.111 Annie Fischer, Piano. COLUMBIA: Mono-33CX. 1807. Stereo-SAX.2435. Price — 57/6.

"BEACH PARTY"—The great CHUBBY CHECKER with Let's Surf Again, She's A Hippy, Surf Party. COLUMBIA: 330SX.7707 Price — 52/6.

"WHERE DID EVERYONE GO" — Here's *Nat King Cole*, better than ever, with Am I Blue, Say It Isn't So, When The World Was Young, etc. CAPITOL: Mono-W.1859. Stereo-SW.1859. Price — 52/6.

"AL WHITE & THE STATION J ORCHESTRA"— play Charleston, Tiger Rag, Dardanella, etc. CAPITOL: T.1832. Price — 52/6.

"COMPLETE ORCHESTRAL WORKS" (Maurice Ravel) — Featuring the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra conducted by Andre Cluytens — presentation box of 4 records. COLUMBIA: Mono-33CX. 1832/5. Stereo-SAX. 2476/9. Price — 230/-.

"VICTOR SILVESTER IN FRANCE" — *The Silver Strings* play April in Paris, C'est Magnifique, Pigalle, etc. COLUMBIA: Mono-330SX.1495. Stereo-SCXO. 3476. Price — 52/6.

"WHEN IN SPAIN" — Cliff Richard and The Shadows sing Amor, Perfidia, Quien Sera and others. COLUMBIA: Mono-330 SX.1541. Stereo-SCXO. 3488. Price — 52/6.

"SONGS TO CHEER THE HEART" — Sung by the Scottish Festivals of Male Voice Praise. A wide selection of devotional choral songs. PARLOPHONE: Mono-PMCO. 1199. Stereo-PCSO.3039. Price — 52/6.

"MANHATTAN BEAT" — *Eddie Heywood* at the piano plays Broadway Rhythm, Spanish Harlem, Trolley Song, etc. LIBERTY: LRP.3279. Price — 52/6.

EMI The greatest recording organisation in the world

CH2899.12

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975620

TOP TEENS IN SPORT No. 28

New table tennis star

● It's the ambition of thousands of Australian teenagers to represent their country overseas in their chosen sport, and in table tennis circles no one is more determined to make the grade than a petite blonde named Jan Mark.

By Cynthia Robinson

THE 16-year-old South Australian has a more than sporting chance of doing so, too.

On present form she's already rated the second best woman player in Australia, and her potential is so great that she could quickly develop into an international star.

This isn't bad going for a girl who has been playing the game for only three years.

In her early school years she was a basketball enthusiast, and in the five years she played for a church association she won five successive annual awards for the best and fairest player.

When she transferred from primary school to Muirden College, a secondary commercial school in Adelaide, she also transferred her sporting interest to table tennis.

Not long after she took up the game she won a school singles tournament. Deciding to concentrate on the sport she joined a table tennis club.

Experienced players in the club looked more than a little bewildered as the novice repeatedly hit them out of the game.

They soon got the message that she was a player of more than average potential, and advised her to talk to leading coach Bill Oatey. After watching her play only one match he took over her training.

When she first played for the South Australian junior team in 1961 she was just 14, and last year, after winning her way into the senior side, she carried off the State Metropolitan Girls' Championship.

This year she first won the junior titles in the City of Adelaide and State Metropolitan Championships.

In Melbourne in May she caused a sensation by beating top-ranking Victorian player Eva Banhidy, and went on to win the Riversdale Open Championship. Several months later she became the youngest woman ever to win the South Australian Open Singles.

As a result of these performances she was seeded No. 4 in the National titles in Sydney in September. The only players ahead of her in seedings were Australia's international star Suzy Javor and New Zealanders Neti Davis and Norma Attwood, the Commonwealth's top-seeded players.

During the Sydney championships Jan carried off the coveted Michael Szabados Memorial Trophy for the most outstanding junior player in Australia.

Jan, an only child who works as a stenographer in a government department, receives great encouragement in her table tennis career from her parents.

When she's not training under her coach's supervision she sometimes has a practice game with her mother, a club player, in a garage specially built at their Kilburn home by her father, Mr. R. A. Mark, a former committee member of the S.A. Table Tennis Association.

Jan, who at a trim 5ft. 2in. and 7st. 3lb. doesn't have any diet problems, has little time at present for interests other than table tennis.

Next week: Lorraine Dodd.

JAN MARK, who, at 16, is already rated as the second-best woman table tennis player in Australia, beside the Michael Szabados Memorial Trophy which she won, as the best junior, at the recent Australian Championships in Sydney.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975621

PAGEANT OF AUSTRALIAN COOKING
(1788–1963)

175 years of traditional cooking from the First Australian Christmas to Christmas 1963 with the compliments of

AUSTRALIAN DAIRY PRODUCE BOARD

DAIRY FOODS
NATURE'S FINEST

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975622

The First Australian Christmas

Christmas Day, 1788, dawned bright and hot as the British colours were hoisted above the lonely encampment at Port Jackson.

Australia's first Christmas was far from being a merry one. There was constant danger of attack from hostile 'Indians', as the aborigines were called; food was in short supply, and a convict had been condemned to death for pilfering.

Nevertheless, the Governor, Captain Arthur Phillip, entertained his officers at a traditional festive dinner of roast goose, mince pie — and a fine old Stilton cheese especially saved for the occasion.

The men who enjoyed this delicacy on that homesick Christmas Day would probably have been surprised to know that the new colony was destined to become one of the world's major dairying countries, exporting fine-quality cheeses to many other lands, including Britain.

In 1963 — 175 years later — Australia, now a nation of 11,000,000 people, will again celebrate Christmas with traditional good cheer. In contrast to that historic first Christmas, there will be no shortage of fine food. Poultry, dried fruits, choice butter and top-quality cheeses — all products of Australia's soil and sunshine — will grace our tables as we propose . . . . . .

a merry Christmas and a happy New Year

Here, adapted to present-day families and ingredients, is the traditional Mince Pie that Governor Phillip enjoyed with his guests on Australia's first Christmas Day.

Anniversary Mince Pie

Pastry: 8 oz. (1 cup) butter, 10 oz. (2½ cups) plain flour, ½ cup water, 1 tablespoon white vinegar, sugar and water to glaze.

Rub butter into flour until mixture looks like coarse breadcrumbs. Stir in water and vinegar, knead lightly. Divide dough into two balls and chill for 20 minutes. Roll out one ball to fit 8" or 9" pie dish and line with pastry. Place cold mince filling in shell, and roll out second ball to cover pie. Moisten the edge of crust and press well together. Glaze with water and sprinkle well with sugar. Cook in moderate oven 375° for 30-35 minutes or until pastry is golden brown.

Colonial Mince: ½ lb. raisins, ½ lb. apples, 2 oz. citron peel, ½ lb. currants, ½ tablespoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, ½ teaspoon mixed spice, ½ cup white wine, ½ lb. brown sugar, ½ cup orange juice, 1 dessertspoon butter.

Chop raisins, apples, peel and currants roughly. Combine with cinnamon, nutmeg, mixed spice, white wine, brown sugar and orange juice and allow to stand (overnight if possible). Add butter and bring mixture to boil and allow to simmer for 2 hours stirring occasionally. Allow to cool, store in airtight container. This mince is best made about 7 days before required.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975623

HISTORIC CHRISTMAS DINNERS

Some of the early Christmas dinners in the new colony could be classified as feasts— but others, sad to relate, were more like fasts. Practically all supplies were brought by ships, and sometimes arrived just in time to avert starvation. In December 1790, the arrival of butter from Batavia gave great cause for rejoicing, ensuring the traditional good fare for the holiday tables. But in December 1791, supplies were so low that the rations had to be cut. The best Governor Phillip could do was to allow a pound of flour to each woman in the settlement. But if the men had to tighten their belts that Christmas Day, they made certain cheer of an other sort. The stores at Parramatta were broken into, and some 22 gallons of liquor spirited away!

As the settlement grew and prospered, Christmas dinner seemed assured for all. But there were still those whose sense of adventure took them far from the comforts of civilization on Christmas Day.

On December 25th, 1873, the explorer, Peter Egerton Warburton, sat writing his journal. On one of the most terrible journeys of exploration ever undertaken, he was leading a party from Alice Springs to the West Australian coast. Here is what he wrote —

"We cannot but draw a mental picture of our friends in Adelaide, sitting down to their Christmas dinner, whilst we lie sweltering on the ground, starving, and should be thankful to have the pickings out of any pig's trough."

In the early days, rum was prized not only as a drink but as an ingredient in festive cooking. These fine old dishes — made with some of the precious butter, and fragrant with rum — were enjoyed at many an early Christmas dinner. The recipes have been modified, and reduced in quantity, to suit our requirements for Christmas '63.

Settlers' Christmas Pudding

Christmas Pudding: 1 lb. raisins, 1 lb. sultanas, ¼ lb. currants, ½ lb. dates, ½ lb. mixed peel, ¾ lb. butter, ½ lb. brown sugar, 4 eggs, 8 oz. breadcrumbs, (white), 8 oz. (2 cups) plain flour, ¼ level teaspoon salt, 4 level teaspoons mixed spice, 2 level teaspoons nutmeg, ½ level teaspoon bicarb. soda, ½ cup brandy.

Wash, dry and chop fruits. Cream butter and brown sugar together. Add eggs one at a time beating well after each addition. Stir in breadcrumbs, prepared fruits and sifted dry ingredients. Lastly, stir in spirits. Mix well, place in a scalded and flavoured pudding cloth; tie securely with string. Place in a large vessel of fast boiling water, or in a steamer over boiling water. Steam for 7 hours. Hang to store. On day of serving steam another 2 hours.

Rum Butter: 1 lb. butter, 2 lb. sugar (castor), 2 glasses rum, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon nutmeg.

Cream butter and add sugar gradually. Add rum, cinnamon, nutmeg. Make a smooth round and freeze. Cut into slices and serve with piping hot pudding.

Governor Phillip's Rum Pie

Pastry: 6 oz. (1½ cups) flour, 3 oz. (3 tablespoons) butter, 2 tablespoons hot water, 1 teaspoon sugar.

Sift flour and rub in butter. Dissolve sugar in hot water before adding to flour mixture. Mix to a soft dough and chill for 15-20 minutes. Roll out and line 8" pie dish. Cook in hot oven 400° for 15 minutes. Allow to cool before filling.

Rum Cream Filling: 3 egg yolks, 1 tablespoon soft butter, ½ cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, ¼ cup cold water, ½ pint cream, ¼ cup dark rum.

Beat egg yolks, butter, gradually add sugar and beat until frothy.

In saucepan soften gelatine in water and bring to boil over low heat; slowly pour into egg mixture beating well all the time. Whip cream until stiff and fold into egg mixture, then gently fold in rum. Refrigerate until stiff enough to form peaks when dropped from spoon, then heap into crust and chill 3-4 hours before serving. Decorate with chocolate.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975624

FAVOURITE DISHES

A Legacy from the Past

Some of the dishes enjoyed by our forefathers would get a dubious reception today — and still others would be beyond the resources of the 1963 housewife.

Wild life, for example, was not only plentiful, but legally unprotected. Black swans, parrots, cockatoos, flying foxes, possums and goannas all went into the pot. So did the koala, on occasion. In the 1890's, "Gundaroo Bullock" was the name given to baked koala. And "Grabben Gullen Pie" was a hollowed-out pumpkin filled with possum meat and roasted.

Home-baked bread — now nearly as rare as its alternative, damper — appeared on every table.

Although much of the food tended to be plain, hearty and filling, cooking standards were high, and many a delicacy was baked for Christmas, and other special occasions throughout the year.

Here, only very slightly adapted, are some of the recipes which might feature on your own table this Christmas.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975625

Cheese Pots

3 lb. cheddar cheese, ½ lb. butter, ¾ cup sherry, salt and pepper.
Roughly grate cheese and place over moderate heat with butter, stirring continuously until cheddar and butter have melted. If mixture separates, remove from heat and beat well. Beat in sherry and salt and pepper to taste. Pour into small pots, allow to cool and set. Use to spread on savouries.

Cheese Pies

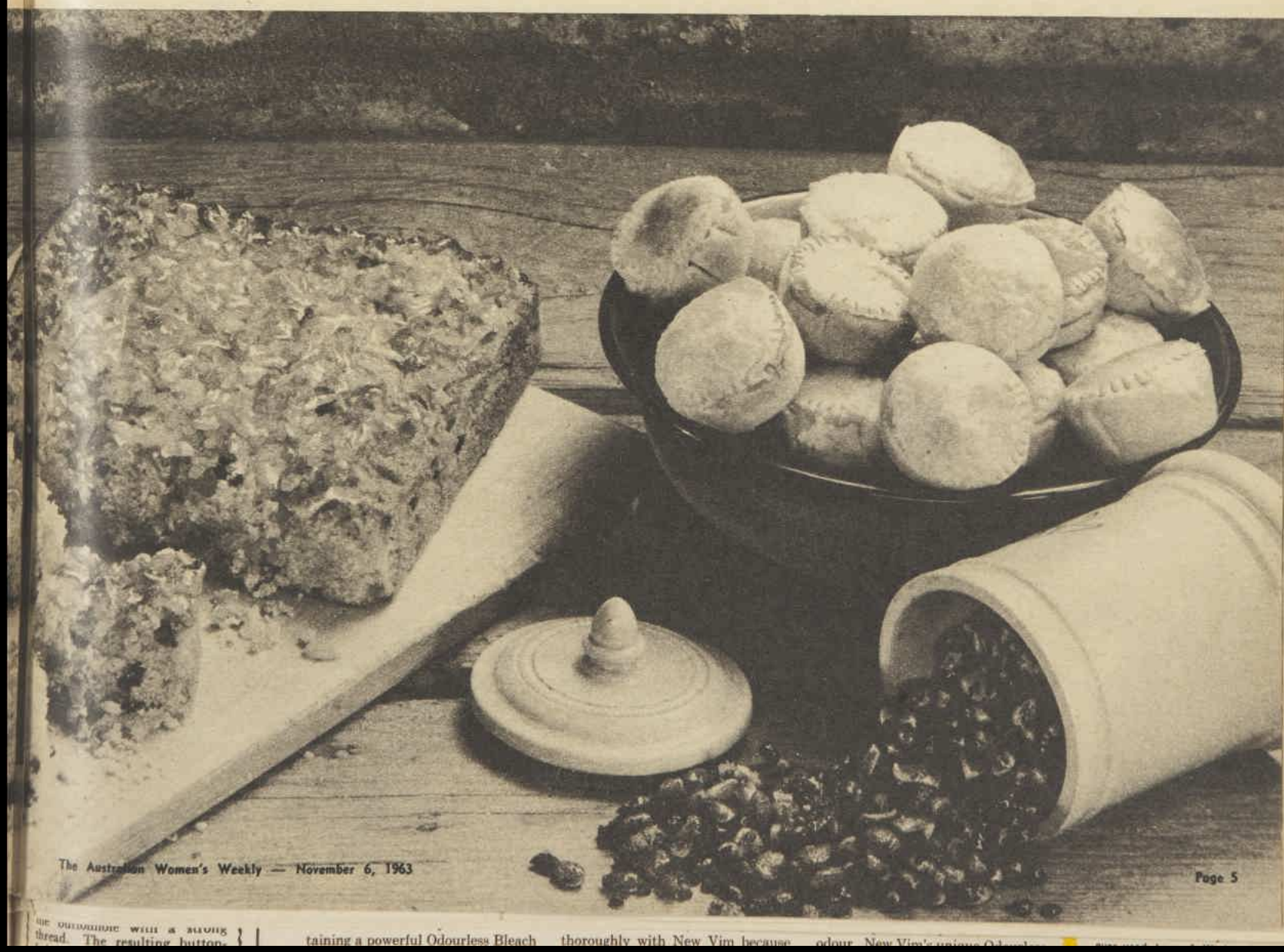
Pastry: 8 *oz.* (2 *cups*) *plain flour, pinch cayenne pepper,* 4 *oz.* (4 *tablespoons*) *butter,* 4 *oz.* (½ *cup*) *grated cheese,* 1 *egg yolk,* 1 *tablespoon lemon juice,* 1 *tablespoon water.*
Sift flour and cayenne. Rub butter into flour. Stir in cheese. Mix egg yolk, lemon juice and water together and mix with flour to form a firm dough. Place on floured board, roll out to ¼" in thickness. Using 3" cutter, cut rounds to line individual pie tins and 2" cutter to cut rounds for lids.
Filling: 1 *small onion finely chopped,* 6 *oz. finely grated cheese,* 1 *tablespoon milk,* 1 *teaspoon butter,* 1 *egg white.*
Finely chop onion and add to cheese, milk, butter and egg white. Mix together and place a teaspoon of mixture in each pie shell. Moisten rim of pie, cover with lid and press edge together with fork. Make a small slit with a knife in the top, glaze with milk and bake in hot oven 400° for 10-15 minutes.

Butter Spice Cake

6 *oz.* (¾ *cup*) *butter,* 8 *oz. brown sugar,* 3 *eggs,* ½ *teaspoon lemon essence,* 1 *cup mixed fruit,* 1 *teaspoon cinnamon,* ½ *teaspoon mixed spice,* 12 *oz.* (3 *cups*) *self-raising flour,* 1 *cup milk.*
Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add lemon essence and stir in fruit. Sift dry ingredients and stir in half flour and milk — beat well. Stir in remaining flour and milk. Place in greased and lined 13 x 8 tin. Sprinkle liberally with chopped peel and cherries. Bake in a moderate oven 350° for 35-45 minutes. Allow to cool before removing paper.

Almond Tartlets

Pastry: 6 *oz.* (1½ *cups*) *self-raising flour,* 2 *tablespoons icing sugar,* 3 *oz. butter,* 1 *egg yolk.*
Sift dry ingredients together. Rub in butter and mix to a soft dough with egg yolk. Roll out to ¼" in thickness and cut into small shells. Add ½ teaspoon jam to each and 1 teaspoon of filling. Top with ½ blanched almond or cherry and bake in moderate oven 350° for 25-30 minutes.
Filling: 1 *egg white,* 1 *cup finely chopped almonds,* ½ *cup sugar.*
Beat egg white slightly, add almonds and sugar, mix well.



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975626

600 Aborigines came to dinner!

To celebrate Christmas 1824, Governor Sir Thomas Brisbane invited the local aborigines to a feast at Parramatta. Some seven or eight tribes attended in force, and the Governor's Journal reported that the refreshments included:

400 loaves of bread
a cask of soup
22 large rounds of beef
several tubs of potatoes
13 "plumb" cakes and —
"a hogshead of thrice-watered grog"

Food was cheap by present-day standards. Fat sheep could be bought for 4/6d. each, fat ducks and fowls for 4d. a head — and rum cost 2/3d. per gallon.

But if the prices were low, the food was highly valued, and houses were sometimes burgled for a pound of flour. The penalty for stealing 3d. worth of flour (1½ lb.) was 200 strokes with the lash.

"Plumb cake", which was given pride of place on every Christmas table, great or small, was of course the fore-runner of our modern Christmas Cake, rich with butter and "plumbs" (i.e. raisins) and laced with spirits.

If you would like to celebrate Christmas 1963 with a truly traditional cake — here is a practical adaptation of the fine old 1824 recipe . . .

Parramatta Plumb Cake

6 oz. (¾ cup) butter, 6 oz. ¾ (cup) sugar, 3 eggs, 8 oz. (2cups) S.R. flour, ½ teaspoon bicarb. soda, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¾ lb. raisins, 6 oz. currants, 2 oz. peel, 1 oz. ginger, 2 oz. walnuts, 2 oz. almonds, 1 dessertspoon golden syrup, 3 tablespoons blackcurrant jam, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, ¾ cup rum.

Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time beating well after each addition. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with rum. Add fruit which has been chopped, nuts, golden syrup and lastly, blackcurrant jam. Pour into 7" square or round tin or a 3 pint mould. Bake at 400° for 15 minutes and then turn down to 250° and cook for 3 hours.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975627

IN PRAISE OF BUTTER

Not only at Christmas, but right throughout the year, Australians have always regarded butter as one of the most important and delectable of all foods.

Philip E. Muskett, who was not only a distinguished N.S.W. surgeon, but one of Australia's pioneer dietitians, conducted a campaign to install domestic iceboxes during the late Nineteenth century. He wanted to see an icebox in every Australian home so that butter could be kept at a suitable temperature.

In his book, *The Art of Living in Australia*, he said:

"A very small and suitable ice chest could be constructed to sell at a few shillings, solely to preserve the butter in a congealed, and therefore palatable, state, for children as well as adults. The former would take it with great avidity, and the benefit to health resulting therefrom would be incalculable."

Mr. Muskett believed that for the normal business, professional and working man, a "liberal breakfast, consisting largely of butter", and light meats such as bacon or ham, was essential for health; and, he said, thus fortified "he can go all day with a feeling of energy and buoyancy."

Nowadays we take for granted what was, to Philip Muskett, a dream of the future.

Modern refrigeration keeps not only butter but cheese and other milk products in perfect condition, ready for immediate enjoyment, or to be used in all kinds of delicious family cooking . . .

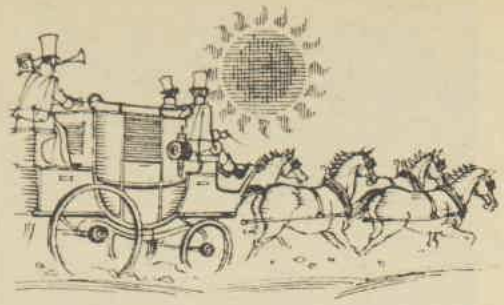
Butter Basted Turkey

One 8-lb. turkey, 2 oz. butter, stuffing (see below.

Prepare and stuff turkey. Melt butter, add a squeeze of lemon juice. Brush turkey well with the melted butter. Cover breast bone with a piece of buttered paper. Place turkey in baking dish, with 1 cup of water. Place in a moderate oven 350° and cook at same temperature. Allow 20 minutes for each lb. + 20 minutes over, i.e approx. 3 hours. Baste frequently after the first 40 minutes. *Stuffing: ½ lb. mince steak, ½ lb. white breadcrumbs, ½ lb. grated strong cheddar cheese, 1 chopped onion, salt and pepper, 1 tablespoon tomato paste or 2 tablespoons of tomato puree, a pinch of thyme.*

Mix all ingredients together and stuff turkey.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975628



SNOW AND SLEIGH BELLS

(Australian Style)

It is hardly surprising that the early colonists, brought up to enjoy a Christmas of snow, holly and blazing yule-logs, found it difficult to adjust themselves to a hot-weather Christmas.

Their viewpoint was well expressed by Mrs. Charles Meredith who settled in Tasmania in the 1840's, and wrote a book called *My Home in Australia*.

"To receive the good old-fashioned wishes of 'A merry Christmas and a happy New Year', accompanied by bouquets of summer flowers, from girls in white muslin frocks, and to hear such murmured sounds in pantry and larder as 'Christmas Beef', 'Christmas Turkeys', and 'Mince-pies', on a glorious Italian-skied, radiant, sunny, *hot* mid-summer day! That the anomaly was believed in here was, however, quite evident . . . so that, although not the real, proper, genuine, *original* Christmas to me, it was a very bright and pleasant parody upon it."

The famous Australian writer, Henry Lawson (1867-1922) was one of the staunchest advocates of cold fare for Christmas, and even predicted a time when hot roasts and puddings would disappear from our festive board.

Here, in his own words, is what he considered a "sensible Australian Christmas" . . .

"Everything cold except the vegetables, the hose playing on the verandah and vines outside, the men dressed in sensible pyjama-like suits, and the women and girls fresh and cool and jolly, instead of being hot and cross and looking like boiled carrots, and feeling like boiled rags . . ."

For those who agree with him, and want to enjoy a "sensible Australian Christmas", here is a suggestion for beat-the-heat Christmas fare . . .

Frozen Christmas Pudding

Cake Mixture: 2 oz. butter, 2½ oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 4 oz. self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 3 tablespoons milk, 1 tablespoon rum.

Cream butter and sugar. Add egg and vanilla. Stir in sifted flour and cocoa and mix in milk. Cook in a greased 7" sandwich tin in a moderate oven 350° approx. 20 minutes.

Cool, then pour on rum.

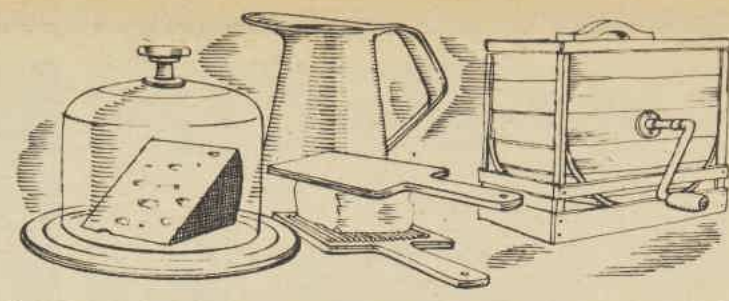
Ice Cream: 1 can evaporated milk, 1 teaspoon of vanilla, 2 tablespoons castor sugar, 1 teaspoon gelatine dissolved in ¼ cup of hot water, 1 tablespoon butter, ¼ teaspoon of almond essence, 1 tablespoon mixed fruit, pink colouring, 1 tablespoon chopped glace cherries, ½ pint cream, whipped.

Chill can until milk is very cold. Beat until thick in chilled mixing bowl. Add sugar, vanilla, cool gelatine and butter, beat well again. Freeze until just set. Return to chilled bowl and whip, until twice its volume. Divide into two halves. To one, add ¼ teaspoon of almond essence and one tablespoon of mixed fruit. To other half, add pink colouring and cherries.

Pour half ice cream into a 3-pint pudding basin. Place cake over this, top with remaining ice cream. Freeze several hours. When frozen, unmould and cover with whipped cream, coloured if desired. Return to freezer until cream has frozen solid.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975629

THE PIONEERS PRIZED DAIRY FOODS



A deprivation that the first settlers felt most keenly was the shortage of dairy foods.

Four cows were brought from England with the First Fleet but it was to be some time before their produce — and their progeny — were adequate to the needs of the growing colony.

These — and other cattle subsequently brought to the settlement — were pastured at Parramatta which, until 1791, was known as Rose Hill.

In 1841, one of the nameless heroines of Australia's pioneer days recounted her experiences on one of the first Victorian dairy farms (in the Buninyong territory, near the present site of Ballarat) for a London magazine. In her story, which was signed modestly "By a Lady", she recounts how the lack of butter was one of her greatest deprivations. But later, she was able to comment, "our dairy was a great comfort and saving to us, as we could use milk, prepared in many ways, instead of meat. The shepherds were very fond of it. *We gave them no butter except on churning day, on which occasion I sent them some for tea, which was a great treat . . .*"

As the herds increased, women throughout the settlement churned their own butter, made their own cheeses and prepared the soft white 'curd' which was identical with the commercially-prepared cottage cheese we buy today. With this curd, and fresh butter and cream from their dairies, they baked tarts and pies — and magnificent cheesecakes, like the one illustrated here.

Colonial Curd Cake

Pastry: 3 oz. (3 tablespoons) soft butter, 2 oz. sugar, 1 egg yolk, 5 oz. (1¼ cups) plain flour.

Cream the butter and sugar. Mix in the egg yolk, then the flour. Butter the sides of an 8" springform tin. Line the base and sides with pastry.

Filling: 1 lb. smooth bulk cream or cottage cheese, 2 oz. soft butter, ½ teaspoon vanilla, grated rind of a lemon, ⅔ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons milk, 3 large (or 4 medium) eggs, 1½ tablespoons cornflour, 3½ oz. (in measuring cup) evaporated milk or cream.

Force the cheese through a sieve. Cream the butter with some of the sugar, the vanilla and the lemon rind. Add the remaining sugar and the milk and mix well. Beat in the yolks of the eggs with the cornflour, then the sieved cheese in alternate lots with the evaporated milk or cream. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into pastry-lined tin.

Have your oven *hot* (approximately 425°). Bake curd cake until the top edge of pastry begins to brown (about 8 minutes). Immediately reduce to 250° or very moderate. Cook 40-50 minutes longer, or until nearly (but not quite) set in centre. Turn off heat. Leave in the oven at least 15 minutes. Cool before removing sides of tin. Cover with whipped cream and sprinkle with nutmeg. Chill several hours (better still till next day) before serving.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975630

GERMAN CHERRY CAKE

VIENNESE APPLE STRUDEL

SWEDISH CHRISTMAS COOKIES

PARISIENNE GATEAU

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975631

The Changing Feasts of Christmas

The gradual changes in our Christmas eating customs have been dramatically accelerated in the last 12 years as people from many countries have made their homes among us.

As Christmas follows Christmas, and neighbour exchanges recipe with neighbour, many specialties from the old world have brought new magic to our Australian Christmas.

German Cherry Cake

1 tin red cherries, 8 oz. (1 cup) butter, 1 cup sugar, 4 eggs (separated), 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 oz. almond meal, 6 oz. (1½ cups) plain flour.

Butter and line with greased paper an 8" round tin. Pit cherries and drain well. Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Add egg yolks one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in sifted dry ingredients. Beat egg whites until stiff and fold into mixture with cherries. Pour into greased tin and bake in moderate oven 350° for 1¼ hours. Cool 5 minutes before turning out of tin. To serve sprinkle with sugar.

Viennese Apple Strudel

Pastry: 8 oz. butter, 8 oz. plain flour, 8 oz. bulk cream or cottage cheese.

Filling: 6 large cooking apples, stewed very dry with sugar to taste and the grated rind of a lemon, 1 cup sultanas, 2-3 teaspoons cinnamon, 2 tablespoons plain flour.

Decoration: ½ cup sliced blanched almonds or glace cherries.

Combine the pastry ingredients in a mixing bowl and cut them together with a knife until the particles hold together and can be gathered into a ball. Wrap in greaseproof paper and chill at least one hour, or overnight. Place chilled ball of pastry on a sheet of waxy-type greaseproof paper. Cover with another sheet and roll out into a long thin rectangle between the sheets of paper. Peel off the top sheet. Lift the pastry, still on its paper, on to an oven tray. Combine filling ingredients and pile them down the centre of the pastry. Bring the pastry up over it, first one side then the other. Tuck in the ends to seal them. If desired, curl round into the traditional strudel shape. Tear away the paper from underneath. Brush with sugar-and-water syrup, or with beaten egg. Strew with almonds or cherries. Bake 10 minutes in a hot oven (425°-450°) then reduce heat to 375° and bake another 30 minutes, or till crisp and golden.

Serve warm, with chilled whipped cream.

Parisienne Gateau

4 oz. butter, 4 oz. castor sugar, 1 tablespoon instant coffee, 1 tablespoon drinking chocolate or cocoa, 2 eggs, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 8 oz. self-raising flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons water.

Cream butter, add sugar, coffee and cocoa gradually. Continue beating until light and creamy. Add eggs one at a time and beat well after each addition. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with the water and vanilla. Fill into a well buttered and lined 8" cake tin. Bake in a moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes.

Cream Frosting: 6 oz. butter, 2 cups sifted icing sugar, 1 egg yolk, 2 oz. cooking chocolate, 2 oz. cocoa, 1 tablespoon rum, 3 oz. almonds blanched, slivered and toasted, chocolate dipped hazelnuts.

Cream butter until fluffy. Add icing sugar gradually, then the egg yolk and more icing sugar if mixture is too soft. Melt chocolate over a saucepan of hot water. Mix cocoa with the rum to a smooth paste. Add to the butter, add cooled chocolate, beat until well combined. Chill 10 minutes, spread over cake, decorate side of cake with almonds and top with piped cream and hazelnuts. Chill before serving.

Swedish Christmas Cookies

12 oz. flour, 2 oz. sugar, pinch salt, 6 oz. butter, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, a little water if necessary.

Sift flour, sugar and salt into basin. With 2 knives cut in the butter. Make a well in the centre and add slightly beaten eggs. Mix to a stiff paste, use a little water if necessary.

Roll out pastry to ⅛" thickness. Take 4 fluted cutters one 2½", one 2", one 1½" and one 1".

NOTE: a bottle top may be used for the smallest cutter.

Cut out equal numbers of all sizes. Bake in a hot oven 12 to 15 minutes. When cool, join together with cream to form a pyramid. Trickle with pink icing and top with half a cherry.

Pink Icing: 1½ cups sifted icing sugar, 3 tablespoons hot milk, 1 oz. butter, pink colouring.

Place sifted icing sugar into a bowl. Combine hot milk and butter, add to sugar, stir until well combined, colour with colouring. Trickle over assembled biscuits.

Cream Filling: 4 oz. butter, 4 oz. sugar, 1 tablespoon hot water, ½ teaspoon almond essence.

Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Very slowly add hot water and almond essence. Continue beating until all water is absorbed into cream.

175 years of Cookbooks in Australia

"Scorch it at the top with a hot fire-shovel" is the rather alarming final injunction in an Eighteenth Century recipe for Savoury 'Tosted' Cheese. While a cheese cake recipe of the same period begins grandly: "Take 12 quarts of milk, warm from the cow."

Early cookery writers had a fine scorn for exact measurements. "Take a tidy dollop of butter and a nice drop of parsnip wine" must have been confusing for the beginners. The pioneer wives brought their cookbooks with them, and for generations Australian cooking was essentially English in character. But time, climate and the availability of new ingredients gradually wrought their changes, and by the time cookbooks were being written and published in Australia, characteristic preferences — and dishes — had begun to emerge.

A sociologist might well read the story of our evolving culture between the lines of our cookery books.

Mrs. Caroline Chisholm, the famous social worker, who accompanied her husband to New South Wales in 1838, was probably the first woman to prepare a collection of recipes for Australian housewives. Her Bush Cookbook was unfortunately never published, but her hints and advice were widely circulated.

She recommended dividing the week's ration of flour and meat into 7 equal parts, basing her recipes on this division. A dish made from stewed salt beef was called Stewed Goose. The same meat, boiled in paste for Sunday, was recommended as "a very nice pudding, known in the bush as Station Jack".

compiled by

AUSTRALIAN DAIRY PRODUCE BOARD

•

Many facts and details concerning early Australia in this booklet were supplied by leading authority on Australia, BILL WANNAN, author of "The Australian", "Tales from Back of Bourke", "Tell 'em I Died Game" etc.

•

Cover photograph taken at THE COACHMEN RESTAURANT, 763 Bourke St., Redfern, N.S.W.

•

Photography by CLIVE KANE, 49 Clarence St., Sydney

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975632

THERE'S MONEY IN THAT

OLD COOK BOOK

(AND IN THAT OLD BUTTER CHURN, TOO!)

YOU COULD WIN £100

THE AUSTRALIAN

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

QUEST FOR THE OLDEST COOK BOOK AND EARLIEST BUTTER CHURN

The Australian Women's Weekly in association with the Australian Dairy Produce Board is offering:

£100 to the owner of the Oldest Cook Book in Australia.
£100 to the owner of the Earliest Butter Churn in Australia.

To commemorate the 175th Anniversary of cooking in Australia, the Australian Dairy Produce Board is interested in finding the oldest cook book and the earliest butter churn still in existence in Australia. It is not important in what country the book was published provided that it was printed in English. Not everybody has an old butter churn in their back-yard but you may know a friend who has one of the old farm butter churns tucked away on a dairy farm somewhere in Australia! If you think you have the oldest butter churn or the earliest cook book, just fill in the appropriate entry form below and forward the completed form (together with any other interesting facts) to: **"COOK BOOK AND BUTTER CHURN QUEST," Box 7052, G.P.O., SYDNEY, N.S.W.** The contest closes November 15—entries post-marked November 16 will be accepted.

DO NOT SEND THE BOOK OR BUTTER CHURN AT THIS STAGE

CONDITIONS:

1. It is not important where the cook book was published, provided that it was printed in the English language. Apart from the fact that it should be intact and still legible, its condition does not matter. The cook book presumed to be the oldest will be called in on loan and — where necessary — referred to experts at the Mitchell Library, Sydney, to establish the date of publication.
2. Any butter churn, irrespective of where it was made, is eligible. It need not be in working order. Experts and authorities representing the Australian Dairy Produce Board will be the judges of the oldest butter churn.
3. In the event of 2 or more copies of the same cook book or 2 or more butter churns of the same age being entered, the first entry received will be judged the winner.
4. Employees of the Australian Dairy Produce Board, its Advertising Agency, and The Australian Women's Weekly are not eligible to enter.
5. The decision of the judges is final and no correspondence will be entered into.

ENTRY COUPON

- If you believe you have the oldest cook book, fill in the details on the left.
- If you believe you have the oldest farm butter churn, fill in the details on the right.

You do not have to Enter Both Divisions (although you can if you wish)

OLDEST COOK BOOK, £100

My cook book is entitled.....

.....

COMPLETE WHICHEVER APPLIES

(a) It was published in.....(year)

in.....(country).

(b) I don't know the date of publication, but believe that it was approx.

.....(year) in.....(country).

EARLIEST BUTTER CHURN, £100

My butter churn has been in the family for approx.....years. (If it is not a family heirloom, state how it was acquired, e.g., received as a gift, purchased at an auction sale, etc.)

.....

.....

COMPLETE WHICHEVER APPLIES

(a) I believe it was manufactured in

.....(year).

(b) I do not know the date of manufacture.

(Attach any brief information that you think would be of interest, and a photograph of the cook book or butter churn, if available.)

Name: Mr. Mrs. Miss .....

Address .....

.....

State .....

I would be willing to lend my cook book/butter churn to the Australian Dairy Produce Board for publicity purposes.

Printed by Conpress Printing Limited, 61-63 O'Riordan St., Alexandria

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4975633